BRITANNIA and EVE

JANUARY
1939

1/-

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TO-DAY and until JAN. 31st

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since the Reign of King George IV

GREAT Stocktaking CLEARANCE SALE

The following are a few examples only of the many hundreds of

SUPREME SALE VALUES IN CARPETS

STANDARD QUALITY DEEP PILE

Seamless Axminster Carpets in the following sizes are being cleared at great reductions:—

		Reduced from			To		
ft. ins.	ft. ins.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
7 6 ×	6 0	3	7	6	**2**	**7**	**6**
7 6 ×	7 6	4	4	6	**2**	**19**	**6**
9 0 ×	7 6	5	1	6	**3**	**11**	**6**
9 0 ×	9 0	6	1	6	**4**	**5**	**6**
10 6 ×	7 6	5	18	6	**4**	**3**	**6**
10 6 ×	9 0	7	2	6	**4**	**19**	**6**
10 6 ×	10 6	8	5	6	**5**	**16**	**6**
12 0 ×	7 6	6	15	6	**4**	**15**	**6**
12 0 ×	9 0	8	2	6	**5**	**13**	**6**
12 0 ×	10 6	9	9	6	**6**	**13**	**6**
12 0 ×	12 0	10	16	6	**7**	**12**	**6**
13 6 ×	9 0	9	2	6	**6**	**8**	**6**
13 6 ×	10 6	10	13	6	**7**	**9**	**6**
13 6 ×	12 0	12	3	6	**8**	**11**	**6**
13 6 ×	13 6	13	13	6	**9**	**12**	**6**
15 0 ×	12 0	13	10	6	**9**	**10**	**0**
15 0 ×	13 6	15	4	6	**10**	**13**	**6**
16 6 ×	12 0	14	17	6	**10**	**10**	**0**

A LARGE NUMBER OF HAMPTONS FAMOUS DEEP PILE

PLAIN BROADLOOM CARPETS

Products of the Best British Manufacturers only and representing Unsurpassable Values are being cleared at absurdly low prices, which are only made possible by the fact that they are woven from yarns remaining from large contracts placed from time to time. The examples specified show an immense variety of sizes and colourings suitable for the most up-to-date furnishing schemes.

				Clearing at		
ft. ins.	ft. ins.			£	s.	d.
9 0 ×	7 6	...	...	**3**	**19**	**6**
9 0 ×	9 0	...	...	**4**	**17**	**0**
10 6 ×	7 6	...	...	**4**	**14**	**6**
10 6 ×	9 0	...	...	**5**	**13**	**6**
10 6 ×	10 6	...	...	**6**	**12**	**0**
11 0 ×	9 0	...	...	**5**	**18**	**6**
12 0 ×	9 0	...	...	**6**	**9**	**6**
12 0 ×	10 6	...	...	**7**	**10**	**6**
12 0 ×	12 0	...	...	**8**	**12**	**0**
12 6 ×	9 0	...	...	**6**	**14**	**6**
13 6 ×	12 0	...	...	**9**	**13**	**6**
15 0 ×	12 0	...	...	**10**	**15**	**6**

HAMPTONS SUPREME BARGAINS IN EXTRA FINE-GRADE

INDIAN CARPETS

To make room for new Spring deliveries, Hamptons are clearing a great number of these unusually fine, deep pile, closely woven carpets. The great reductions shown, which represent a saving of 6/6 in the £ off London's most competitive prices, make the values almost unique in this make of carpet. There is a large variety of sizes and colourings, those quoted being typical of the large number on offer.

		Reduced from			To		
ft. ins.	ft. ins.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
7 10 ×	4 10	5	7	6	**3**	**13**	**6**
8 8 ×	6 0	7	7	6	**5**	**0**	**0**
8 10 ×	6 1	7	12	6	**5**	**3**	**6**
9 0 ×	7 4	9	7	6	**6**	**6**	**6**
9 9 ×	7 5	10	5	0	**6**	**18**	**6**
9 11 ×	8 2	11	9	6	**7**	**15**	**6**
10 2 ×	7 4	10	11	6	**7**	**3**	**6**
10 10 ×	8 2	12	11	6	**8**	**9**	**6**
11 10 ×	10 1	16	18	6	**11**	**18**	**6**
12 0 ×	9 1	15	9	6	**10**	**9**	**6**
12 8 ×	10 0	17	19	6	**12**	**3**	**6**
13 3 ×	10 5	19	11	6	**13**	**4**	**6**
13 10 ×	10 10	21	5	6	**14**	**7**	**6**
15 1 ×	12 2	26	0	0	**17**	**12**	**6**

All other grades, including Plain Indian Carpets, are being offered at greatly reduced prices during this great Clearance Sale.

● *Please write for Hamptons 40-page Sale Catalogue illustrating hundreds of examples of supreme bargains in Furnishings of every description*

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For
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and
HANDS
—and a soft
smooth skin

ICY winds and frequent changes of temperature are deadly enemies of the delicate skin tissues. That soft, smooth, complexion and those immaculate hands so carefully tended during warmer days can easily be ruined by simply neglecting to use this famous skin tonic regularly. A little Larola massaged lightly into the skin each night and morning as well as before and after facing the elements is all that is necessary to guard against the rough, red skin so frequently encountered.

1/6 & 2/6 per bottle

Larola

From Chemists and Stores or Post Free in U.K. direct from:

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Write for a copy of the interesting Larola booklet "The Cult of Beauty"—post free.

Larola Soap: Boxes of 3 tablets, 2/-; Single tablets 8d.
Larola Rose Bloom: (Rouge) The Natural Tint, Sifter Boxes with Puff, 1/- and 2/6.

WHY REMAIN GREY?

FREE TREATISE

Nothing is more ageing than prematurely greyed hair, and until recently few things were more difficult to combat. The woman of taste disliked the idea of hair dyes because they were hard and artificial in effect, yet there was no other treatment available.

Now science has discovered a way to bring back the colour and gloss to faded hair by natural methods, that not only restores the colour, but tones up the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair—that re-creates naturally your hair's real colour and beauty from root to tip, no matter how long the greyness has existed.

You'll find the secret of how to look five, ten, fifteen years younger between the slim covers of the Boudoir Book.

It will be sent free on request. Write to The Facktative Co. (Suite 45), 66 Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

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WE SIMPLY MUST HAVE MONEY!

Why? Because we're terribly hard up. Why? Because we've a very large family to support—over 600 Blind persons are in our care.

From the year's beginning to its end there is no break in our work; consequently there is no break in our expenditure. At the present time there is a waiting list of urgent cases for whom training and employment must be provided.

Will you help? Please be extravagant and send a little more than you can really afford. Our blind youngsters must be cared for.

The Chairman

SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND
SWISS COTTAGE - LONDON, N.W.3

THE BIGGEST BEAUTY NEWS FOR YEARS

these Creams with "Skin-Vitamin"

FOUR YEARS AGO doctors reported that one certain vitamin healed wounds and burns, *when applied directly to the skin . . .* Next biochemists found that when the diet lacked this vitamin the skin became very rough and dry. But when Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, the skin became smooth and healthy.

WOMEN WERE KEENLY INTERESTED when the first announcement was made last February that the "skin-vitamin" was now contained in all Pond's Creams—in Pond's Vanishing Cream, in Pond's Cold Cream. They tried these creams by the thousands. And today chemists and stores find their sales of Pond's Creams breaking all records!

THE LADY MORRIS is one of the many lovely Society women who are using the new kind of cream. She says, "My skin became so much brighter, smoother and finer—just a few weeks after starting with Pond's Cream containing the 'skin-vitamin.' Any little worry and frown lines have simply vanished."

THOUSANDS of women have already turned to this wonderful new development in beauty care.

Every week thousands more all over the country are trying these creams containing the "skin-vitamin"—Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream—and are seeing their complexions made healthy and beautiful as never before. For this vitamin enables the skin to rebuild itself, *makes new, flawless skin replace old tissue.*

Your skin starved of it

There may be some of this vitamin in your diet. But exposure to the air and washing with water are constantly removing this vitamin from your skin. As a result, your complexion may become under-nourished, rough, subject to infections causing blemishes.

So put the "skin-vitamin" into your skin by using Pond's Vanishing Cream or Pond's Cold Cream. *Start today—and have a smoother, finer, fresher skin, without blemishes or lines, in just a few weeks.*

These famous creams are unchanged except for the "skin-vitamin." You use them as always.

They are in the same jars and tubes as before. At the same prices. The "skin-vitamin" is also in Pond's Liquefying Cream—a cleansing cream that melts as it is applied.

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS—

The Active "Skin-Vitamin"

POND'S
POND'S
POND'S

Look for a small "SV" on the corner of the label. This means the cream contains the "skin-vitamin."

IN SKI-ING COSTUME, Her Highness Princess Priscilla Bibesco, grand-daughter of the Countess of Oxford and Asquith. She is enthusiastic about the new discovery. "My skin has become much finer, clearer and smoother, since using these creams containing the 'skin-vitamin'," she says. "Pond's Vanishing Cream keeps my skin wonderfully soft and smooth in spite of bad weather and it's as marvellous as ever for holding powder on. And Pond's Cold Cream is as perfect as before for cleansing. But now it's a splendid nourishing cream, too—it smooths out little lines completely."

THE NEW VAUXHALL '10'

No other Ten, irrespective of price, gives you all that we offer in this Vauxhall.

All steel, integral construction gives greater rigidity with less weight.

Independent springing gives greater stability, better cornering and steering—and changes riding into gliding.

The engine combines performance with economy. (Petrol, over 40 m.p.g.; oil 3,500 m.p.g.)

Although the success of the Vauxhall Ten was immediate, we have now introduced improvements which make it even better value.

New engine mountings; more rigid crankshaft; improved pistons; more springs in the clutch; more effective sound insulation; smarter "trim"; stronger bumpers.

The new Vauxhall gives you 10 h.p. motoring at its best—and is cheapest in the end.

The "10" that gives most for your money

PETROL	Over 40 m.p.g. Ask any Vauxhall Dealer to let you prove this by driving a Ten with a test tank.
OIL	3,500 m.p.g. Engine design provides for generous lubrication—thus ensuring long life—without increasing consumption.
PRICE	Standard Saloon £168. De Luxe Saloon £182. The '10' that gives most for your money.
PERFORMANCE	Effortless, smooth, economical. Maximum speed 60-65 m.p.h. Acceleration, 0-50 m.p.h. in 22·5 seconds.
SAFETY	All-steel, integral construction gives greater rigidity with less weight. Independent springing for stability. Hydraulic brakes.
CONTROL	Scientific, shock-free steering ensured by suspension system. Vauxhall check-action synchromesh.
COMFORT	Independent springing improves all roads. Body conformity seating, no-draught ventilation (de luxe saloon) and other features prevent car weariness.

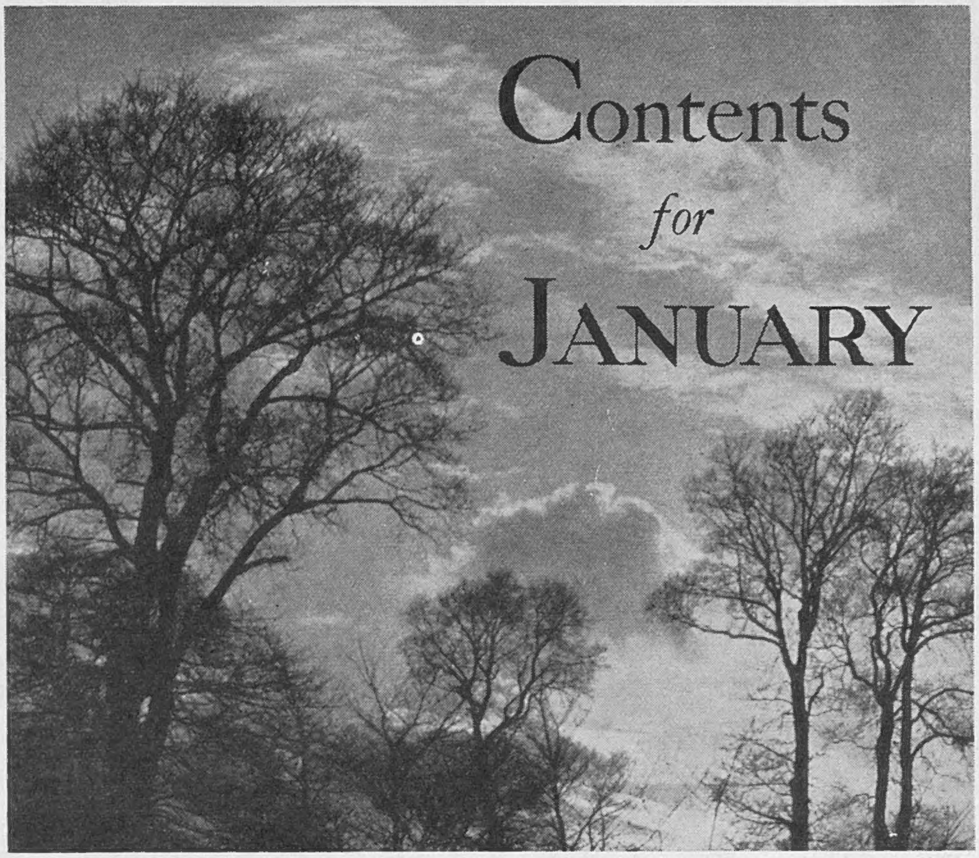
Ask your local Vauxhall Dealer to show you the new Vauxhall "10", or, write for Catalogue to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton.

SALOONS FROM

£168

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 18, No. 1. JANUARY, 1939



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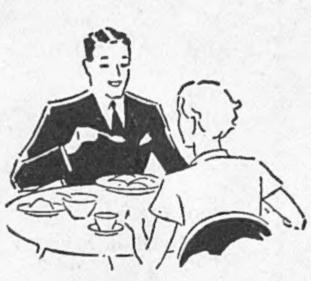
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 118. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

Bringing the Harvest home in a Packet!
SHREDDED WHEAT
MADE IN ENGLAND
ONE DOZEN
SHREDDED WHEAT

SHREDDED WHEAT *The Food for General Fitness*



● What Mother Nature has proclaimed best since time began is still best for you to-day—Wheat in all its honest homely goodness—that, and just that, you get in Shredded Wheat with nothing added or taken away. The wholesomeness and delicious appetising taste of Shredded Wheat reminds you of farms and fields and reapers—of the great outdoors where health reigns supreme. Everything that is regarded of first importance to a soundly nourished system is in Shredded Wheat in a form that tempts appetite and brings cheer and delight to the breakfast table. Shredded Wheat is Nature's food. It is your food—full of the glory of sunny days and harvest time. Make it a regular meal for its niceness, for its nourishment, for its handiness and economy in serving, for the precious benefits it brings.

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stay bright and
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NEO-CRAFT COMBINATION 30N (illustrated). A neat Wall Fitment incorporating Bureau. Height 4 ft. 6⅞ in. Width 8 ft. 9 in. Oak **£25 2s. 6d.** Prices of separate Stacks leading from left to right, **£5 13s., £6 16s. 6d., £12 13s.** Also in Walnut, Mahogany, Waxed and Limed finishes.

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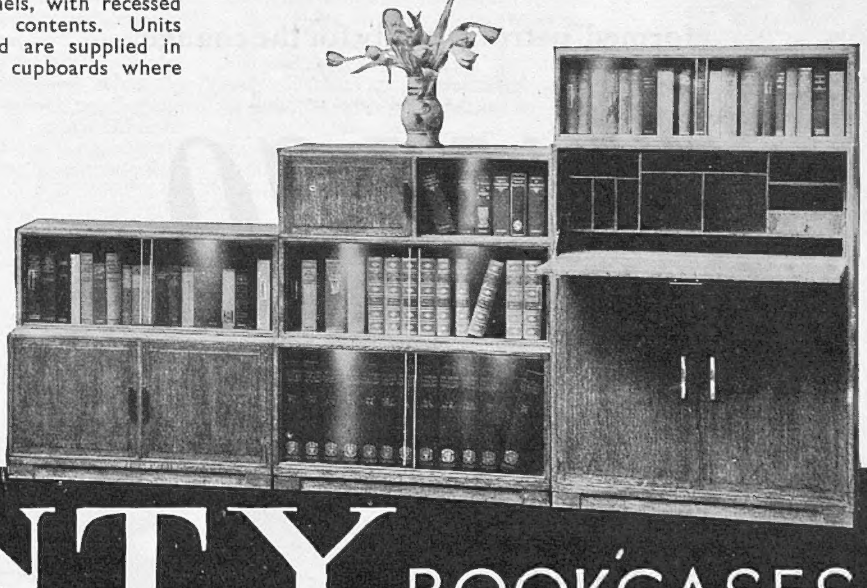
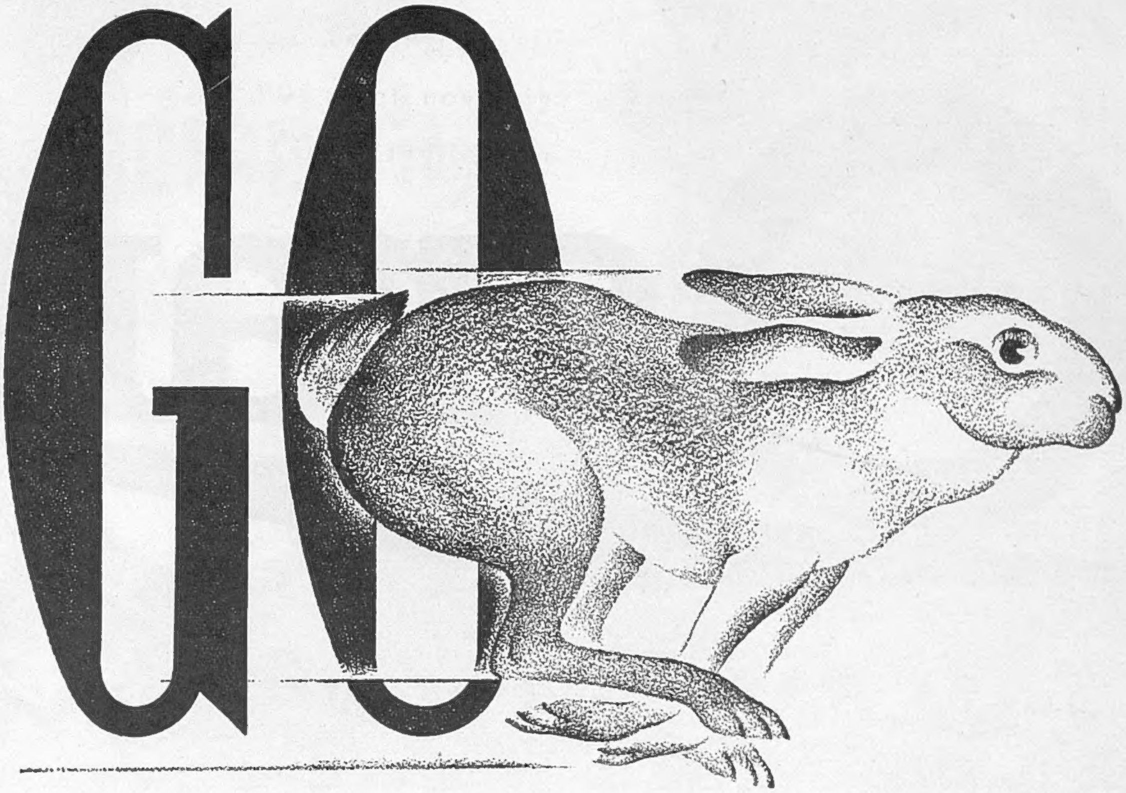


MINTY BOOKCASES



DON'T IDLE — START — ***GO!***

Latest development in 1939 cars is the automatic choke. Cuts down warming-up time; lets you drive straight off after starting. These conditions call for fuel of exceptional volatility. Shell, 100% pure and fortified with "re-formed" petrol, is ready for the change.

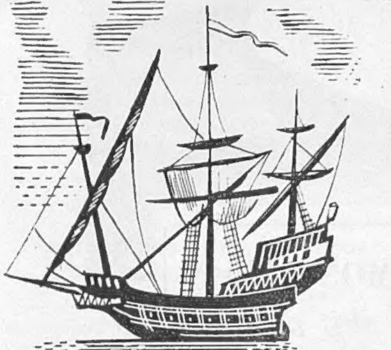
SHELL FOR GO FOR SHELL

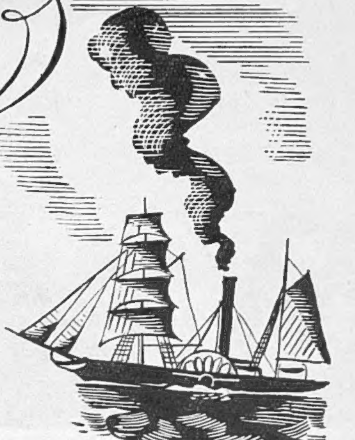
YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Number One:
Steam

They made our World

The comfort and convenience of our life to-day, and its promise for to-morrow, depend on a few basic inventions. Here are their "nutshell" stories.





"A THIMBLE, my dear—quickly."

Mrs. Watt found one in her sewing basket. James returned to his workshop, clapped the metal finger-cap atop a tin tube, soldered it on—turned on the steam. . . .

He sat down to his evening meal, satisfied. "It works," he told his wife.

The twenty-nine-year-old Scots mathematical instrument maker had made the first condenser—key to the riddle of making steam work a piston up and down in a cylinder; a motion comparable to the thrust of a human arm, but with the power of many human arms packed into one metal arm. He had thought it out the previous day, a Sabbath, walking on Glasgow Green.

The idea of harnessing steam for man's work purposes was old. Nineteen centuries earlier Hero of Alexandria had planned the Æolipile, a steam-operated vehicle. In France, in 1690, Papin had invented the first piston-and-cylinder steam engine. Watt, seventy years later, had studied it.

In 1712, twenty-four years before Watt was born, Newcomen had invented his "atmospheric" steam pumping engine. It was called "atmospheric" because after steam entered a chamber, expelling the air, a water jet condensed the steam, a vacuum formed, and atmospheric pressure forced a piston down in the cylinder. Watt, asked by a Glasgow College professor to repair a Newcomen engine model, had suddenly seen what was wrong with all steam engines to date. The steam condensation process should occur outside, not inside, the cylinder where the piston worked.

The principles he stated in his first patent of 1769—a cylinder kept at steam heat, condensation of the steam in a separate vessel kept clear of air and water, utilisation of steam's expansive force—still govern steam engine practice.

He was twenty-nine when he made that first model, sealing the condenser with his wife's thimble; thirty-four when he took out the 1769 patent; forty, a widower with two children, before his engine was a commercial proposition. The intervening years were filled with difficulties, despair, debt. Watt turned to engineering jobs on canals and reservoirs. He nearly dropped inventing altogether. Fortunately two friends had faith in him and his engine. One, Roebuck, went bankrupt, but the other, Boulton, an enterprising industrialist, took over the two-thirds interest Roebuck owned, and became Watt's partner.

At last two Watt engines were made and put to work: one in a coal mine, the other in an iron foundry. They were highly successful.

Barring lawsuits over patents, Watt's troubles were over. Watt made improvements, and Boulton made the engines. Watt grew rich on his one-third interest, acquired a town house in Birmingham, a country place in Wales, invested cautiously.

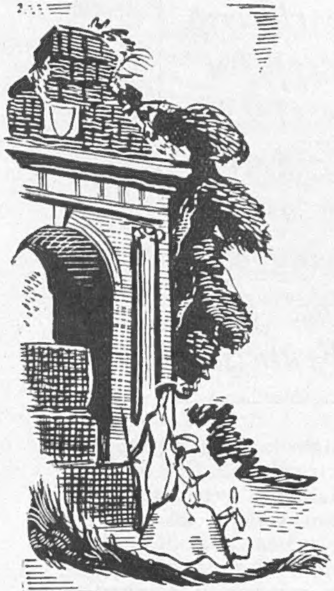
THE new steam-engines began to revolutionise transportation. Industry soared apace as the steam-operated pistons were harnessed to factories, mills, mines.

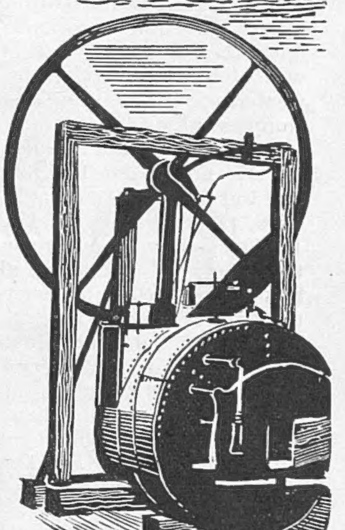
Did the assiduous, shy Scots inventor have a vision of the tremendous new world into which his steam engine was rushing mankind? Did he foresee smooth steam turbines propelling 80,000-ton ships, and giant steam locomotives pulling huge loads 2,000 miles non-stop in sixty-seven hours?

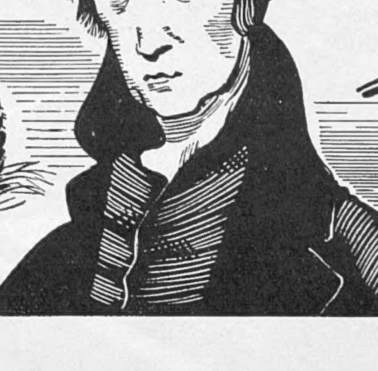
Perhaps. But the inventor was no dreamer. He was a practical, industrious, careful Scot, with defined and limited ambitions. He had sought economic security. He achieved his aim.

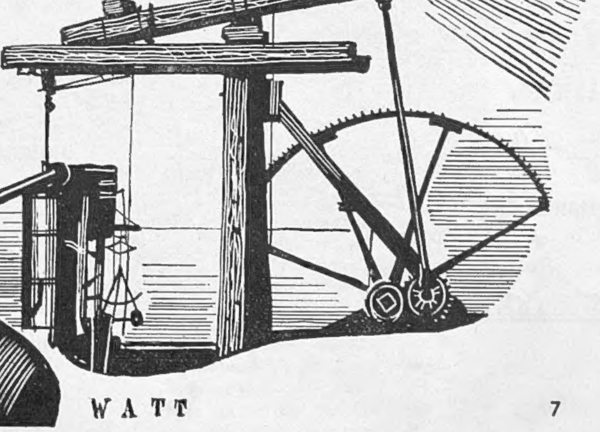
Honours poured on him in his old age. He declined a baronetcy, and a Lord Lieutenancy. He died at eighty-four, worth £60,000.

Ten years after his death the first railway system started. To-day, 118 years after his passing, Britain's rail system is capitalised at £1,200,000,000, and America's at £3,700,000,000, while the world investment in steam is estimated at £100,000,000,000.



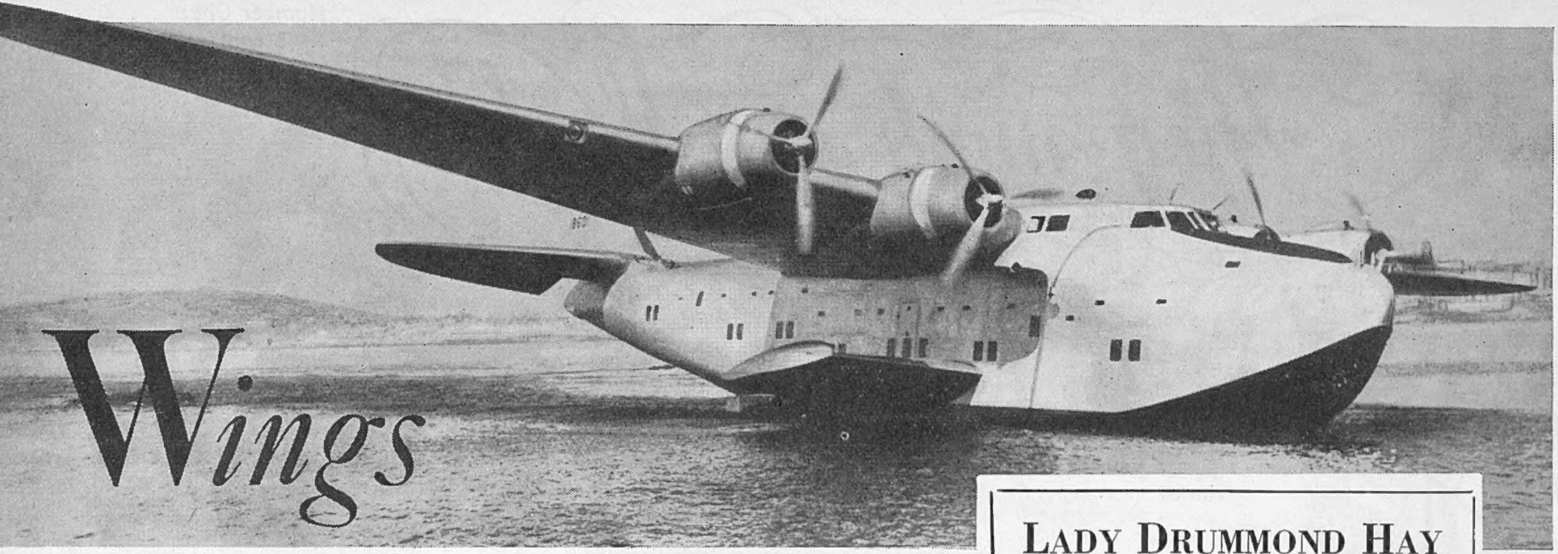






JAMES WATT

Wings over the Pacific



Lady Drummond Hay
the author of this article, herself a fully qualified pilot, and the only woman passenger on that memorable round-the-world trip which the "Graf Zeppelin" accomplished in 1929, tells you of her recent flying experiences and of her journey by flying boat across the Pacific, from Manila to San Francisco.

NO women, no cats, no dogs. Forty-three men, thousands of rats, hermit crabs and myriads of birds on a coral island one mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, more than thirteen hundred miles from the nearest land. No soil, no water save rain preserved in underground cisterns. Supplies brought by ship twice a year. The only means of arrival and departure by air. But who would want to leave? This is Wake Island, an unspoiled little paradise. If I could, I would buy it. For all my travelling experience, I know only one other retreat I have coveted—that was Mersa Matruh on the coast of the western desert of Egypt before it became commercialised.

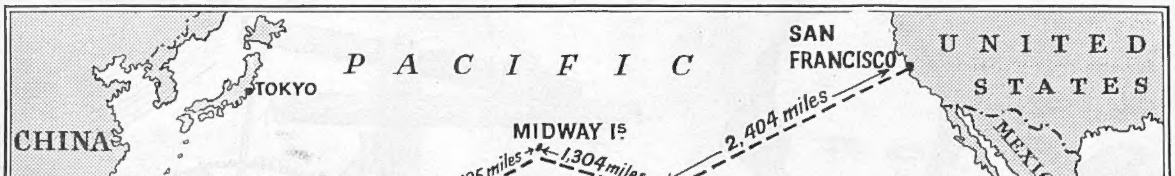
You will not find Wake Island, lying 19° 15′ north and 166° 38′ 15″ east, on any but a specialised map. Discovered in 1796, possessed for the United States in 1898 by General F. V. Greene commanding the Second Detachment Philippine Expedition, it did not exist for the world until the coming of the S.S. *North Haven* in May, 1935, and subsequent colonisation with Pan-American Airways staff and some Chamarro boys from Guam as an overnight stop for their trans-Pacific service. Wake Island is under the jurisdiction of the Navy Department, and in time will become a very useful naval base as a link in the South Pacific chain from Manila to San Francisco, via Guam, Wake Island, Midway Island, and Honolulu.

I had flown the 8,500 miles from London to Singapore in the extraordinarily comfortable Douglas plane *Kwak* of the K.L.M. Dutch Airlines, piloted by the famous Commander Evert van Dijk, who in 1930 flew across the North Atlantic as second pilot to Air Commodore Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith in the three-engine Fokker *Southern Cross*. Upon his return to Holland, Queen Wilhelmina appointed him Knight of the Order of Oranje Nassau. He also holds Dutch and French medals for life-saving.

DURING the five days' flight, Commander van Dijk often invited me to sit beside him in the second-pilot's seat, and let me familiarise myself with the working and adjustments of the automatic pilot. From this point of vantage I saw the black smoke of Vesuvius volcano undulating like a sable banner against a blood-red dawn; the golden coastline of Egypt; my first glimpse of Basra, the Persian Gulf and Baghdad of the fairy tales. Other unforgettable memories will be night-landing at Jodhpur, circling over the city scintillating like the jewels in the Maharaja's turban; the rich afternoon sun setting aflame the golden Shwe Dagön Pagoda in Rangoon Some 368 feet high, covered with pure gold from base to summit, it dominates the city from an eminence of 168 feet. Before dawn on the last lap, Commander van Dijk called me to the cockpit to see the sun rise on the jungles of Siam, flying low over certain areas where he said the sacred white elephants are found. He told me he sees them sometimes.

From a background of harassed, turbulent Europe to Singapore, that most romantic seaport in the world, thence to the grim reality of the China horror. Hong Kong, congested with swarming refugees, and alive with disease. My hotel windows in Shanghai gave out on to scenes of blackened ruin and skeleton desolation, often starkly silhouetted against the night sky by leaping blazes. Inland, fighting, pestilence and the martyrdom of a peaceful peasant population confronted with the terrors of a ruthless and undisciplined military.

Hong Kong again, then sweltering Manila. A midnight boarding of the Pan-American Glen-Martin flying boat, the *Philippine Clipper*, twenty-six tons, four thousand horse-power,



THIS map shows the mileage of the five stages of the journey from Manila to San Francisco manned by a crew of seven, for the first lap of 1587 miles to Guam, necessarily non-stop, as there is no land or island between Manila and Guam. Safety depends entirely on the engines and navigation. The trans-Pacific airline was surveyed from the surface in 1933, and from the air in 1935, the first flight having been made by the late Captain Edwin Musick in a Sikorsky S.42. Captain Musick and the remaining six crew subsequently perished with the *Samoa Clipper* off the Samoan Islands in December 1937, on the second flight of the newly-inaugurated U.S.A.-New Zealand service. This was the first accident on Pan-American Airways.

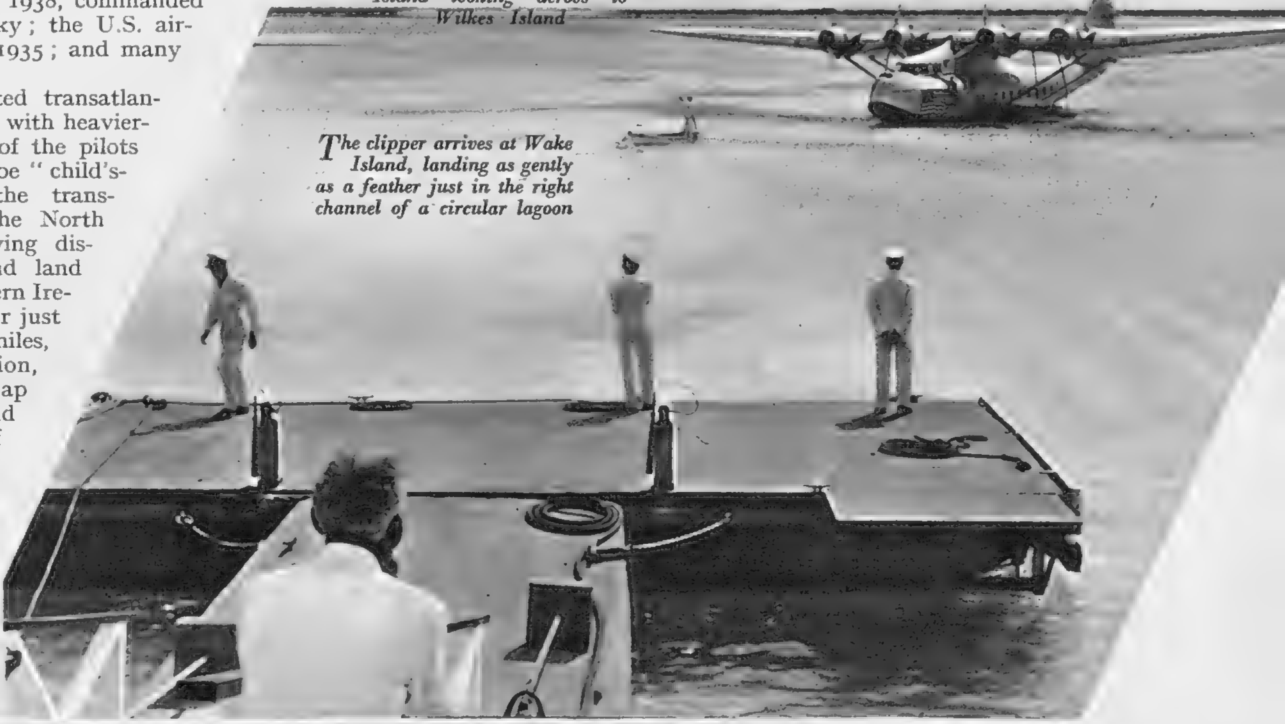
Half a million miles were flown before the trans-Pacific Hong Kong to Francisco line was open even to mail. The responsibility of deciding in October 1936 that the route was safe and practical for passenger transport was tremendous, as may be gauged from the non-stop trans-ocean distances. *Manila to Guam,* 1587 *miles ; Guam to Wake Island,* 1508 *miles ; Wake Island to Midway Island,* 1185 *miles ; Midway Island to Honolulu,* 1304 *miles ;* and *Honolulu to San Francisco,* 2404 *miles.* Seven thousand nine hundred and ninety miles in all, across the treacherous Pacific, which has claimed such experienced victims as Captain Musick, Amelia Earhart, and Captain Noonan, July 1937 ; Captain Charles Ulm, December 1934 ; the *Hawaiian Clipper,* July 1938, commanded by Captain Leo Terletsky ; the U.S. airship *Macon,* February 1935 ; and many others.

Discussing the projected transatlantic passenger air services with heavier-than-air machines, one of the pilots observed that it should be " child's-play " compared to the trans-Pacific service, since the North Atlantic trans-ocean flying distance between land and land (Newfoundland to Southern Ireland) will be just over, or just under, two thousand miles, according to navigation, which is less than the lap between Honolulu and San Francisco. Of course, the seasonal weather conditions will play the big rôle.

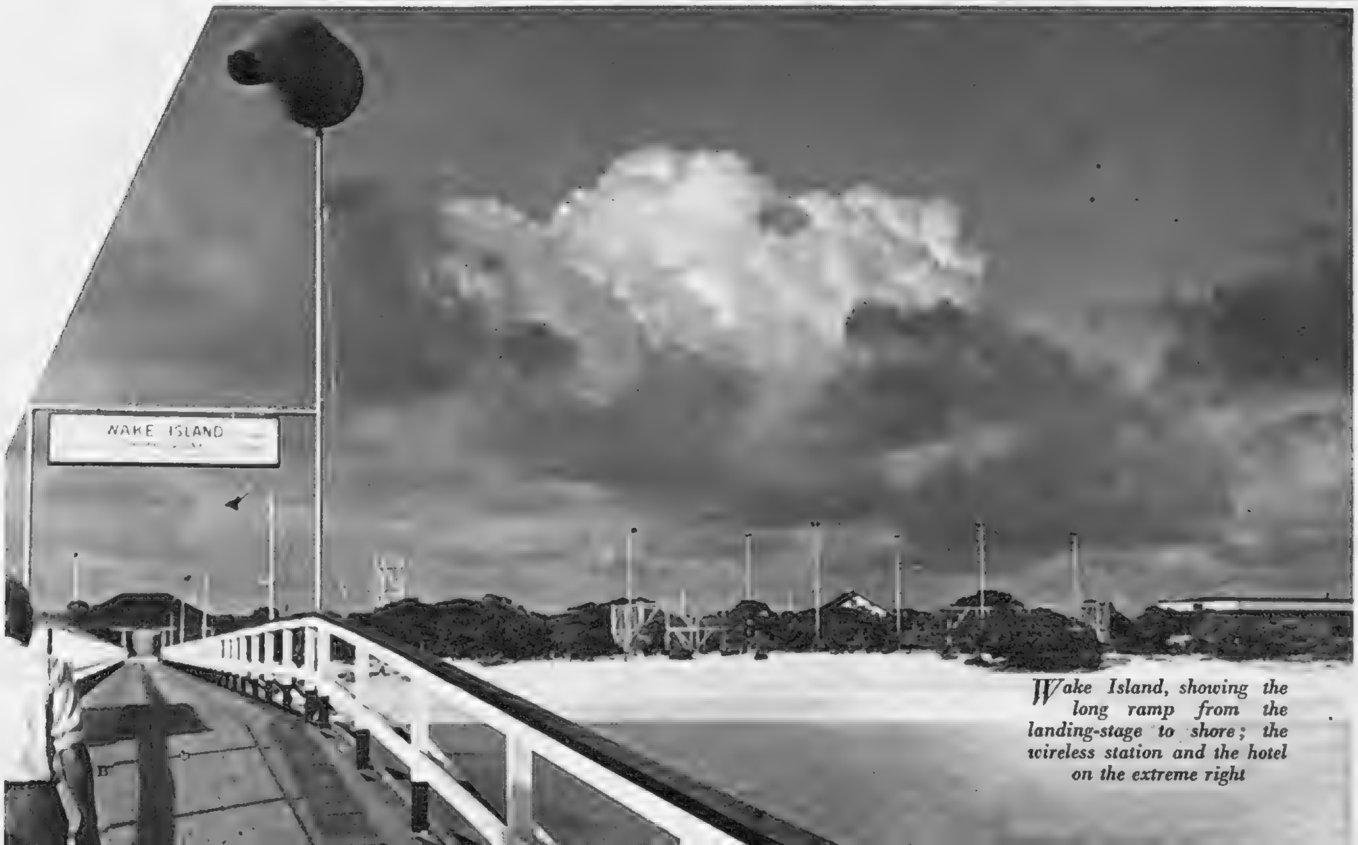
I was informed that the Company has sunk some eleven million dollars in construction and

(*Continued on page* 93)

The three little islands, Wake, Wilkes and Peate, are set within a ring-shaped coral reef enclosing the lagoon. A view from Peate Island looking across to Wilkes Island



The clipper arrives at Wake Island, landing as gently as a feather just in the right channel of a circular lagoon



Wake Island, showing the long ramp from the landing-stage to shore; the wireless station and the hotel on the extreme right

Australia is like THIS

By Michael Terry

Who in the past twenty years has led fourteen expeditions in Central and Northern Australia.

A VISIT in Australia to H.E. at G.H. means that you call on His Excellency the Governor at State Government House. If you feel so inclined, you can do so six times without repetition, seeing that there is a Vice-Regal Representative in each State. If your loyalty or your social ambition or your belief in the fitness of things impels you closer to the Throne, you can write your name in the Book of the G.G. Which has not a thing to do with horses, but concerns solely His Excellency the Governor-General, the first gentleman in Australia.

The interior of Australia may be arid, but the coastal regions have luxuriant growth in the ranges of N.E. Victoria

North Terrace, Adelaide, faces the University and cultural centre, of which South Australia is very proud. The night-flying beacon is on the Shell Building

LISTER HOUSE

Body-surfing was invented at Bondi Beach, Sydney, but to-day they also use canoes and surf-boats to shoot the breakers

It is into the robes of Lord and Lady Gowrie that the Duke and Duchess of Kent will step later this year. Never before have members of the Royal family governed any Dominion beyond the seas in this direct fashion. Never before has one so young as the Duke of Kent gone in this capacity to Australia.

Let no one conclude that the Imperial loyalty of the Commonwealth has been impaired by unsuitable G.G.s or that the tie between the Mother Country needs strengthening by a Royal Presence. That conclusion would be false. There can be no more Imperially minded or throne-conscious part of the British Empire than the land of the Southern Cross. Naturally the Dominion is delighted with the King's selection, but no one " down under " will feel that it has been made to tighten the bonds with " Home." They will feel when the new G.G. arrives that he is a special reward for the part Australia has played, and will continue to play, in the development and strengthening of the British Empire.

Maybe there will be special results from his term of office. Despite their great regard for the Throne, Australians make rather a pet of the American Eagle.

The Californian coast being half the time away that London is from Sydney, an increasingly close contact is developing between Sydney and San Francisco; in business, in spelling, in habits, in values. Each of the State capital cities characterises itself by its ambitions and the way it welcomes the stranger. In Adelaide they ask " How do you do ? " In Melbourne, " Who are you ? " In Brisbane, " Come and have a drink." In Perth, " Are you staying long ? " And in Sydney, " What have you got ? " Oh, yes, there 's also Hobart, but I don't know much about Tasmania.

The mentality of each capital may be understood by saying that Sydney is copying San Francisco and doing it well. Melbourne is trying to be London, which is hopeless. Adelaide is just being itself and fully content. In this city of culture they say " There is no place quite like Adelaide," but they do not hear an occasional murmured " Thank God ! "

The most natural and therefore truly Australian cities are Perth and Brisbane. Hobart, being rather static, does not evidence the go-ahead spirit of the chief towns of Western Australia and Queensland. They have a cheerfulness and good fellowship that is wholly delightful and, being younger, are healthily occupied with the increasing trade of the State. They have not settled down to the complacency of middle age, nor the ambitions which barnacle on to leisure. (*Continued on page* 96)

A warrior of the interior of Australia is extraordinarily swift and accurate up to 80 yards with his spear, hurled by the woomera held in his other hand

The wild blacks may have thin legs, being nomads, but many are well-built, and have large chests. They are never without their long wooden spears and dogs

Like the natives, the white men signal to each other with smoke in inland Australia

Wild, naked blacks soon lose their fear of a motor-truck, and help the stranded motorist who ventures far beyond roads. The nearest man treasures an empty tin given him by the author

Right:
The Macdonell Ranges in the centre of Australia are picturesque with " gaps " and running streams which a camel expedition must pass to explore the arid plains remote from settlement

Captain Flint *and* *the* Spanish Jade

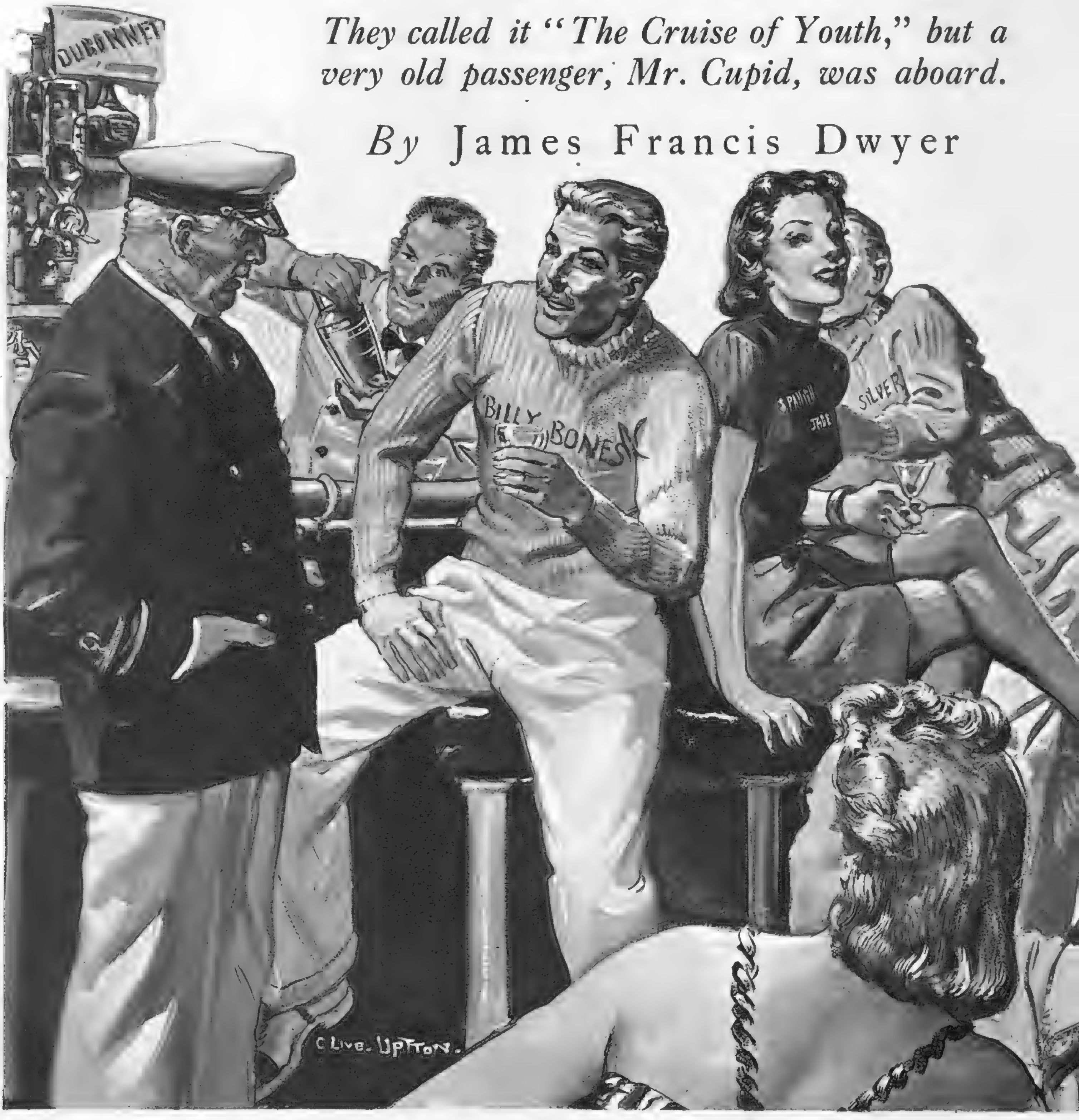
They called it "The Cruise of Youth," but a very old passenger, Mr. Cupid, was aboard.

By James Francis Dwyer

NOW, you may have received one of those attractive invitations to join "The Cruise of Youth." They were sent out to persons of both sexes who were under twenty-five, of good social standing and possessed of a bank roll. A poor devil of a clerk in the London office of the Carib Cartagena Transport Company coined the idea on a day when bookings were slack. Rushed to the manager's desk with the fine creative light in his eye. Said the clerk : " Run the S.S. *Zaramondo* round the Caribbean, take no one but rich youths and maidens who are under twenty-five and call it 'The Cruise of Youth' ! "

The inner office put frills on the original idea. " This cruise," said their letter (hand-made paper with a faintly tinted map of the Caribbean), " will make the voyage of the Argonauts look like a trip on a Brighton excursion steamer. The Odyssey, alongside the log of the S.S. *Zaramondo*, will read like a child's primer. Youth ! Glorious, godlike, flaming youth ! Dancing, swimming, sun-bathing ! Climbing the smoke-stacks to see islands more wonderful than those of Circe and Calypso ! Sighting spectral galleons in azure waters ! Picking up moidores on beaches of diamond dust and pelting the low-hanging tropical stars with pieces-of-eight. . . ." There was a lot of stuff like that.

And there were innovations. The ports of call were a matter for the wanderers to decide upon. There would be *arrêts facultatifs* decided by the majority vote. The youngsters could dodge a large port if they wished, and could halt alongside a coral atoll if seized



by a collective desire. They could—Dear Lord, how sweet !—talk back to the Bridge ! Alluring that concession. "Your captain will be your chauffeur," said that clever letter. "Tell him where and when to stop and he will obey."

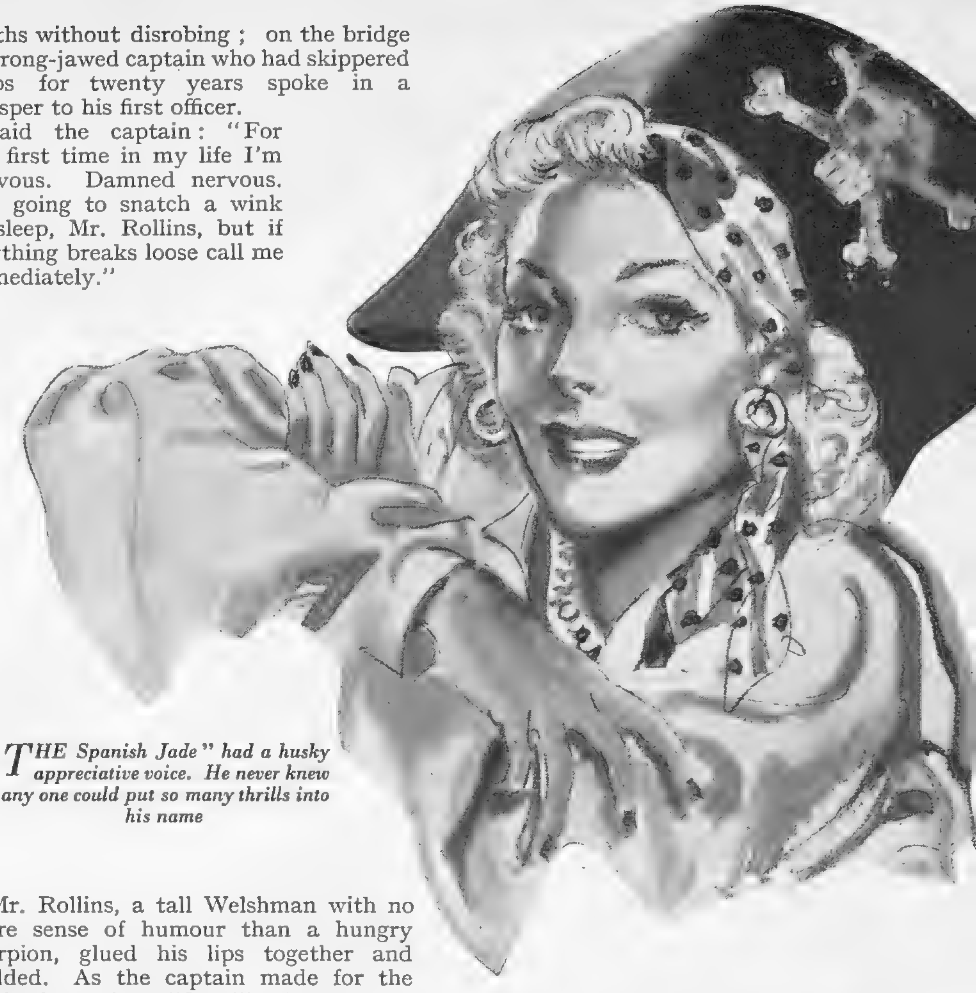
If you did not sail on "The Cruise of Youth" you might remember how feeble was the pulse of London after the special trains left for Southampton with the wanderers. Five hundred and seventeen of the best-looking youths and maidens of the United Kingdom were boarding the steamer. That call to youth had brought them from every corner of the British Isles. They were to sail the seas alone ! No girthy sixty-fives attempting to be playboys ! No disapproving, fierce-knitting old women ! No bony professors talking ichthyology and ornithology ! No asthmatic clergyman voyaging on the subscriptions of bored parishioners !

The throb of youth went out from the S.S. *Zaramondo* as she nosed down Southampton Water. Late workers at Lymington sensed it; ferry passengers to Ryde were aware of it; lonely dwellers on the edge of the New Forest stared across the dark Solent, keenly conscious that something unusual was passing to the Channel. Thus did shore folk stare and mutter on that far-off night when the *Argo* set out for distant Lemnos.

THERE was nothing wanting on the *Zaramondo*. Eight of the most inventive-minded drink-mixers of the West End tended bar. Bright boys with a flair for wet compositions. There were coiffeurs, beauty specialists, and *couturières*. Six hostesses came along, but a notice in the purser's office suggested that their services might be dispensed with. "The name of every passenger on this boat has passed the acid test," ran the notice. "So if you wish to know anyone ask him or her to have a drink."

Possibly Jason's crew—busy boys who were hunting a golden fleece—had no time for fun on their first night at sea, but the crowd on the *Zaramondo* had no mission. At 4.30 a.m. the eight barmen had their first moment of respite. A silence that had followed one league behind the big ship crept fearfully aboard. The purser dozed uneasily in his chair, muttering disjointed curses aimed at the poor devil of a clerk who had suggested the Youth Cruise; the six hostesses, tired and fretful, fell into their berths without disrobing ; on the bridge a strong-jawed captain who had skippered ships for twenty years spoke in a whisper to his first officer.

Said the captain : "For the first time in my life I'm nervous. Damned nervous. I'm going to snatch a wink of sleep, Mr. Rollins, but if anything breaks loose call me immediately."



"THE Spanish Jade" had a husky appreciative voice. He never knew any one could put so many thrills into his name

Mr. Rollins, a tall Welshman with no more sense of humour than a hungry scorpion, glued his lips together and nodded. As the captain made for the ladder he spoke. "It will take strength, sir," he said. "Much strength. Did I ever tell you, sir, of the time I took a cargo of orang-outangs on a sandalwood steamer out of Pontianak in Borneo signed for Singapore? They got loose on me——"

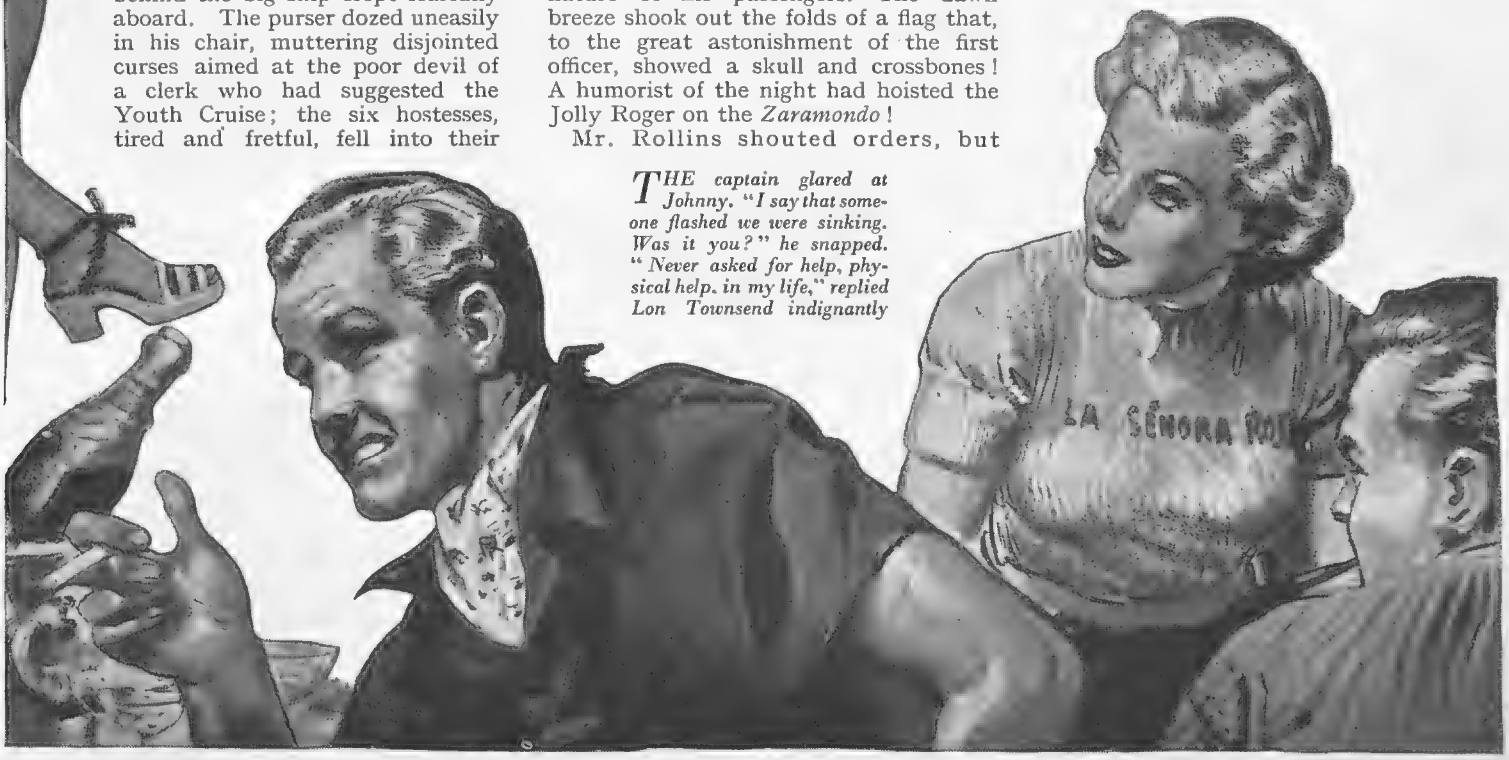
"Orang-outangs?" shouted Captain Howard angrily. "You can shoot orang-outangs if they start to run your ship, but you can't shoot these ! They're money ! Full to the ears of wealth and wickedness !"

Mr. Rollins, left alone, was made immediately aware of the frolicsome nature of his passengers. The dawn breeze shook out the folds of a flag that, to the great astonishment of the first officer, showed a skull and crossbones ! A humorist of the night had hoisted the Jolly Roger on the *Zaramondo* !

Mr. Rollins shouted orders, but pyjama'd youths obstructed the sailors who were told to tear down the emblem. In chorus they begged the chief officer to let the flag wave, till Mr. Rollins lost his temper and his dignity. His mind went back to the sandalwood steamer and the cargo of orang-outangs. He was quite upset.

The morning advanced. The drink mixers braced themselves for the battle. A trifle grim now, fully aware of what they were up against.

When the bar could hold no more, Peter Clayton II rapped for order. Peter



THE captain glared at Johnny. "I say that someone flashed we were sinking. Was it you?" he snapped. "Never asked for help, physical help, in my life," replied Lon Townsend indignantly had come into the leadership class on the previous evening. Peter was handsome. He rode moonbeams. If Satan had a son he might have looked like Peter.

"Youths and maidens," began Peter, "the sweet invitation of the company says that we are going to lands of buccaneers, freebooters, and conquistadores. But what are we? English contwist—Pardon! English conquistadores an' conquistadoresses! That's what we are. I propose a toast. To five hundred and seventeen conquistadores an' conquistadoresses aboard this steamer! Banded together with blood, liquor, and love of life. Drink it down!"

New and exciting beverages saw the light on that first morning at sea. "Captain Kidd's Nightmare" was introduced by Larry Boyden, son of old Ezekiel Boyden, one of the largest British contributors to foreign missions. Tommy Leadbeater, Cambridge bat, followed with a mixture called the "Houri's Giggle."

Now that was a drink. Tommy gave instructions how to grapple with it and at the same time avoid risking your life. The bad effects of the "Giggle" could be nullified if, after each round, the absorber took a swift run of a hundred yards. Tommy led a group of the wanderers on a wild race around the deck.

At that moment Mr. Rollins, off duty, was visiting his friend, Mr. McNab, chief engineer of the *Zaramondo*, and he was telling the chief the orang-outang story that the captain had refused to listen to. "These monkeys were big hulking devils," said Mr. Rollins. "They had chests like barrels all covered with red hair, and when they broke out of their cages——"

"Whist!" cried McNab. "Losh, your monkeys are on the steamer!"

The *Zaramondo* shook with the fine tramp of youth. The "Houri's Giggle" was getting its shakedown. Round and round the deck with wild whoops and yells, then back to the bar. Mr. Rollins and Mr. McNab stared at each other.

"I'd no be instructin' the captain," said Mr. McNab, "but if I was in charge of this steamer I'd take this bunch of goshawks an' goshawkeresses right back to Southampton."

"It will take strength," said Mr. Rollins. "Much strength."

THE head barber of the *Zaramondo* was a lad with ideas. He would go far, that man. On the day before the steamer sailed the barber had bought up a consignment of multi-coloured sweaters that had been specially made for a London musical show.

They were new, gaudy, and romantic. Across the breasts of the garments were embroidered the names of all the pirates, real and imaginary, connected with the Spanish Main. Sir Henry Morgan, Long John Silver, Black Dog, One-eyed Larry, Scarface, Captain Kidd, Three-fingered Joe, Jean Lafitte, Coughing Coxon, Captain Flint, Dead-eye Davis, Townley, Captain Swan, Billy Bones, Redskull Brown, Esquemelin, Pegleg Waters, Blackbeard, Big Culliford, the terrible L'Ollonois, and five score others. And there were dainty sweaters with the names of lady pirates who had made history. *La Senora Roja* —The Red Lady—who had her headquarters in Tortuga; the dashing Mary Reed, Long Lizzie of infamous memory, Plymouth Polly, The Spanish Jade, Ann of Aberdeen, The Portuguese Pet, Glasgow Emma (who was suspected of being a man dressed in women's clothing), The Weeping Creole, and others of lesser note who either led in person or were the wives or sweethearts of male buccaneers.

THE barber auctioned the sweaters in the smoking-room. They brought high prices. A tall, well-built youngster who was recorded on the passenger list as Stephen Corrie bought the sweater emblazoned with the name of Captain Flint. He bid for the one labelled The Spanish Jade. Bids went from five shillings to five pounds. Corrie got it at five guineas. He carried it across the salon and presented it to a dark-eyed girl whom he had watched closely on the previous evening. A girl who had come aboard alone; who had no screaming friends to wave good-bye to her as the *Zaramondo* sailed. Her name, so Corrie had discovered, was Alice Geddes.

"But—but," stammered the girl, her dark eyes flashing as she took the gift, "it was madness to pay five guineas for it. You must have a lot of money?"

Stephen Corrie laughed. "*Muy poco, senorita,*" he said. He was relieved to find that she knew nothing of him. He dragged the Captain Flint sweater over his head and felt a thrill at doing so. He was blotting out Stephen Corrie for the time being. Wiping out the Corrie millions. Mentally he blessed the barber. This dark-eyed girl with the strangely alert face might never know him as the Corrie heir.

"Captain Steve Flint at your service, *senorita,*" he announced, bowing before her.

"You look well, Steve," said the girl, quietly. "Can I call you Steve, captain?"

"If you call me anything else you'll walk the plank," he said threateningly. "Do you know, Spaniard, I think we'll have a good time on this boat. I was doubtful at first but now I'm certain."

"What made you buy the sweater for me, Steve?" asked the girl. "You never saw me till last night."

"Listen," said Stephen Corrie. "This morning I saw you climbing the ladder to the boat deck. When you paused on the stairs I could only see your head and shoulders. No body. Understand? Well, I was jerked back ten years. Ten years to a fair."

"To a fair?" she questioned.

"Yes. At Machynlleth. I was there fishing with my father."

Her lips took the word and shook it sweetly into syllables. "Mahun'hleth," she breathed, giving the word its proper pronunciation. The large dark eyes were upon Corrie's face.

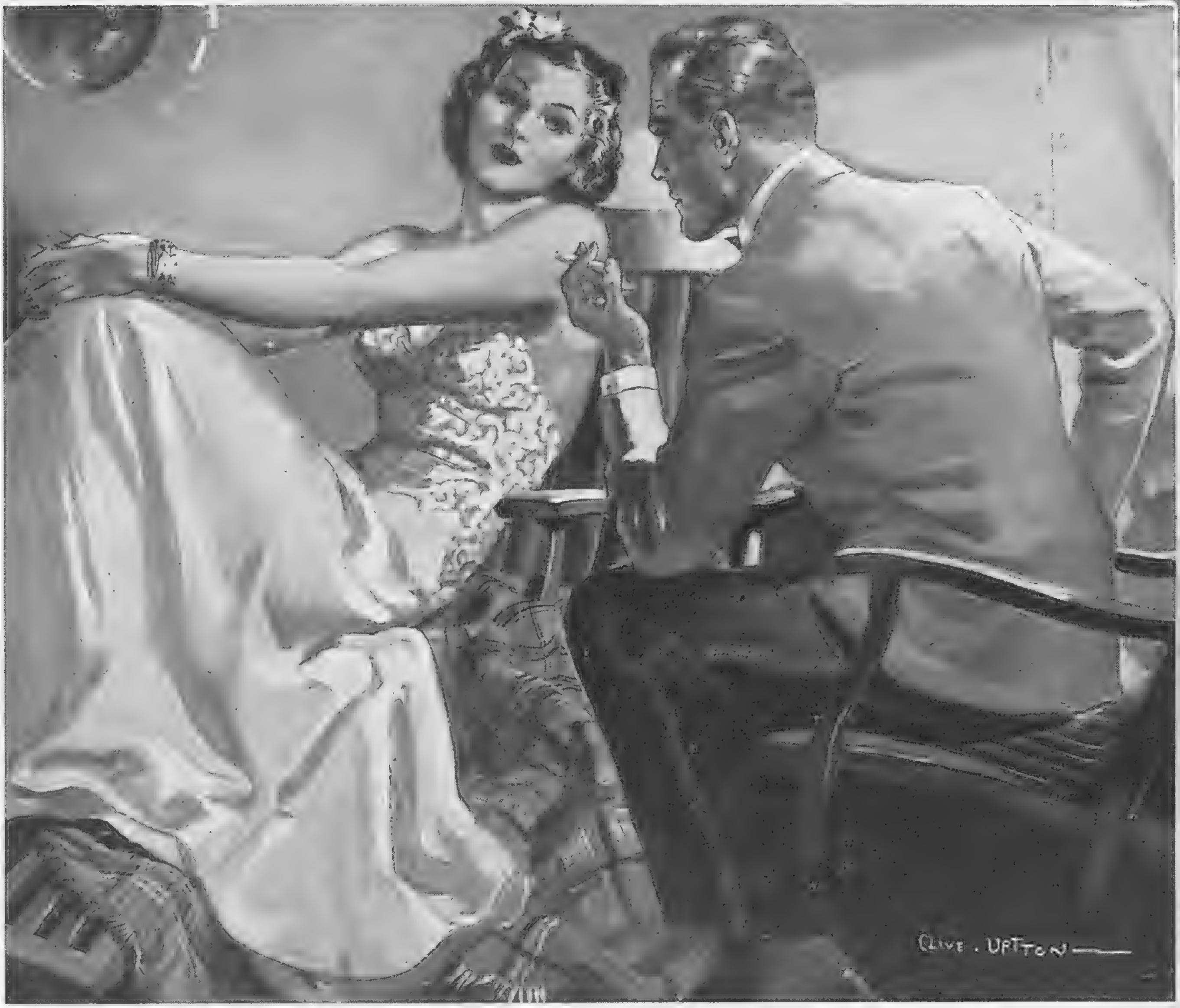
"Girl in a booth," said Corrie. "Optical illusion. Mirrors and all that. Just her head an' shoulders. No body."

Merriment flashed into the dark eyes. "You—you spent an hour winking at her, trying to make her laugh, then—then my father, who owned the booth, kicked you out?"

"Exactly," said Corrie. He was delighted with her poise. He thought of the notice in the purser's office. "The name of every passenger has passed the acid test." Well, here was Alice Geddes whose father, with her co-operation, ran a booth at a fair. Splendid.

"That business is out," said the girl slowly. "The country folk are too sophisticated. I remember you well now." For a moment she remained silent, then she offered an explanation for her presence on board the *Zaramondo*. "This shipping company think that I am my cousin," she said. "Same name, but she's rich. She's at

ILLUSTRATED by CLIVE UPTTON



STEPHEN CORRIE and Alice Geddes sat together on the boat deck and talked in whispers, for Stephen Corrie was in love

Biarritz. They sent me their invitation to join this gang, and as I had the exact fare left after selling the stuff from Pop's circus I thought I'd come along, careless like. Pop's dead, y'know. What brought you, Steve?"

"Boredom," said Stephen Corrie. "Just boredom."

The girl put out her hand. "It's pleasant to meet old friends from Machynlleth," she said, smiling. "You see, I don't know anyone but you."

"Keep that way, Spaniard," said Corrie. "Come an' eat."

In the siesta hour the trouble that Captain Howard feared struck the ship. The captain was on the bridge when the wireless operator came streaking up the ladder and stumbled towards him. "Three ships!" gasped Sparks. "Three ships! Makin' for us at top speed!"

Captain Howard clutched the shoulders of the wireless man and shook him till his teeth rattled. "You've been drinking!" he roared. "What the merry hell do you mean?"

"Dozed off for a jess a minyet," stammered Sparks. "Jess a minyet! Someone flashed S O S! Said we're sinkin'! Three ships comin'! *Maracaibo, San Felipe,* and *Cochimba*!"

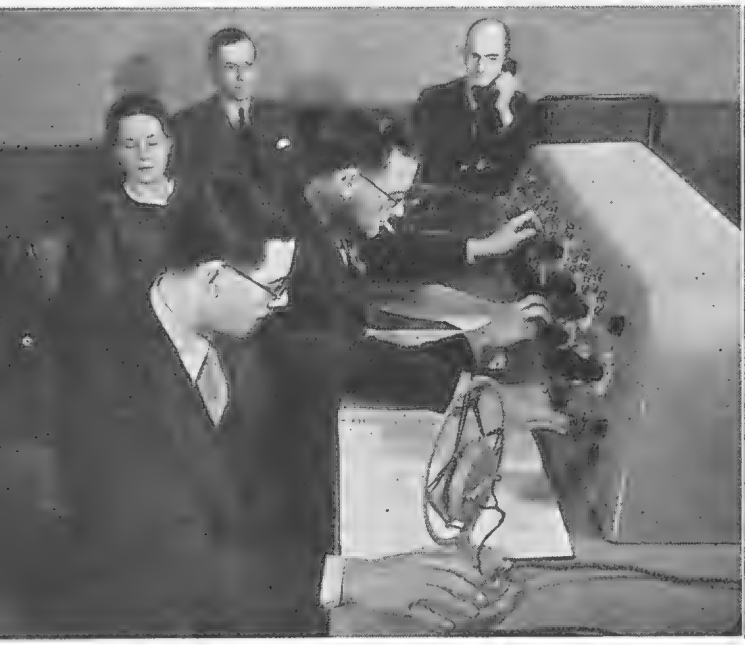
The captain swung (*Continued on page* 105)

How *a* Radio Play *is*

FORTY plays a week find their way to Broadcasting House—and most of them find their way back again to where they came from. It is astounding how many wonderful people there are in England who can afford to dispense with knowledge of drama when they write for broadcasting.

I glanced at an excellent specimen not very long ago—in every sense a *manuscript*, made and fashioned by the hand of the authoress herself. It had that appearance, I must confess. There were no waste spaces. The play—an intense drama—was closely and quite illegibly written on both sides of the paper, the sheets varying considerably in both size and colour. Some of them were actually brown.

I was not required by the drama director to read the work, but he laughingly suggested I might estimate how long I thought it would take in performance. I estimated six hours—with cuts—and was somewhat taken aback when I discovered there were 110 people in the cast, including two elephants.



THE Dramatic Control panel at Broadcasting House. This panel is used extensively for the production of radio drama. The producer mixes the output to a harmonious whole

BROADCASTING a radio version of "A Bill of Divorcement," by Clemence Dane. In the picture can be seen: Edna Best (left), Doris Lytton and Val Gielgud, the producer (right)

It occurred to me afterwards that the B.B.C. would cause that dear old lady deep disappointment. I am sure she was one, because she had written to say that if the B.B.C. would be so good as to perform the play *next Monday* at eight o'clock, she would be very pleased because she knew she would be in then.

The parcel would have to go back by rail and with it, I fear, a polite note to explain that it was not quite suitable, and also that performance on Monday would be out of the question, because (1) the programmes for that hour were already decided upon, (2) there would be no time to have copies made on the duplicator, (3) still less to call together a large cast and rehearse them. Probably what happened was that the script was returned with a rejection slip, but the B.B.C. is polite and it may have been that a kind letter was sent.

All of which shows the unwisdom of writing unless one knows the ropes, and of sending in plays on chance, in any event. Yet most authors, at the beginning of their career, make that mistake. Later they discover the real secret, which is to submit a good *idea* for a play. And that, incidentally, is really how radio plays are born. If the idea is not someone else's, or has not been worked to death, an interview may result, with some useful discussion, and the would-be author asked to send in a synopsis and a page or two of dialogue.

Even so, in far too many instances the blood rushes to a young author's head, and he makes an incoherent mess of the synopsis—one of the most difficult things to write, actually. On the other hand, if he does manage to evolve something that will catch the drama director's eye (which, in the interests of radio drama, is definitely coupled to one of his ears) he may have the nucleus of a real play before him, so long as he remembers that it is far more difficult to develop a character who has to remain invisible than one who can be seen. Writing for the West End is another matter altogether, and not good practice for writing for radio.

The converse is also true. Writing for the ether makes an author extravagant. Within reason, he may have as many people in his cast as he likes—and, in any case, he knows that even a few people can be made to sound like a crowd. If they prove *not* to sound like one, a crowd record can be spun in the effects room which will help things enormously. Even to the *mood* of the crowd, because if the record is speeded up they all sound jolly and cheerful; but the same record, played slowly, will make them sound as though they are starving and inclined to wreck the factory that gives them their bread.

RADIO scenery (which, being only hinted at in the dialogue or described by an announcer, costs nothing) may also be responsible for an author forgetting that West End productions generally amount to about seven actors and one set. So that radio writing and stage writing are two different things.

What the radio author has to realise is that a radio play is an aural spectacle—a contradiction in terms. Effects are to be had in plenty, but many a dramatist

Born

By C. Whitaker-Wilson

(who has had many of his plays broadcast)

C. Whitaker-Wilson

has come to the ground through legislating for too many of them. Among the best, to my way of thinking, is the sound of the sea, done by rolling shot in a drum; but not every effect comes off so well.

We have all become used to the "broadcast door." It sounds wrong, but it does not sound what it really is—the door of a cupboard. On the other hand, a real door would sound infinitely worse. I think it must be quite well known by now that the sound of horses' hoofs are produced by large shells striking a table divided into sections, each of a slightly different composition. The best of these effects, I think, is that which produced the sound of a horse and trap stopping outside the door of a hostel. That is really excellent.

Left: *GODFREY TEARLE and Flora Robson broadcasting in the play "The Golden Hind"*

No; the dialogue is the thing in a radio play. Every emotion and every suggestion of the surroundings in which the actors are supposed to be must come out in the dialogue. Whatever action is required must somehow be intimated by one of the actors. How simple, on the play stage, to help the dialogue and make it more natural by allowing an actor to light a pipe and talk while he is doing it! You watch the lighted match from the stalls and realise how necessary it was to impose dire penalties for smoking on the sea front during the war. The light looks so *big*. But no author, versed in the vagaries of radio transmission, gives directions for an actor to light up while he is acting—which means reading dramatically from a script; he knows too well the disastrous effect the striking of a match has before a microphone. And a lighter is worse. It sounds like anything on earth rather than a petrol lighter. Apart from which, the striking of either is all that could happen, because smoking in studios is forbidden.

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE and cast broadcasting the play "Socrates"

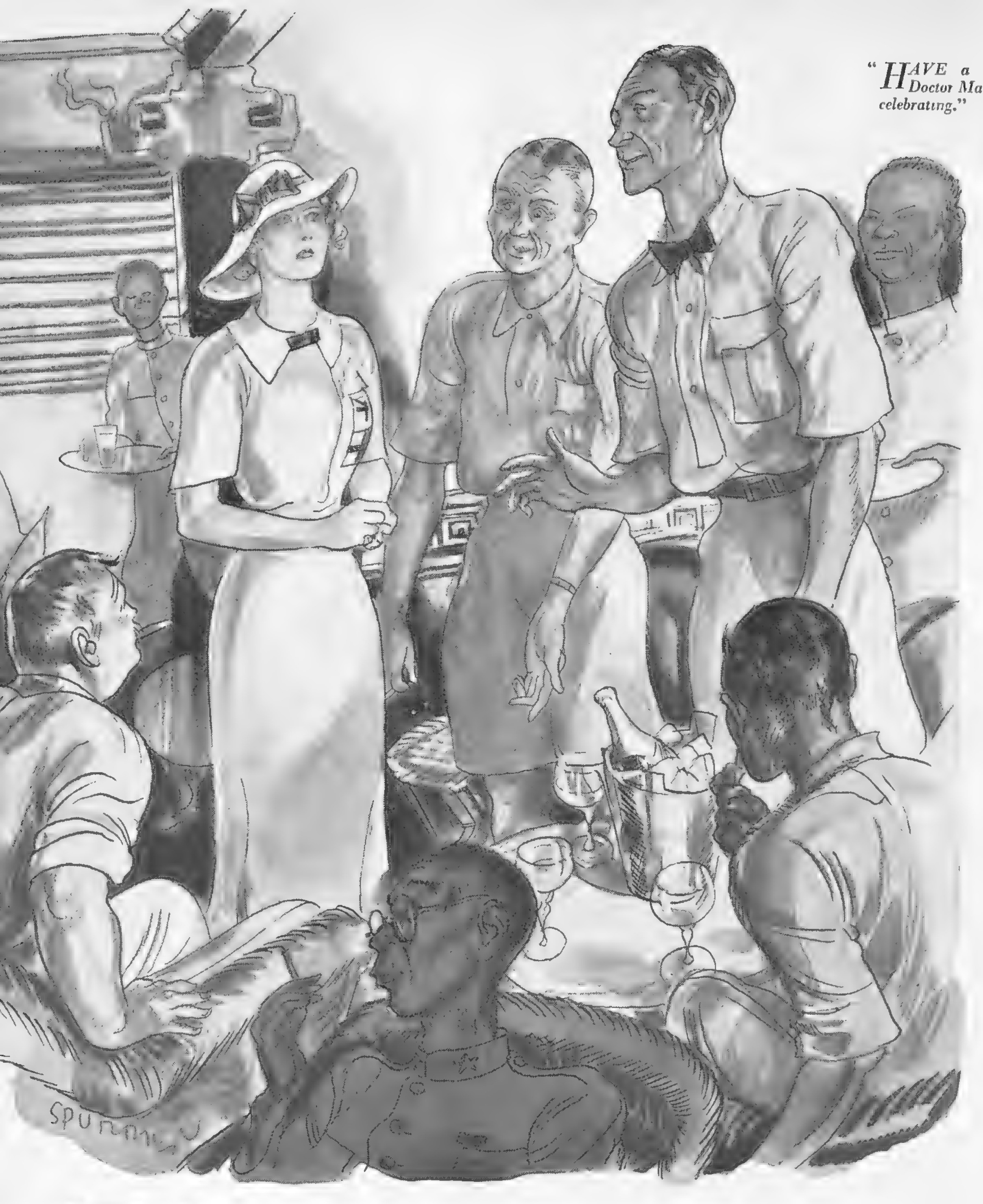
LESLIE HOWARD and Lydia Sherwood before the mike when they broadcast the play "Berkeley Square"

REHEARSING for the broadcast of "Cavalcade." Mary O'Farrell, who played the lead in the radio version and Mary Clare, who played the lead at Drury Lane

FROM the listener's point of view, a broadcast play is, as I have suggested, an aural spectacle, but few people trouble to think how it is all done. Most accept it as they accept a stage production, contenting themselves with criticising it in an elementary form as having pleased them or otherwise. Criticism of radio plays is, judging from what the B.B.C. gets in the way of correspondence, fairly vigorous on one side or the other, but it takes an expert—a producer, almost—to lay his finger accurately on the technical weakness.

When you listen you generally take in the thing as a whole. Yet, if you attended a rehearsal in a studio you would get very little idea of the play as a whole. Even in that respect the rehearsal of a broadcast play differs from that of a stage play where, at least, you do see the thing right through. The actors may be wearing anything but the right clothes for their parts, but you do not mind that. You know it is only a rehearsal, and you can see for yourself that the cast has been chosen because they will look their parts when they do wear the right clothes and have the proper scenery behind them. In a broadcast studio it is a rare thing to find anybody looking the part. All that matters, when choosing them, is their voices and general style of delivery. Characterisation,

(*Continued on page* 102)



"HAVE a glass of champagne, Miss—er—Doctor Maitland?" he said affably. "We're just celebrating." She looked at him with icy contempt

Champagne for the General

An ardent pacifist discovers that there are some things against which one must fight

THE flying field was about two miles outside the city of Yinchow. Maxwell landed, and taxied his machine towards the place where the hangars had been. There were no longer any hangars. A few blackened skeletons of wood and ironwork, still smouldering faintly, showed where they had stood.

That didn't surprise him. Nothing in China surprised him very much now. Someone had burnt the hangars. The Japanese perhaps, or a Chinese flying pupil throwing a lighted match or a cigarette end into a pool of petrol. He'd be told all about it presently. He wasn't in a hurry.

As he climbed down from the front cockpit of his machine he saw Lonergan, his assistant instructor, shoving his way through a crowd of chattering Chinese mechanics and flying pupils towards him. He smiled.

"Been celebrating?" he asked.

Lonergan nodded grimly.

"It happened last night," he said. "About two o'clock the hangars all caught fire together. And they've sent the marshal an ultimatum."

Lin Cheng, Maxwell's favourite pupil was plucking at his sleeve talking shrilly in Chinese. Tears were running down his round yellow face. He spoke too quickly for Maxwell to follow what he was saying. Maxwell smiled down at him and clapped him reassuringly on the shoulder.

"All right, Lin," he said. "So they burned up the machines, did they? Don't worry. We'll get you some more."

There was an air of casualness about him, but it was a casualness that inspired confidence. He carried his lean height easily; there was a humorous tranquillity in his dark features. A broad, beaming smile spread across Lin's face. A moment before he had been profoundly miserable. Now, childlike, he was happy. If Maxwell said things were all right, they were all right. Maxwell's pupils felt like that about him.

"What's this about an ultimatum?" he asked.

"The Japs sent it yesterday," said Lonergan. "Things have been happening while you've been in Hong Kong. Pretty nearly all the whites have left. The Japs have given the marshal till noon to-day to march out of Yinchow, abandoning his arms and artillery, and disperse his army, or else. . . ."

"Disperse his what?" said Maxwell.

"Whatever you like to call it," said Lonergan "This washes up our job, I guess. Failing a satisfactory answer the Japanese Air Force will bomb hell out of the town at two this afternoon precisely."

"That ought to be fun," said Maxwell. "You say all the whites have left."

"Most of them," said Lonergan. "They went on lorries the day before yesterday. We had a bit of trouble with your girl riend, Ruth Maitland. She didn't want to go."

"She wouldn't," said Maxwell. "I suppose she wanted to stay behind and be a martyr."

Lonergan laughed.

"You don't like her, do you?" he said.

"She ought to be headmistress of a Sunday school," said Maxwell. "Anyway, if she's gone, that's something."

"She's gone," said Lonergan. "Did you bring any drink back with you?"

"Two cases of Scotch and a case of champagne," said Maxwell. "It was all I could get on board"

A gaudily-uniformed Chinese officer was pushing his way importantly through the crowd of mechanics. He halted and saluted Maxwell.

"I have been awaiting your arrival," he said stiffly. "The marshal will be glad if you can see him at once. I have a car waiting."

"I'll come right away, colonel," said Maxwell. He turned to Lonergan.

"You might see my kit's taken care of. I'll join you as soon as I can."

"I'll see to that," said Lonergan. "You'll find me at the club."

Maxwell accompanied the Chinese officer to a waiting car and was taken quickly through the town to Marshal Pi-Yu's headquarters, which were in the Gordon Hotel.

The narrow streets of the town were crowded but strangely silent; only a subdued murmur of conversation rose from the people thronging them. There was a hush over the town. At street-corners and on roof tops Chinese soldiers were busy erecting sandbag shelters and fixing machine guns.

Marshal Pi-Yu was a trim, smallish man of between thirty and forty, clad in plain khaki. His expression was placid but businesslike. He wore horn-rimmed glasses and spoke with the accent of an American college. He offered Maxwell tea and apples.

By

Hugh

Clevely

"I trust that you have passed your time pleasantly, and are the bearer of good tidings," he said.

"I got thirty machines for you," said Maxwell. "Interceptor fighters. They're all right; I tested them. They'll be delivered as soon as the cash for them is deposited in the Hong Kong Bank. The price is three hundred thousand American dollars."

"I will give instructions for the money to be paid over immediately," said Marshal Pi-Yu. "You have no doubt heard what occurred last night."

"Yes, I heard," said Maxwell. "The machines were burnt. You can spare them. They weren't any good. The new ones are much better."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said the marshal politely.

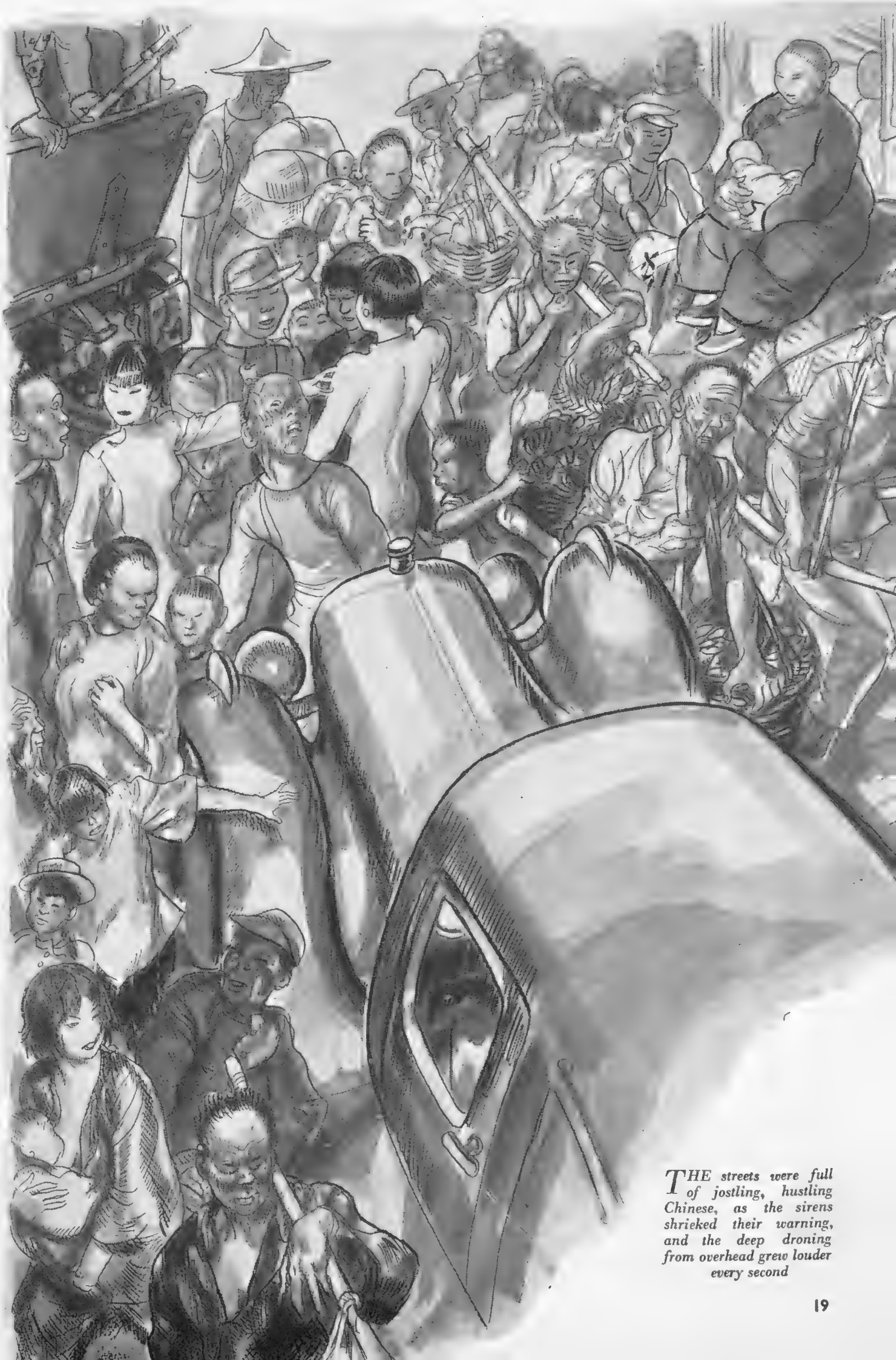
He smiled.

"The Japanese have also sent an ultimatum," said the marshal placidly. "Now there is to be war. And, though I am not as well prepared as I should like to be, I am better prepared than I was a month ago."

He paused.

"I trust that you are going to remain with me, Mr. Maxwell," he went on.

Maxwell frowned slightly. He had been engaged a year previously, as civilian supervisor of an air mail system that Pi-Yu had planned to start in his province. The air mail scheme had been abandoned soon after his arrival, and for six months he had been training pilots for war flying. That was all right;



THE streets were full of jostling, hustling Chinese, as the sirens shrieked their warning, and the deep droning from overhead grew louder every second he was a flying instructor, and teaching flying was his job. But when it came to fighting for Pi-Yu against the Japanese—that was a bit different.

"I don't think I can do that," he said. "You've treated me well, and I've been glad to work for you. But this quarrel of yours with the Japanese is not my quarrel. I think I ought to keep out of it."

Marshal Pi-Yu nodded gravely.

"Your point of view is reasonable," he conceded. "And I shall not try to persuade you that by fighting for China you will be fighting for humanity, though I believe that to be the case. What I want you to consider, Mr. Maxwell, is that your pupils rely on you. They are accustomed to your leadership, and will follow you with a confidence they would not accord any other leader. Can you abandon them now, at a time when they need you most? They will be bitterly disappointed. On the other hand, imagine their gratification if they learn that you are remaining as chief of my air staff, with the rank and pay of general."

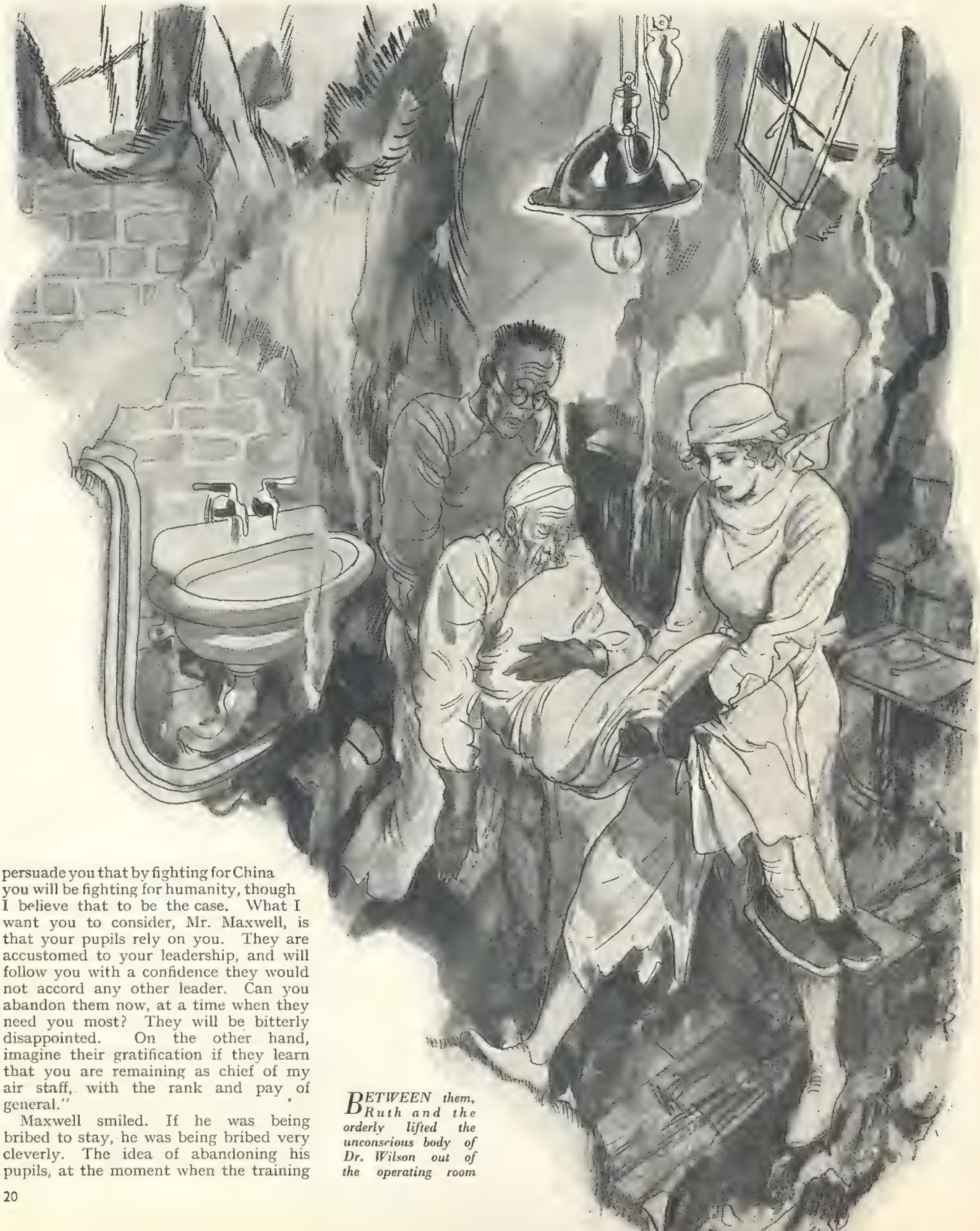
Maxwell smiled. If he was being bribed to stay, he was being bribed very cleverly. The idea of abandoning his pupils, at the moment when the training he had given them was about to be put to its crucial test, had been worrying him. He liked his Chinese pupils. And they liked him. He knew that.

"I'll stay," he said briefly. "But what about this afternoon, if the Japs come over? Do I take up our one remaining machine and drive them off again?"

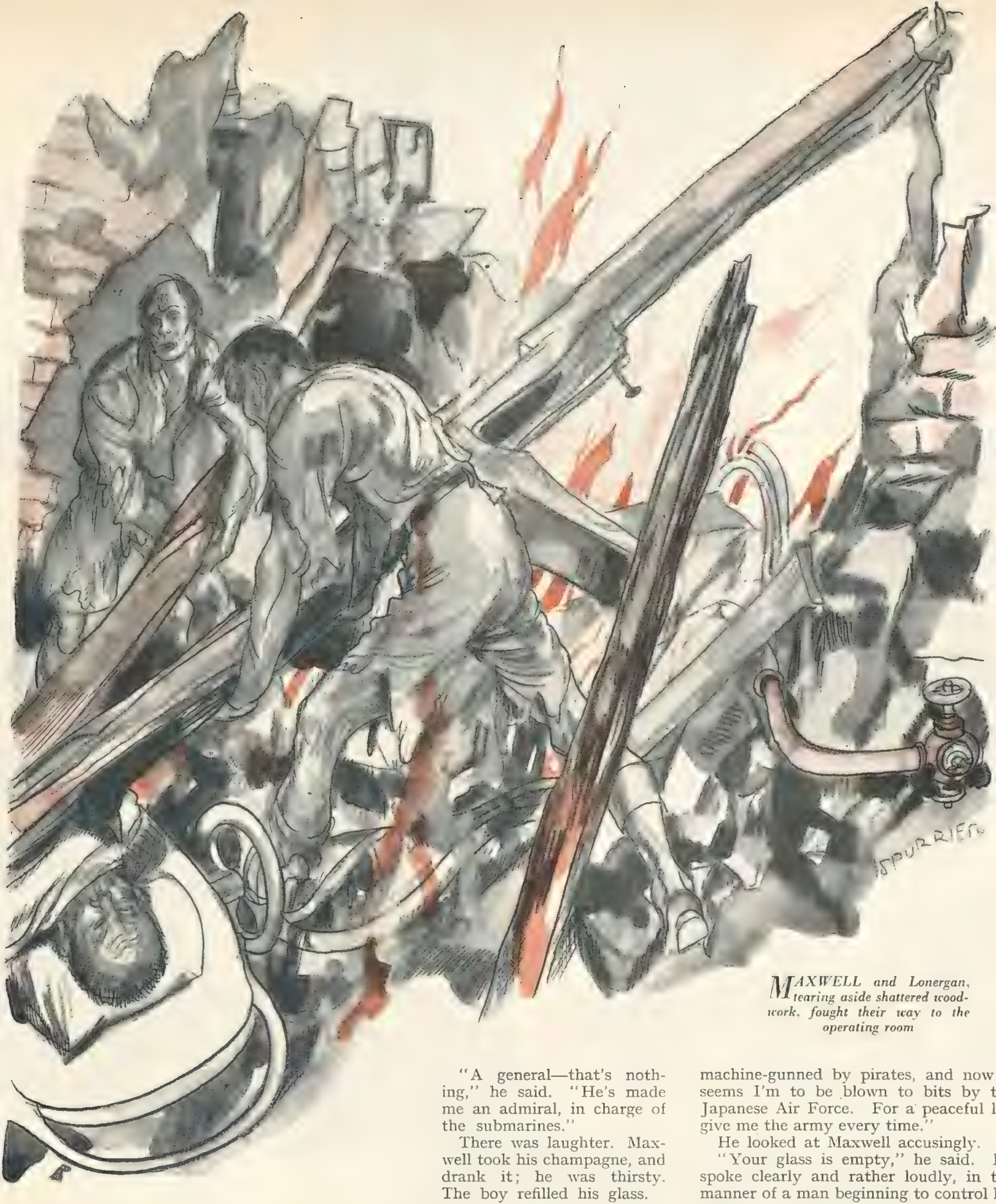
"By no means," said Marshal Pi-Yu. "Your duty this afternoon will be to seek the security of the deepest dug-out you can find. Later, when the new machines have arrived, I am confident that you will give an excellent account of yourself against the Japanese."

Maxwell left the marshal's headquarters and strolled along the main street of the town in the direction of the club. That building, once the chief social resort of the four-hundred-odd Europeans in the town, was almost deserted. Lonergan, Smithers, the American Consul, and Duveen, a fat, hard-drinking old trader, were the only white men present. The place had a musty, neglected appearance.

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



BETWEEN them, Ruth and the orderly lifted the unconscious body of Dr. Wilson out of the operating room



MAXWELL and Lonergan, tearing aside shattered woodwork, fought their way to the operating room

Maxwell's arrival was greeted noisily.

"Our saviour," said Duveen. "The man who brought drink to the starving people of Yinchow. History will remember you. If it doesn't, at least you will have an old man's gratitude."

"I'd rather have a drink," said Maxwell. "I've just been made a general, and it's made me thirsty."

"A what?" said Lonergan.

"A general," said Maxwell. "Commanding officer of Marshal Pi-Yu's air force. Laugh that one off if you can."

Smithers clapped his hands together.

"Boy," he ordered the Chinese waiter. "Champagne for the General."

Lonergan laughed.

"A general—that's nothing," he said. "He's made me an admiral, in charge of the submarines."

There was laughter. Maxwell took his champagne, and drank it; he was thirsty. The boy refilled his glass.

"I shall apply for the command of the cavalry," said Duveen. "I think I should look well on a horse."

"You be careful," warned Lonergan. "You might get it. And he's got some cavalry. Much better join my submarine section."

"The subterranean section will do me when these Jap bombers start coming over," said Smithers.

"Maybe you're right," said Duveen. "Anyway, let's all have another drink."

He raised his glass and emptied it.

"Funny," he said. "I was in the army all through the War and never heard a shot fired. They stuck me in the regimental orderly room and there I stayed. Since becoming a peaceful civilian again I've been shot up by Chinese bandits and machine-gunned by pirates, and now it seems I'm to be blown to bits by the Japanese Air Force. For a peaceful life give me the army every time."

He looked at Maxwell accusingly.

"Your glass is empty," he said. He spoke clearly and rather loudly, in the manner of a man beginning to control his speech with some difficulty.

"Boy," he said. "Champagne for the General."

As he spoke, the door opened, and a girl entered the club lounge. She was a fine girl, tall and straight and cool-looking; her blue eyes glanced round the circle of men with an expression of unconcealed contempt in them.

"Good-morning," she said.

There was no friendliness in her greeting. Her voice was clear and young, but cold. It flung down a kind of challenge to them. There was an air of stern purpose about her.

"Good heavens, doctor," said Smithers. "I thought I got you away from here the day before yesterday."

"I got off the lorry at the next village, and a coolie gave (*Continued on page* 112)

Heroes *of the* Arctic

SOME *of the Hull fleet of steam trawlers in St. Andrew's Dock, Hull*

SIX o'clock on a chill October morning of 1935 on the White Sea fishing grounds 'way up in the Arctic.

The Hull steam trawler *Lord Runciman* is pulling in the ends of the net after hauling the gear. She rolls in the swell, pulling the after-bunts overboard—and Boatswain L. Connell with it. He is fully dressed in oilskins and thigh boots. Before Skipper R. Pettman can put the ship about he appears to lose consciousness and is sinking.

Cook T. Greig, looking aft, sees the bo'sun's hands showing above the icy water . . . jumps . . . dives to reach him . . . succeeds in keeping him afloat. Spare-Hand L. Howard also jumps overboard, and the two manage to hold the unconscious man until the ship comes alongside 'em. A lifebuoy is placed round him. The three are hauled aboard to safety—the cook almost exhausted, the spare hand near the end of his tether, the bo'sun to revive after over an hour's artificial respiration.

In due course Greig and Howard are awarded the Royal Humane Society Bronze Medal and Certificate. Greig gets also a cheque for £10 from the Hull Trawler Owners, Howard a pair of binoculars. At the presentation the cook is invited to say a few words.

"Well," says he, "I feel rather guilty about accepting this medal because, when I realised it was the bo'sun in the water I remembered I'd lent him my best braces, and I just had to save him to make sure of getting 'em back!"

A modest hero of the deep-sea trawlers—and one with a sense of humour. Hull, whose fleet of 240 working vessels landed nearly 5,760,000 cwt. of fish last year, never forgets a brave deed. The name of the ship and the man goes on to a roll of honour kept by the owners' mutual insurance company.

It is an imposing panel behind the admirably equipped surgery at St. Andrew's Dock where trawlermen are treated and sometimes operated on for serious injuries immediately a ship ties up; 115 names adorn it, going back to 1854, and behind the names are epic stories of valour and endurance by simple, hard-working men whose job it is to sail two to three thousand miles in three weeks in the dirtiest weather and bring back cod from the fishing grounds of Iceland, Greenland, Davis Strait, Spitzbergen, Bear Island, the White Sea, the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Then sail off again for the Polar edge after a bare thirty-six hours or so of home comforts in port.

COMMANDER F. W. HAWKRIDGE, R.N., manager and secretary, is the official chronicler of these deeds of bravery, and it is by his courtesy that I am able to recount some of those which have made history.

GETTING *in the trawl during a rough sea*

JACK HAMLING, *skipper of the "Arctic Ranger." A pioneer of deep-water fishing*

Bleak Bear Island has been the scene of two recent dramas which have brought honour to Hull men. Some 1,350 miles north of the Humber, 250 miles from Norway, the nearest mainland, it is a sterile, rocky waste with bold, jagged coastline; the only inhabitants—wireless station operators Lindberg and Johansen, their wives, one maidservant, and a baby; literally an isolated outpost on the edge of the world.

About 3.45 a.m. on November 19, 1931, the Grimsby S.T. *Howe* struck the rocks on the west side near Cape Ruth. There was a sou'-westerly gale, a heavy sea—and heavy means heavy in those parts. Engine-room flooded, dynamo stopped, the crew had to climb into the wheelhouse which remained

THE trawler "Lord Melchett" getting gear ready for fishing in the Arctic regions

Below:

A HULL trawler at work in the North Sea fishing grounds with the trawl down

Trawl

Tales of Bravery and Endurance on the Polar Edge

By Trevor Allen

THE trawl full of fish just emerging from the sea

above water but was swept by high breakers that smashed the windows. The wireless accumulators enabled a distress signal to be sent out, giving the position as near Cape Bull.

It was answered by the Bear Island station, the Grimsby S.T. *Elf King*, the Hull S.T. *Pennine*. After making sure that trawlers were coming to the rescue, the two operators on the island started out for the position given near Cape Bull. Eight miles of dangerous boulders and crevices they crossed in the terrifying darkness with the gale lashing them. Pluckily they searched the vicinity of the Cape for the *Howe*, but she was not there. Back they trudged, weak from exposure and exertion, their boots worn through on the pointed rocks. So exhausted were they that they could not venture out again the next day.

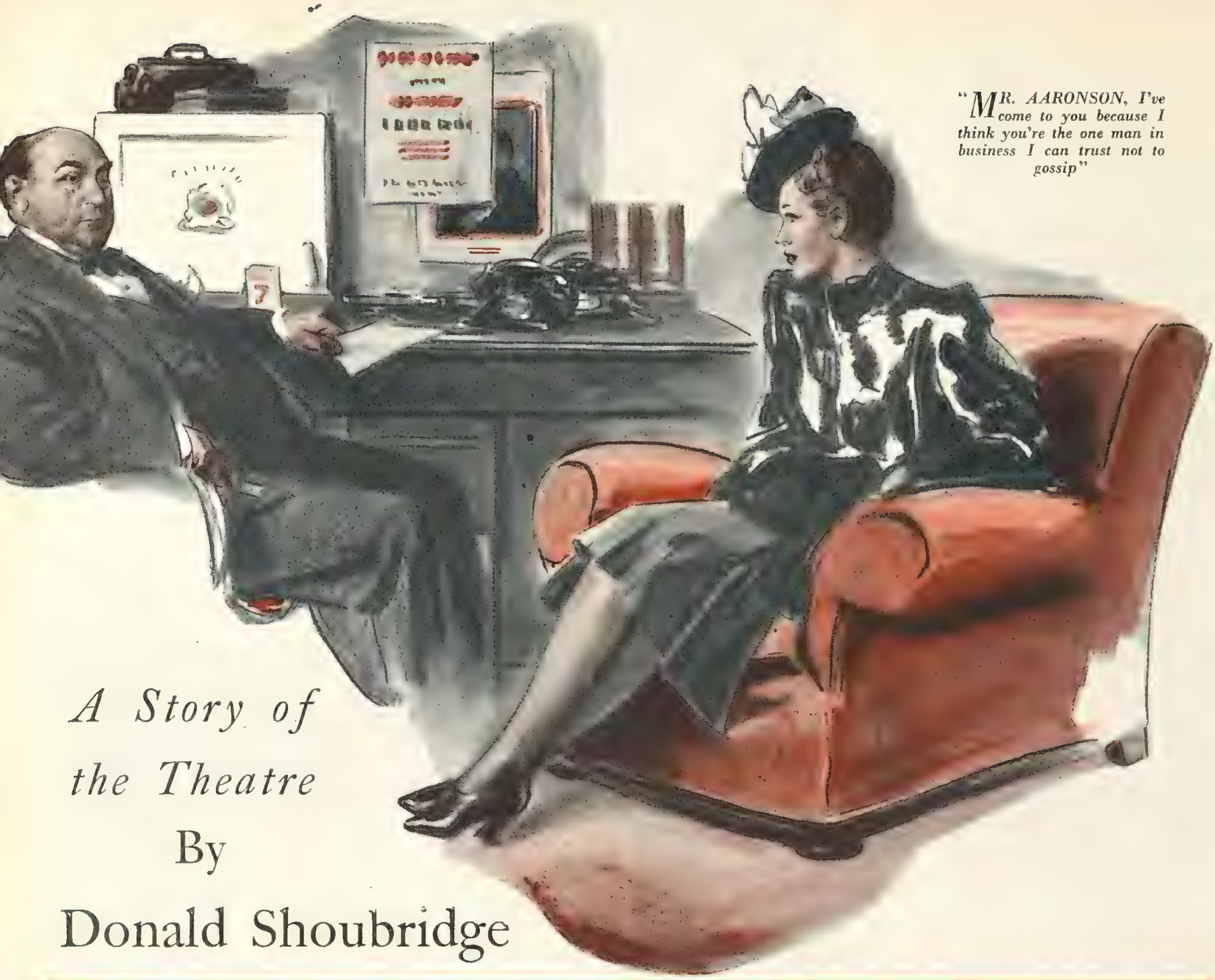
The *Howe* had told the *Pennine* that no rescue could be attempted from seaward on account of rocks and surf, so she anchored in North East Bay to land four men on the leeside of the island about 10.30 a.m. With great difficulty they made their way two miles to the wireless station, waited for the operators to return, then decided to wait until the next morning before making another attempt to reach the wreck.

Meanwhile, the *Elf King* had anchored near the *Pennine*, to be joined later in the day by the Hull S.T. *Cape Spartivento*. The skippers—J. Dahlgreen, E. Drinkall, T. Turner—got together and arranged a landing party for early the next day. Before the radio batteries gave out the *Howe* learned that men were being landed to attempt a rescue from the cliffs. In the ensuing silence which cut them off from their kind they sang songs to keep up their spirits in spite of hunger, cold and wet. If you've ever heard trawlermen sing I guess you can hear those tough voices booming out against the gale on that menacing coast in the dree Arctic night.

About 3 a.m. on the 20th another trawler hove to—the Hull *Imperialist*. The *Howe* burned a flare, so the new arrival was able to phone the group in North East Bay and the wireless station that the crew were still alive and kicking. It was arranged that siren signals and rockets should be used to guide the landing party to the wreck. Skipper T. Worthington later sent word to Tromsö, via Salvage Boat *Jason*, requisitioning rocket life-saving gear and adding: "Been ashore forty-eight hours and been impossible to get crew off. Am standing by half a mile off coast. Ship will become total wreck." Other vessels arrived. Signals were exchanged with a view to finding some scheme of rescue from seawards.

Three a.m., too, was zero hour for a party of eleven men from the three ships on the leeside who set out across the island in the hope of contacting the *Howe*. It proved a forlorn hope. They were without food or equipment, had no knowledge of the difficulties to be overcome, became thoroughly worn out, made the wireless station about 8.30 p.m., after the most arduous and nerve-trying day of their lives, then returned to (*Continued on page* 111)

IN the cook's galley of a Hull steam trawler "Cookie" has figured in many a heroic rescue



"MR. AARONSON, I've come to you because I think you're the one man in business I can trust not to gossip"

A Story of the Theatre

By

Donald Shoubridge

All Star Cast

GILBERT JONES, sitting precariously on the edge of a chair in his leading lady's dressing-room, didn't look at all like one of London's most successful and sophisticated dramatists.

"I can't understand you, Marion. I suppose there are some things God didn't intend a mere man to fathom. But after all these years——"

"Thank you, Gilbert. That word 'years' reminds me." Marion Lee darted her head towards the mirror and picked up a mascara pencil.

"I simply can't afford to let the truth poke out anywhere these days. One gap in the defences and it's nothing but character parts left—great aunts and grandmammas, dowager duchesses—you know."

"Nonsense, Marion. You're just——"

"Nonsense! You ought to read some of the things unknown playwrights send me. Why, I had three in last week and the youngest part offered was a mother with two married daughters. And that's how authors expect to get on—tactless brutes! Of course, I sent them all back with the names of one or two *other* actresses who might be interested." She laughed gaily.

Gilbert Jones stood up. On his feet he looked a little more confident than he had done on the edge of a chair.

"You're a clever woman, Marion, aren't you?"

"Clever?"

"Always so quick to change the subject if ever I mention his name. Year after year——"

"Well, Gilbert, he is—my husband. And then, who else but you can write such nice parts for me—without married daughters—in plays that run for months and months? You see, I simply daren't quarrel with you, so—well, I just have to change the subject."

"But I can't understand why you don't *face* the subject, Marion. He doesn't even love you; he treats you disgrace——"

"Gilbert, please!"

"Well, it's the truth, isn't it? Any other woman——"

"I don't happen to be any other woman, Gilbert. Oh, I know heaps of people can't understand the way that Dick and I—remain together. I believe it's expected of any actress worth her public to get a divorce every five years. Just because I've succeeded and he hasn't—oh, I know how people talk, Gilbert. How *can* she put up with it? Surely she *knows* what's going on?"

She smiled coldly.

"But it's my business, Gilbert. Mine—and his. That's why I always change the subject—even with you."

He shrugged his shoulders, picked up his hat. "Even with me! Ah, well, they're three kind words for a sad heart to feed on. Thank you for 'em." A meaningless smile strayed across his face.

"Why you've never married some sensible young girl——"

"That's just it, Marion. If she is sensible she just takes one glance at my grey hairs and adopts me as a rich uncle. You've no idea the number of nieces I've had in my time, Marion. But they all just drive me back here—to you. And then you change the subject and there it is—I take my revenge on an unkind world by writing nasty cynical plays."

"Out of which you make lots and lots of money and never fail to provide me with a nice part. Why, Gilbert, it really works out beautifully, doesn't it?"

"Yes," he said viciously, *"for Dick!"*

"Gilbert!"

"Oh, I'm sorry. Good-bye, Marion—come and see you again when I'm feeling better. I get these moods. I'll go on some damn' cruise and find a new niece."

The door closed gently.

MARION sighed. Why was it Gilbert would never understand? To wait all these years—never marrying—simply in the hope. . . .

She smiled sadly at her reflection in the mirror. So few people had understood her over that—and yet it was so simple. As if hundreds of wives hadn't once in their lives had to look the other way!

"Think of yourself," they had urged. "Think of your position in the theatre. You can't just do nothing."

What fools! Couldn't they see that it was *because* of her position in the theatre that Dick had drifted into the wretched affair? Because everyone always treated him as Marion Lee's husband—and some girl had seen her chance and treated him as just Dick Gerrard.

And besides, it would never have started if she hadn't been persuaded into that wretched tour and left him.

"But, Marion, it's so blatant—everyone's talking—you can't just turn the other cheek!"

Of course it had been blatant. Hadn't Dick always been the most hopelessly incompetent person? He was bound to have his lapse with some silly little fool who couldn't keep her mouth shut, couldn't resist the chance of crowing over the famous Marion Lee.

What if everyone had been talking? Who were they, anyway? Only the Shaftesbury Avenue crowd with nothing better to do.

So she hadn't taken their advice, she hadn't added yet another theatrical name to the lists in the law courts. She'd done what thousands of ordinary wives had had to do—forgiven and forgotten.

Poor Dick! He'd been so relieved, so absurdly like a child caught in the pantry and then let off the expected thrashing.

And the episode had closed—the chatter ceased as soon as the new scandal about some other big name had turned up. . . .

Now only Gilbert seemed to remember—and then he wondered why she was always changing the subject.

The call-boy rapped on the door. "Three minutes, Miss Lee." "Right you are," she called back.

One more glance in the mirror. She had to be so dreadfully careful. Matinée audiences were chock-full of women, all ready to pounce upon the slightest sign of age.

Then she went down to the stage to play for the hundred and thirty-seventh time the nice fat part that dear old Gilbert had written for her. . . .

AFTERWARDS she went straight home to the flat in Chester Street. It wasn't as large or expensive a flat as she'd have liked. But she had always studied Dick's feelings.

She paid the rent, just as she paid for most things. But she tried to let him believe that he, too—with a bit of luck—could have provided whatever they had. Marriage, she knew, depended upon tact just as much as it ever depended upon love.

As she opened the door there was a pleasant aroma of cigar smoke. She felt glad that he was in. That was why she always kept his box full—pure selfishness—she loved the smell.

He was sitting hunched up in a chair, head sunk, eyes fixed mordantly on the carpet. She remembered suddenly that he'd been after a part in a new crook play.

"Any luck, Dick?"

"No, damn them! They'd fixed with some blasted American."

"Oh, and I specially had lunch with Venning at the 'Ivy' on Monday."

Dick flung himself out of his chair.

"Oh, you did, did you? Pity you took so much trouble on yourself."

"Dick! I didn't even mention your name. I just made myself normally pleasant——"

"I might be given a chance if you didn't go about pleading as if I was some poor relation. Oh, yes, Marion's husband! Wouldn't be in the West End at all otherwise! That's what they think of me, damn them! They forget I was on the bills before you'd even walked on. And then, just when there's a part made for me, you go and jabber at the 'Ivy'!"

"Dick, you've been drinking again."

"What if I have? Haven't I got enough to drink about? Do you know what Venning said to me to-day? *'Of course, Mr. Gerrard, you're never in any of your wife's plays, are you?'* That's what Venning said to me!"

Her heart sank.

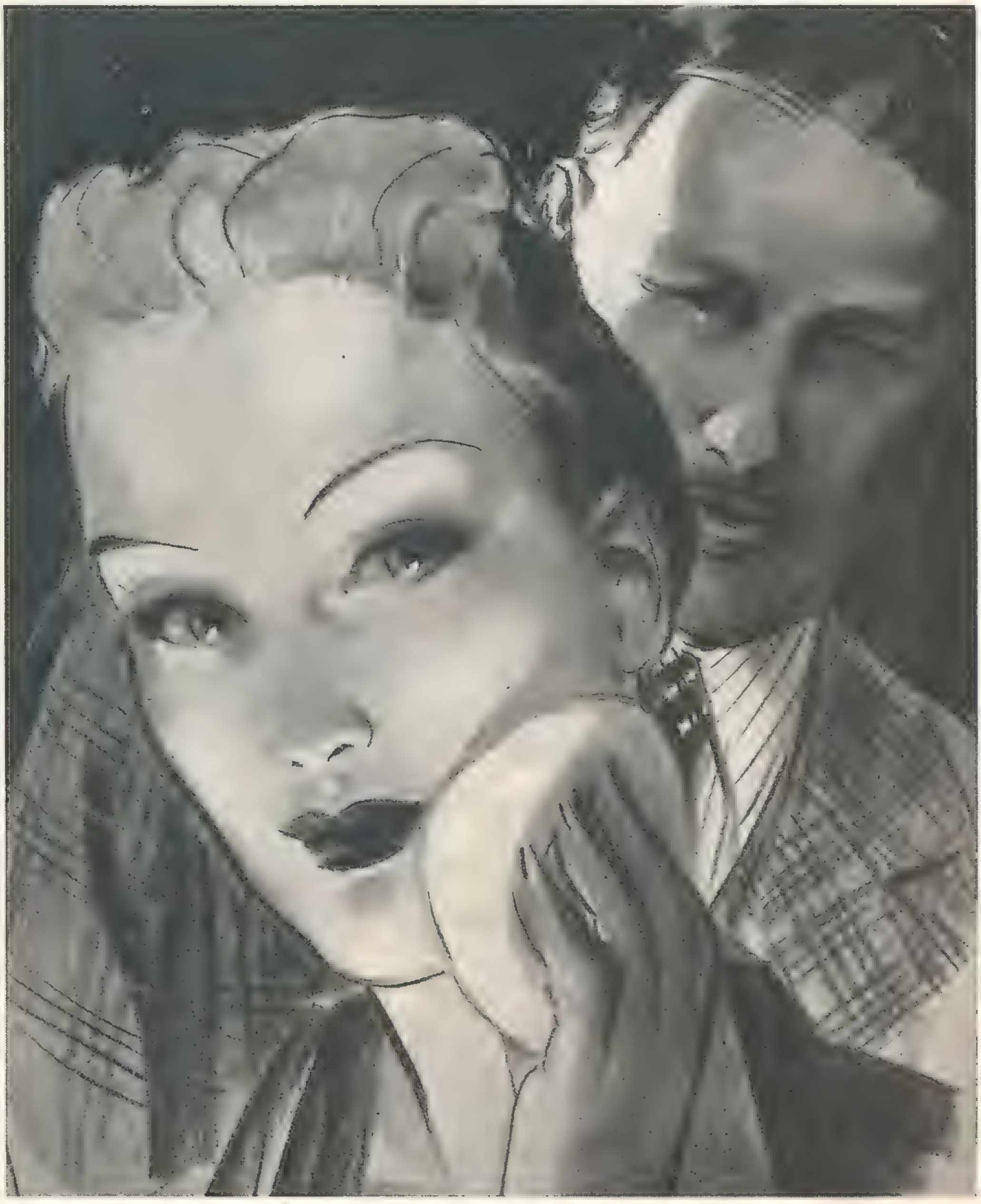
"Oh, my dear, I—I'm so sorry. I'll never speak to him again. As if everyone didn't know there—there isn't your sort of part in my plays."

He laughed bitterly. "No, of course. I'm only a ham-actor. Couldn't possibly put over any of the great Gilbert's beautiful epigrams. Oh, no!"

"But, darling, that's unfair. You know you've always refused when there has been a chance."

"Yes, because I've got too much self-respect to stand seeing Gilbert Jones fawning all over you every blasted rehearsal—and then looking at me hoping to God I'll drop down dead to clear the way."

"Dick, I know you're in one of your moods. I can understand why you are—that you have reason to be. But, please, don't talk such utter nonsense or else—or else——"



MARION steeled her voice. "What are you going to see Aaronson about?" "Well, if the play flops I lie low. If it succeeds I step in for a piece of publicity"

"Or else what? Think I don't know the way things are? Walk out on me, if that's what you mean—do it! Maybe I'd get a part if I was on my own feet. Maybe we'd all be happier if I dropped myself into the Thames. Go on—walk out!"

He stood there waving his arms wildly. Then suddenly he swayed and fell into the chair again.

"Dick, pull yourself together—you'll be ill——"

He spoke falteringly through hands that covered his eyes. "I'm sorry. I don't know what I'm saying. It's just that everything's against me. Everything—everybody."

Softly she stroked the back of his head.

"I know, dear. But it will all come right—it will all come right. Everyone has bad patches. You've got to be patient—patient."

"Don't know why the hell you put up with me."

"Because I married you."

"No dam' good to you—only a handicap."

"That's for me to say—and I don't think I've ever said it."

"No dam' good. . . ."

"There, dear, just stay quiet. I'll get you some coffee made. You'll feel better in a minute."

She went to the phone in the hall and rang through to the service kitchen. When she came back he was asleep with a thin bitter smile on his face.

Poor Dick! He was so helpless—so utterly helpless. So absolutely dependent on her! Just like a small child.

But she'd have to do something. He must get a West End part somewhere. Even if he didn't like her interfering, she couldn't just watch him go to pieces.

Two days later Marion sat in Fred Aaronson's untidy office in the top of the Berkeley Theatre.

"Mr. Aaronson, I've come to you because I think you're the one man in this business I can trust not to gossip."

Fred Aaronson beamed.

"Well, upon my word, Miss Lee, I've had many things said about me in my time, bad things and good things, but if that ain't just the top of the bill. If I weren't the awkward size I am, I'd get up and bow, I would and no kidding, Miss Lee."

"I've got a problem with—with my husband."

"Oh dear! These husbands!"

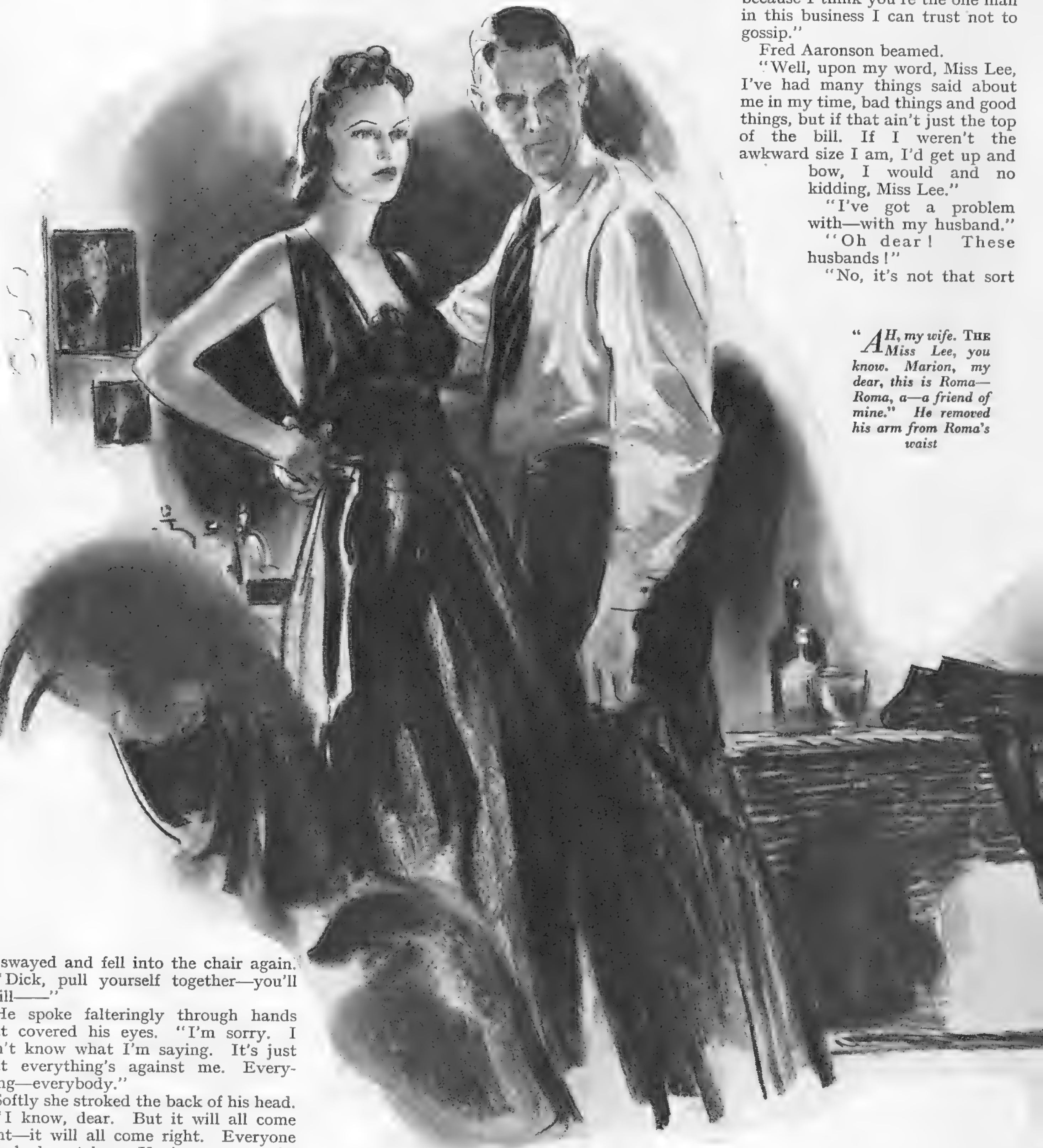
"No, it's not that sort of problem, Mr. Aaronson, not at all. You must understand that—quite definitely. It's just that he's—well, dropping out. He can't get parts. I think he's handicapped because—because he's regarded as *my* husband. Never as himself. At any rate, he feels that, whether it's true or not. And it isn't fair, because in the right sort of part he's a very good actor indeed. Crook plays—that sort of thing."

"Thick-ear parts, eh? Edgar Wallace?"

Marion nodded.

"I want you to put on a play, Mr. Aaronson, that will give him not only a part, but a very good one——"

"Well, Miss Lee, that's very nice but——"

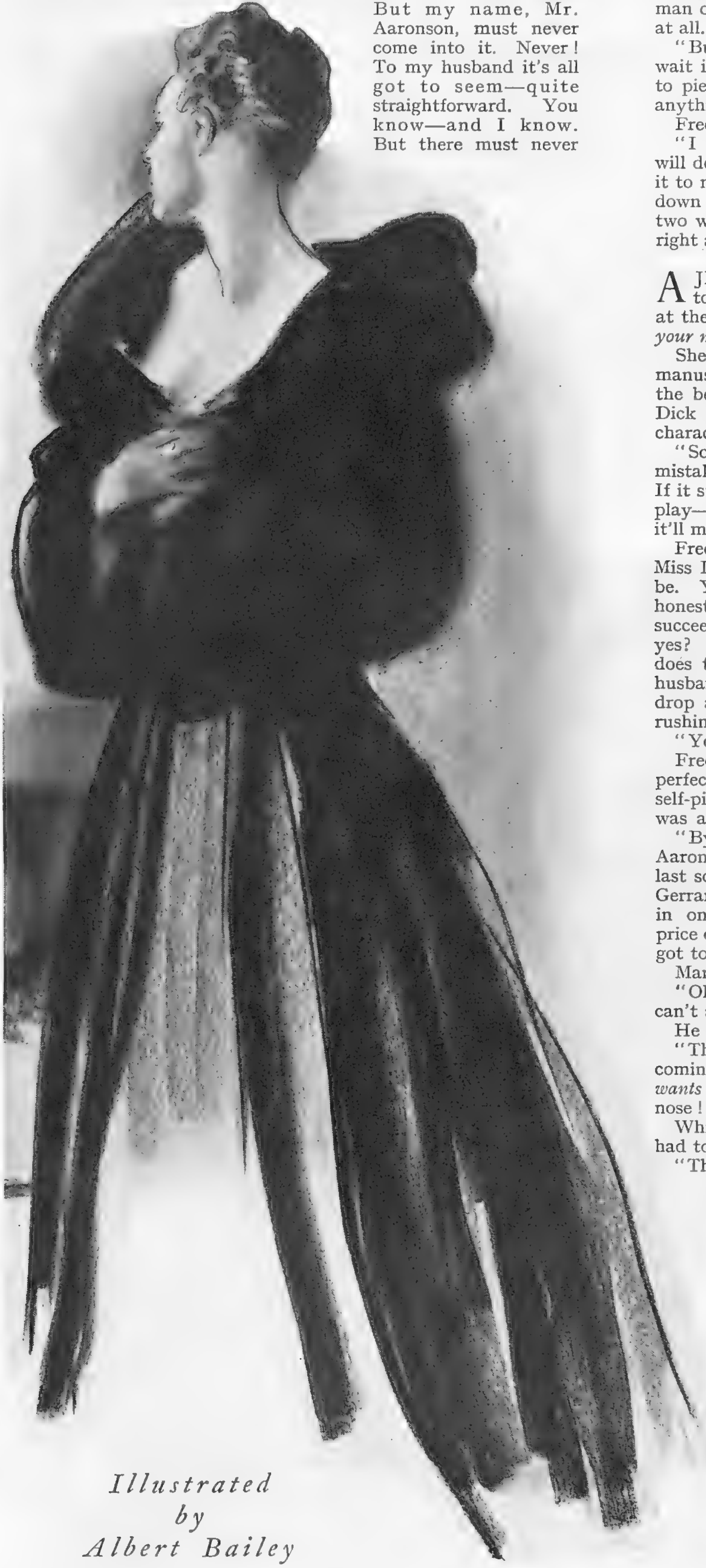


"AH, my wife. **THE** *Miss Lee, you know. Marion, my dear, this is Roma—Roma, a—a friend of mine." He removed his arm from Roma's waist*

"You won't have to put up a penny of your own, Mr. Aaronson—I'm prepared to start with three thousand pounds out of my savings."

"That's different, of course."

"If there are any profits, you shall have your share—I'll meet the losses. But my name, Mr. Aaronson, must never come into it. Never! To my husband it's all got to seem—quite straightforward. You know—and I know. But there must never be even a third person. I'm risking my money to save my husband's self-respect. One word of gossip and it would all be wasted. You understand?"



Illustrated by Albert Bailey

"Miss Lee, for a business proposition like this I would keep a secret of my own mother's wedding. Regard it as settled. Except one thing—the play! We got to give this unlucky man of yours a good chance or he'd be better with no chance at all."

"But there must be several possible plays. I—I can't wait indefinitely, Mr. Aaronson. Dick—my husband's going to pieces. The longer it's left the less chance there'll be of anything saving him."

Fred Aaronson nodded gravely.

"I understand. A good play but a quick one. Well, I will do my best—I will push my nose here and there. Leave it to me, Miss Lee, leave it to me—I never let nobody honest down yet and I been in this business forty years. One week, two weeks—no more, and I promise we find—somehow—the right article."

A JEW'S word is rarely broken—Fred Aaronson was true to his. In ten days' time he sent round a note to Marion at the theatre: *Two plays found—come and choose—you know your man's style better than me.*

She spent the whole of the next morning reading the manuscripts. She risked turning down what was undoubtedly the better play—for the sake of the "fat" part waiting for Dick in the other. A star part—yet nevertheless a crook-character part that was not beyond him.

"Somehow, Mr. Aaronson, I don't think I'm making a mistake. This might almost have been written for Dick. If it succeeds, it will make him for years. Whereas the other play—well, twelve parts, twelve actors—and the only name it'll make will be the author's."

Fred Aaronson beamed. "I take my hat off to you, Miss Lee—if ever I had one. What a unique pair we could be. You—an actress with brains; me—a manager with honesty! I ask myself, how could such a combination not succeed? Very well, then—I fix with this author's agent, yes? He is quite unheard-of, anyway, so it will be me that does the fixing, not the agent. And then, Miss Lee—your husband. You tell me some names of his friends, yes? I drop a word here, a hint there. In a few hours he comes rushing to my office——"

"You understand what I want perfectly, Mr. Aaronson."

Fred Aaronson pulled the strings and they responded perfectly. One morning at breakfast Dick was a broken, self-pitying reed. The same day, some eight hours later, he was almost aggressively self-confident.

"By God, Marion, it's the chance of a lifetime. And old Aaronson, too! I tell you, it's a star part, Marion. At last somebody's woken up to the fact that there's a Richard Gerrard as well as a *Mr.* Marion Lee. And I'm going to cash in on it—while the going's good. I'm standing out on price or it would have been fixed to-day. The damn theatre's got to pay for all the years it's left me in the cold. . . ."

Marion assumed a look of concern.

"Oh, Dick, you're not going to be silly. You know you can't afford to dictate to a man like Aaronson."

He glared at her truculently.

"That's right. Push me down as soon as I look like coming up. Can't afford to dictate——! Damn it, Aaronson *wants* me, doesn't he? Well, let him pay, too—through his nose!"

Which Aaronson, after two days of hopeless negotiation, had to do.

"This man of yours," he told Marion, "he is either a brainless fool or a brave genius. He behaves as if Hollywood were waiting with contracts."

Marion smiled. "But, you see, it *is* his part. It might have been written for him. And that's the way he's reacting—he thinks *you* think so, too."

"Then maybe it's me what's the brainless fool," said Aaronson morosely.

SO bills began to appear outside the Berkeley Theatre—*New Play in Preparation.* And a few days later, fresh bills—*Murder for Two—Richard Gerrard—Murder for Two.*

In the flat at Chester Street the ceiling hardly seemed high enough for the new Dick.

"All I'm sick about is it didn't happen ten years ago. Then there'd have been none of this Marion-Lee's-husband nonsense! Well, they'll soon see their mistake—they'll all come crawling round. And I know how to

(*Continued on page* 114)

The Women

A

BARBARA CAVENDISH-BENTINCK "is a woman with an urge in the soles of her feet"

THE COUNTESS of ANTRIM "is a sculptress of distinct artistic tendencies and no mean ability"

MRS. ORMOND LAWSON JOHNSON. "There is character beneath the charm —and something more"

ONE of the great charms of living in London, although London is not unique in that respect, is that you never can tell, when or where, what person of interest you may meet. And unexpected meetings so often reveal the unexpected as well as supplying the fascination of continual contrast, for it seems as if everyone of every type, position or capability, sooner or later is in London.

Stroll across Cavendish Square and you may be hailed by BARBARA CAVENDISH-BENTINCK (of the family of the Duke of Portland), waving from the window of her baby Ford car, ready to tell you that she is just back from Rumania, where her sister, Lady Hoare, is the British Minister's wife, and is on the point of deciding to take another of her trips to Turkey—Iran and anywhere incredibly far from the beaten track. You feel that she uses the transcontinental express as if it were an Oxford Street bus!

But she is a woman with an urge in the soles of her feet, and from the first moment of débutante emancipation, she seems to have considered London mostly as a place in which to repack her clothes. She has dark eyes which twinkle in mischievous mockery when you call her a gipsy and ask her next plans, which are sure to astonish you.

"I'm dying to go to America again." she will say. "Last time I was there was in the 'Prosperity.' There were orchids in the fingerbowls. I was fearfully impressed but I think I'd like it better now." And then she sighs, "On the other hand, I can't forget Kiev. I did so adore it. The opera is so wonderful. It is, of course, everywhere in Russia, but in Kiev everyone would walk two miles through the snow, if they had to, to hear it, it was so worth while. One night I sat in the second row of the stalls. The seat in front of me was the one in which Stolypin was assassinated."

So you ask her about Russia, barely aware that she has been roving in that vastness. How much of it has she seen, you wonder, and what are the impressions she has gained? You get a flashing smile from her clear, tanned face and she says, "I've such a lot of friends there. It will be fun writing to them and telling them about New Mexico. I'm going out there to paint, you know. I'm almost on my way." "Russia," you prompt again, gently but insistently. "I had such fun on the train," she answers. "I was wearing a frock with a zipp-fastener. It seemed to be the first one seen in Russia."

That is the flippant side of Barbara Cavendish-Bentinck. Or is it "Diplomatic" influence? For not only has her sister married into that Service but it is also her brother's career. But when you see her firm chin, the grip of her hands on the wheel of her car, you know that she can, if she thinks it desirable, keep her own counsel. You may hear flippancy but no idle or unkind gossip from her. You know that in an emergency she will be cool, that trouble brought to her will bring out the warmth of her sunny nature.

You sense taste and discrimination in her. Natural enough, since in her father's house she has been surrounded by things of beauty, collected and inherited by her family, all her life. Perhaps that house with its well-known pictures, which include a collection of "Watts," first husband of Ellen Terry, may have given her the urge to sketch and paint much of what she sees and little that she talks about. Perhaps one day she will transfer that urge to written expression. If so there will be much wit and many pages worth reading.

NOT far away, in her house in Regent's Park, is another member of the Cavendish-Bentinck family, possessor of very real talent—THE COUNTESS OF ANTRIM.

There is none of the gipsy in her. Instead there is a restfulness and calm. Her steady hazel eyes blend with soft hair of that delicious and rare shade the French call "Chataigne" and there is something about her which makes you

I Meet . . .

Month to Month Commentary

By Princess Paul Troubetzkoy

AURIOL LEE. "Her legions of friends tells stories of her as she maddens them with a charm the worse for its apparent vagueness"

think of the freshness of her own Yorkshire moorland and a clear brook very still in the sunlight.

She has gentle, plump hands instead of the long, pointed fingers usually associated with artistic tendency and they do not seem the sort of hands which could hew large masses of stone into the form her imagination demands. But they do, for she is a sculptress of no mean ability.

Some of her life-size statues can be seen in her London home; the hall is dominated by a gracious Madonna and child; in her studio, built out over the roofs behind are imaginative statuettes, portrait busts, the diabolically clever cartoon caricatures, of the type she has already exhibited, and the children's heads upon which she is at present concentrating.

For one of them her small son Alexander is posing—with much coaxing, although her new daughter, Christina, is as yet too young to take her place in the collection.

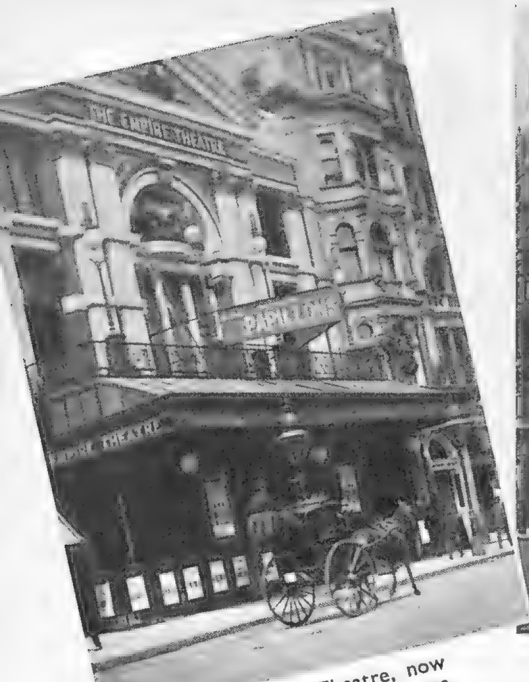
But Lady Antrim has some surprising and contrasting interests besides her artistic work. Some time ago she and her husband bought from his family "Barrygarry Castle," which is a fifteenth-century, sea-washed Scottish fortress. They built on to it a modern wing, laid out gardens and turned it into a hotel which is easily reached by a night journey to Scotland.

To furnish the hotel and relieve local unemployment they then started a furniture factory. It now employs, permanently, twenty men and has hopes of doubling that number by this year, with growing prosperity.

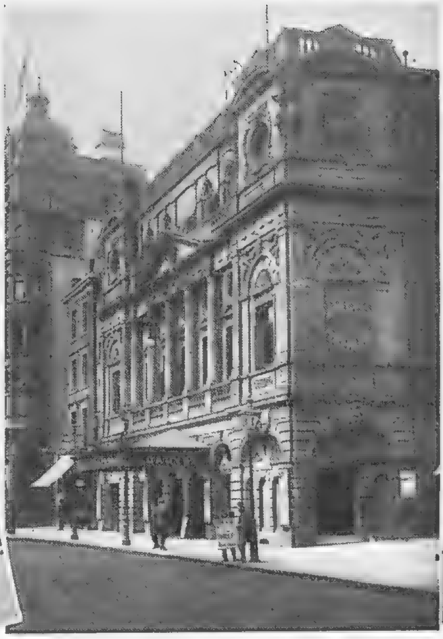
As well, breeding (*Continued on page* 86)

THE LADY MARY LYGON. "There has been much responsibility on these young shoulders during the latter years of her father's life"

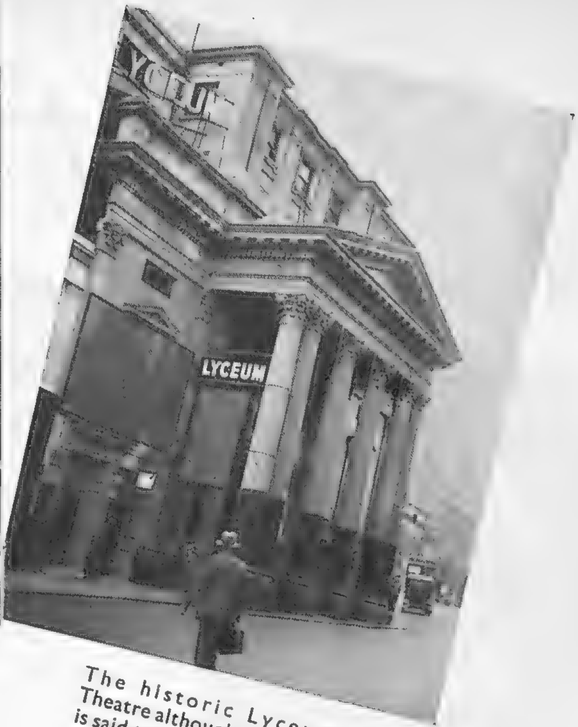
MME BERTHE ZUCKERKANDL-SZEPS. "Though almost all in a material sense has been taken from her, she is still one of the richest and most fortunate women in the world"



The Empire Theatre, now demolished and a cinema theatre built on its site, was famous for its ballets and also for its promenade



Daly's Theatre—the last of the theatres to disappear from Leicester Square



The historic Lyceum Theatre although still open, is said to be under sentence of demolition after the present pantomime

LONDON'S

IN the rapidly changing London of to-day, the theatre, conservative institution though it be, could hardly either hope or desire to stand apart. Yet until the last five years theatreland stood much as it did, so far as bricks and mortar are concerned, a generation and more ago. Within living memory theatres have vanished which are now completely forgotten except by those whose memories are very long. There may be a few veterans who saw an unknown young actor called Henry Irving at the Queen's Theatre in Long Acre, which is now a newspaper building, who visited a theatre in Holborn which until recently was the First Avenue Hotel and is now a block of offices, who remember a strange theatre near King's Cross Station, and, in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross Hospital, Toole's Theatre.

Most of us who are middle-aged saw musical comedies at the Gaiety, which is not the Gaiety of to-day but stood some yards further west, knew another Strand Theatre, on the site of which stands a mysteriously obscure tube station

Lydia Kyasht, who was one of the lovely premières danseuses at the Empire Theatre

Right: Evie Green, a star of Daly's Theatre and who played in many musical comedies, including the famous and popular *A Country Girl*

Lily Elsie was another of the beautiful and talented actresses who made a hit at Daly's Theatre when it was being run by George Edwardes

Vanished Theatres

By Philip Page

opposite the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, saw Edward Terry at Terry's Theatre, and possibly were taken as children to those twin theatres, the Opéra-Comique and the Olympic, demolished when a maze of narrow streets were swept away and Kingsway and Aldwych appeared on the map of London.

It is nearly forty years since performances were given at the Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street; but long after that the auditorium was used as a furniture store and up to a year or two ago a battered lamp with "Stage Door" on it could be seen in a street at the back.

The post-war changes have been more frequent and more drastic, though, to repeat, compared with London's transmogrification in other respects, surprisingly small in extent. Four major theatres have gone entirely—Daly's, the Empire, the Alhambra, and the Oxford, which in its last stages, after a popular career as a music hall, housed Cochran revues, a pantomime, a musical comedy and even a season—her last in England—by the great Duse. The Tivoli has been rebuilt as a picture house, and the London Pavilion, though not rebuilt and the home of stage shows well into the post-war years, has for some considerable time been devoted exclusively to films.

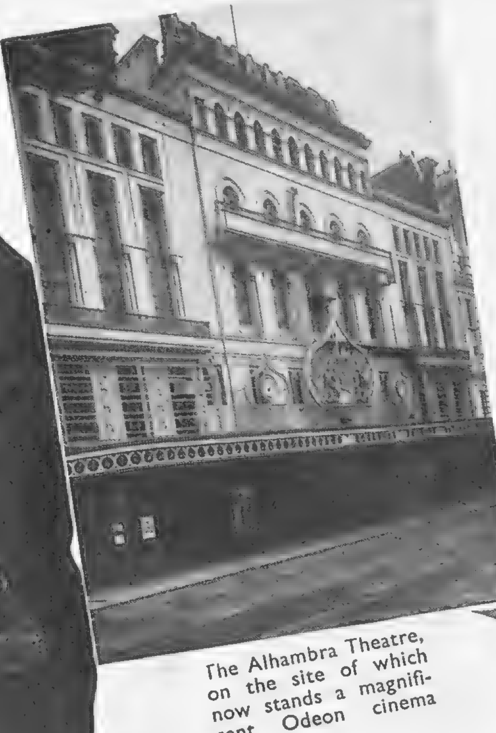
As I write the little Royalty Theatre in Dean Street is doomed and may have been demolished by now; the historic Lyceum is said to be under similar sentence and the present pantomime will possibly be its last.

The outlying and suburban theatres are also among the victims. The Court Theatre in Sloane Square, where in Victorian times the farces of Pinero were produced and, later, the earlier plays of Shaw, has for years been a cinema, and so has the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill Gate. Demolished or converted to films are the Kennington Theatre and the Marlborough Theatre, Holloway (famous for their pantomimes), and they are only some of many suburban houses to have undergone such a (*Continued on page* 109)

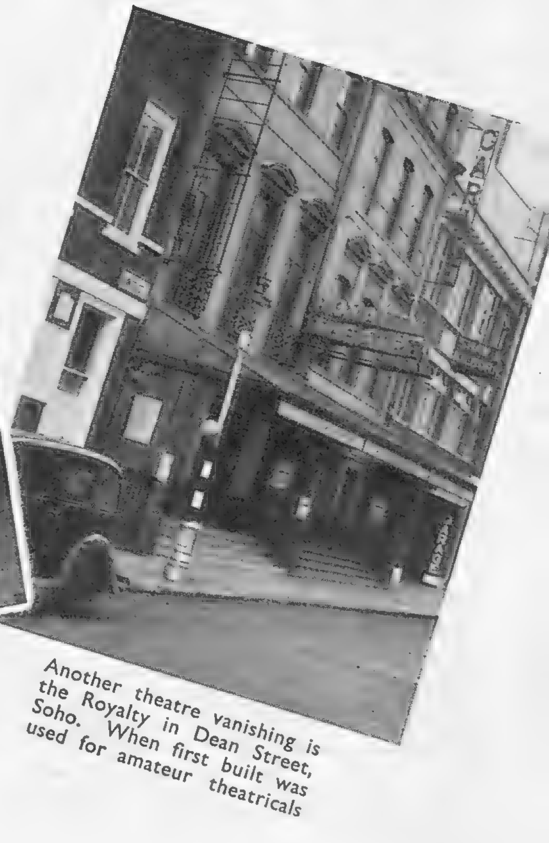
Adrienne Augarde played the part of one of *The Little Michus* at Daly's Theatre

La Belle Otero, one of the beautiful women who starred in the ballets at the Alhambra

Arthur Roberts, the famous comedian who was often top of the bill at the Alhambra Theatre

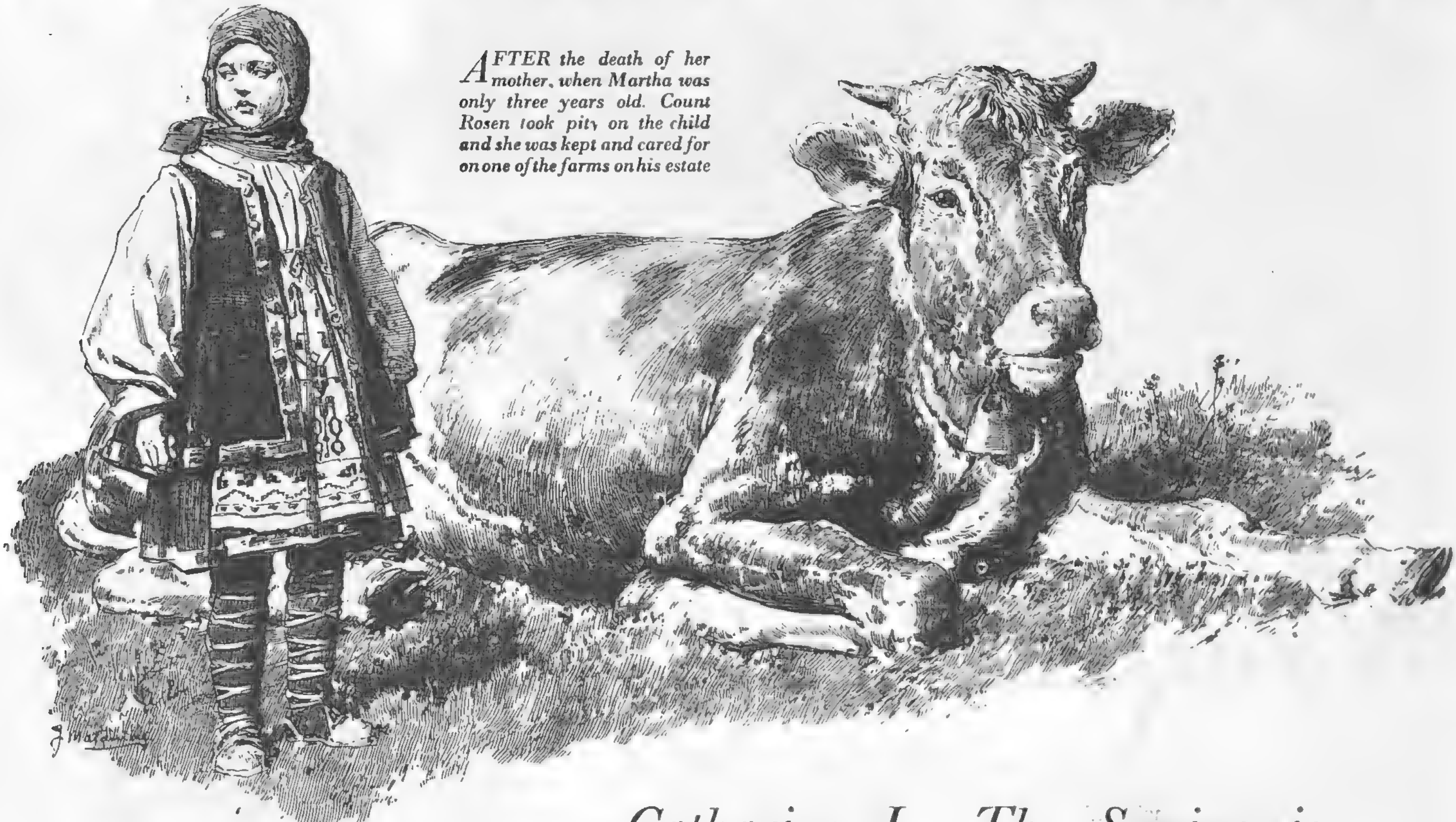


The Alhambra Theatre, on the site of which now stands a magnificent Odeon cinema



Another theatre vanishing is the Royalty in Dean Street, Soho. When first built was used for amateur theatricals

Old Tales Re-told



AFTER the death of her mother, when Martha was only three years old. Count Rosen took pity on the child and she was kept and cared for on one of the farms on his estate

Catharine I—The Semiramis of the North

Written and Illustrated By F. Matania, R.I.

WHEN the moment came for her to separate from her family which had meant everything to her, Martha Skavronska could not keep back her tears, nor could the old Lutheran minister, who had been more like a father to her than a master, see clearly through his blurred eyes although, at the same time, he was overjoyed to see the girl happily married.

Martha was a radiant bride in her Livonian costume, and, with her handsome sweetheart, in the uniform of the Swedish Dragoons, they were indeed a picturesque couple.

It had been love at first sight for both of them, and the bold soldier had not taken long to inflame the imagination of young Martha. She was not yet sixteen, but her maturity gave her the appearance of being at least twenty. Martha had that fascinating characteristic often found in Turkish, Italian, and Spanish women, that combination of black hair, dark eyes and a white skin. Her figure was perfection itself, and in her behaviour she expressed such prepossessing youth as to attract to herself a great deal of attention, and this despite the austere atmosphere of the minister's house.

Our heroine was the daughter of a peasant girl living on the estate of Count Rosen. Several historians have tried to find a father for little Martha, and a husband for her mother, but, none the less, her paternity still remains wrapt in the romantic folds of what may be termed the indefinite. After the death of her mother, when Martha was only three years old, Count Rosen took pity on the lonely child, and she was kept and cared for on the farm at his own estate. A little later the Count also died, the child thus losing her generous and valuable protector.

Providence then threw her in the path of a Protestant minister, the Reverend Ernest Glack Martha, in spite of her youth, entered his house as a servant, but instead of occupying her mind with dolls, she devoted all the maternal tenderness, of which little girls are so prodigal, to the babies of the minister. In this way she became the nurse of the growing family, who were equally as happy and contented to have her in their midst as she was to be with them.

Martha was lucky indeed to have the protection of such an honest roof, for, at the end of the seventeenth century, Russia and all the adjoining provinces were still far from civilised. Barbarians in their customs, primitive in their nature, the people even practised slavery on a large scale, and a child unprotected and without means was invariably exposed to a very uncertain fate.

The town of Marienburg, where Martha lived with her protectors, had become the centre of great military operations, for the Tsar of Russia, Peter I, was contemplating wresting from Sweden many provinces, amongst which was Ingria, where he intended to build a more suitable capital for the Empire than Moscow. For that purpose he had chosen a site at the mouth of the River Neva, adjoining the Gulf of Finland.

The menace of sixty thousand advancing soldiers was a nightmare for the people of the invaded territory, especially as the aggression was quite unprovoked.

To cope with this contingency, reinforcements were brought from Sweden and spread through the land. To the garrison at Marienburg came one man, who secured one conquest by himself—that of Martha's heart.

The marriage ceremony was conducted in accordance with the religious views of the Lutheran minister, while the festivities were carried according to local tradition, not omitting barbaric dances.

While good wishes were showered on the couple their friends were swallowing more vodka than human equilibrium could stand. The hearts of Martha and her proud dragoon were pulsating faster and faster; the imminence of something new, beautiful, unknown, but surely great, was taking their breath away. Mercifully they were unaware what fate had in store.

Here one of those surprises, used in fiction to create, at the right moment, a tragic interruption of a happy situation, happened in real life. At the very instant that the bridegroom was about to avail himself of his leave and enjoy the greatest event of his life, a sudden call to arms was issued to his battalion. The Tsar had struck, and force had to be hastened to stem the invasion. The

Dragoons were ordered to go immediately to Riga.

Stunned by this unexpected blow to their happiness the young pair exchanged kisses deep and long and thus in anguish they parted.

All Marienburg turned out to give the departing soldiers a cheerful farewell, but when the rolling of the drums had died away and the rhythmic beat of the heavy boots could no longer be heard, a sobbing Martha turned again to the sympathetic arms of her affectionate master and his family. Everyone tried to comfort her, telling her that he would come back, and sooner than she expected.

Fate, however, proved that the strongest knot that ties a woman to a man, on this occasion was completely and definitely undone. The gallant dragoon never returned.

So, after all, there was no separation from the beloved family. Her bridal dress laid on one side, Martha resumed her position. The dream was over.

THE news of the war was at first extremely alarming, for the army of the Tsar, sixty thousand strong, was besieging the fortified town of Narva. Charles XII. of Sweden hastened with a force of only nine thousand to relieve the town from the peril. In spite of the heavy odds against him, he succeeded in inflicting a smashing blow on the Russians, a blow without parallel. No fewer than four thousand Russians were captured, disarmed, and marched back as prisoners to the accompaniment of the sarcastic cheers of the valiant conquerors.

Peter, however, did not gain his title of "the Great" for nothing. He was much stronger and more confident when crushed by misfortune than when elevated by victory. Speaking of the conquering Swedes, he said: "The more they win the more they teach my soldiers how to win."

In fact, with a power of recovery that was nothing short of a miracle, Peter reorganised his forces and pursued his object with renewed energy and faith.

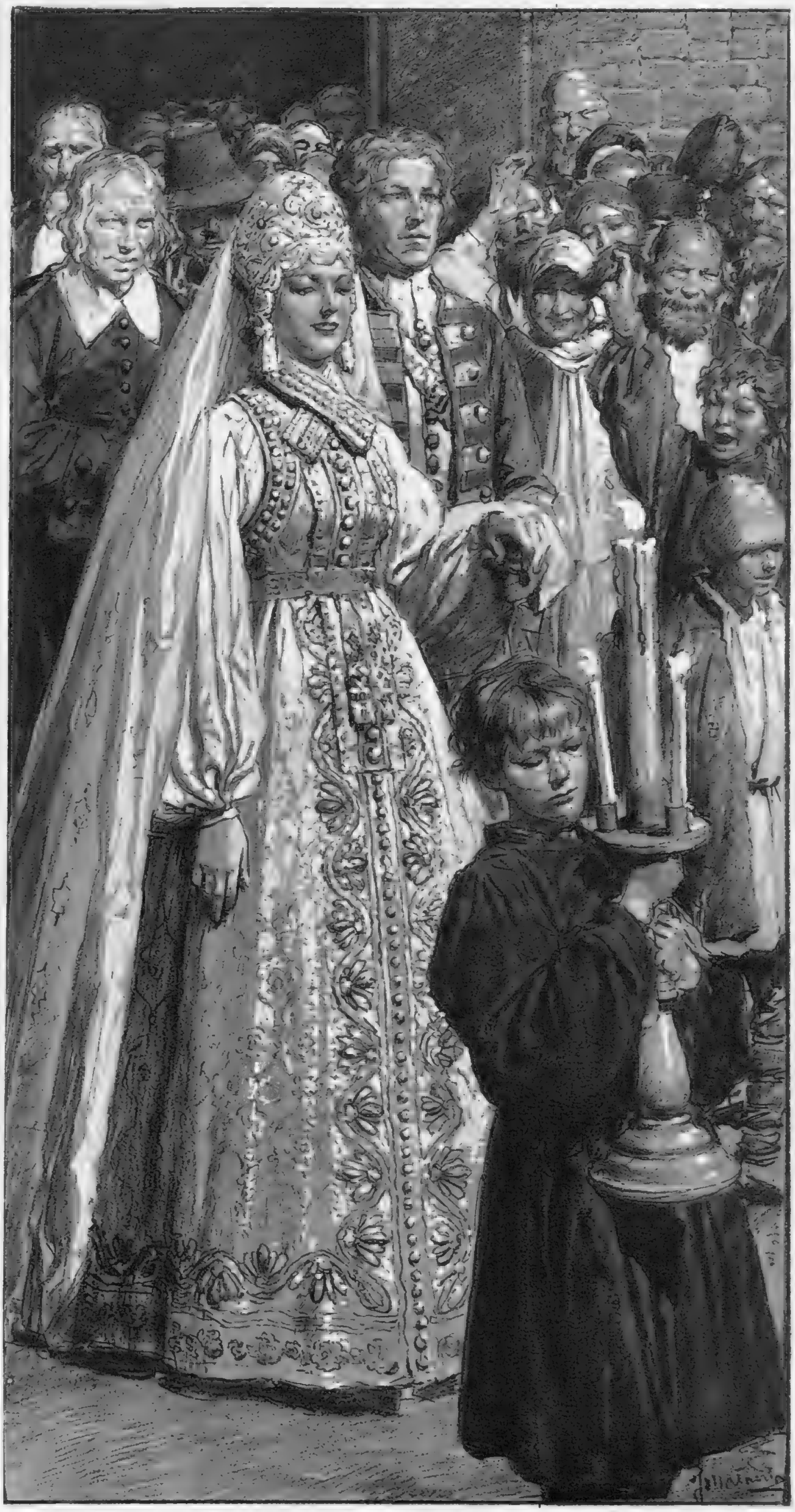
Step by step everything fell before him, until the day came when Marienburg was surrounded by the Russian troops.

This time, the gallant Swedes could not stand against the stubborn Russian war machine, and at last, after days of harrowing misery, the town surrendered. The gates were opened to the invaders, and they were such that there was no hope of saving anything from the pillage, nor was it possible to save the young women from those hairy wolves who fell on their prey, exercising the right of conquest and the violence of brutes.

Every house was ransacked for food and money, or its equivalent in human flesh. It was then that the Reverend Glack had to undergo the torture of seeing Martha snatched from his arms and carried away as booty of war.

The Russian Emperor was making great efforts to civilise his army. He was trying, by means of discipline and education, to minimise the roughness of the wild elements of which his regiments were so largely composed. He travelled a great deal, with the object of acquiring knowledge and searching for things worthy of emulation, with a view to modelling on the same lines the people and institutions of his primitive country. At this time, however, he was only beginning his reforms, and a regiment of Russian soldiers was more like a band of brigands. The officers were very little better, and it was only among those of high rank that any trace of refinement could be found, a refinement which was not always powerful enough to stamp out the inborn insolence and cruelty of which the Tsar himself was the foremost example.

FOR Martha, then, the world was completely upside down. such great changes in a short time had left her feeling quite dazed. Her peaceful life of the past, amongst smiling and



The marriage ceremony was conducted in accordance with the religious views of the Lutheran minister, while the festivities were according to local tradition affectionate faces, seemed a paradise that was lost for ever. What would become of her? Those wild beasts, who brought their leering, uncleanly faces so near to her, filled her with a sense of repulsion and terror.

Martha was soon noticed by a fierce, middle-aged officer, feared and obeyed by everyone. Even in the presence of his soldiers he did not take his eyes off the girl prisoner, and a little later he gave orders that she should be taken to the house that he had fixed for his private quarters.

Martha could not face his piercing green eyes without blushing, and while she was relieved to be taken away from that rough crowd, she felt thoroughly miserable at having to obey. It was in the ostensible position of housekeeper that she went to the house of General Bauer, her new master. A very false life started for her, the keynote of which was blind obedience.

After that, from all the soldiers and officers who frequented the house of the General she received a certain respect. No one dared to say or do anything unpleasant in front of her, owing to the fact that she was under the protection of the General. But everyone knew well enough the nature of that protection, when the object of it had such a fresh complexion, eyes that mesmerised, and the compelling charm of youth. She felt stripped naked by their insolent and appraising glances, yet she had no definite grounds on which she could protest.

As time passed Martha's beauty became more and more engaging. Whenever there was a gathering, and she attended to the samovar, her movements were so graceful that the serenity of the party was always slightly disturbed and, needless to say, she was the object of many eager glances.

The fact that no one tried any trick was perhaps due only to the rank of General Bauer.

However, a new page opened in the life of Martha when Bauer received one of higher station in the form of Menshikov.

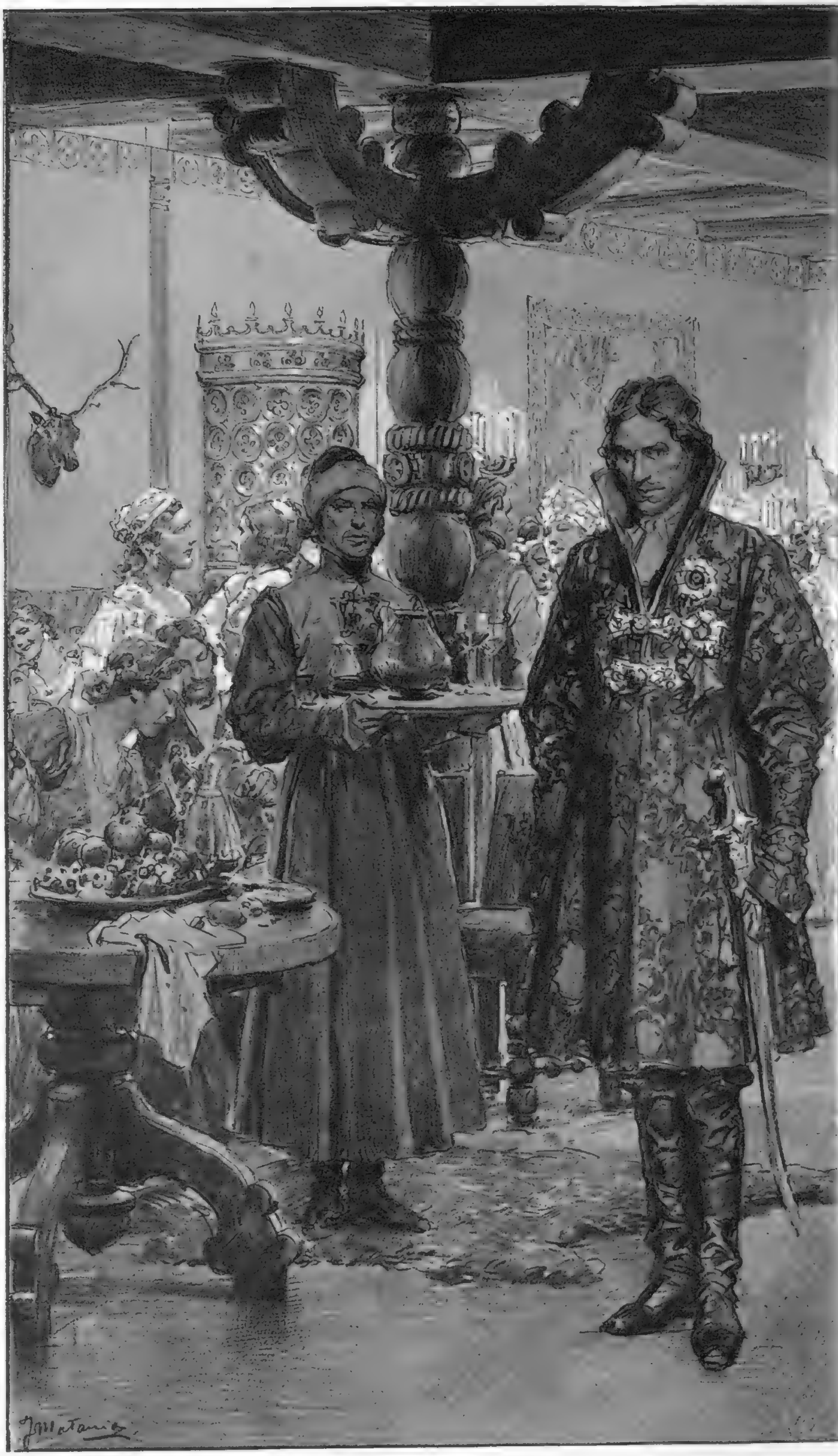
Alexander Danilovitch Menshikov, born of obscure parents, had, when a boy, been a humble cake-seller in the streets of Moscow. One day chance brought him in contact with General Lefort, the Emperor's right-hand man in affairs of state. Under the protection of such a high personage he had every opportunity of displaying his extraordinary capabilities, until he attracted the attention of Peter himself. Under the Imperial wings Menshikov had the privilege of becoming a page of the Emperor, then as aide-de-camp he distinguished himself as a great soldier. Being also a clever diplomat he finally reached the position of being the inseparable companion of the Tsar. He was not yet thirty when he was considered as second only to the Emperor in importance.

During a tour of inspection he visited Marienburg and was a guest of General Bauer.

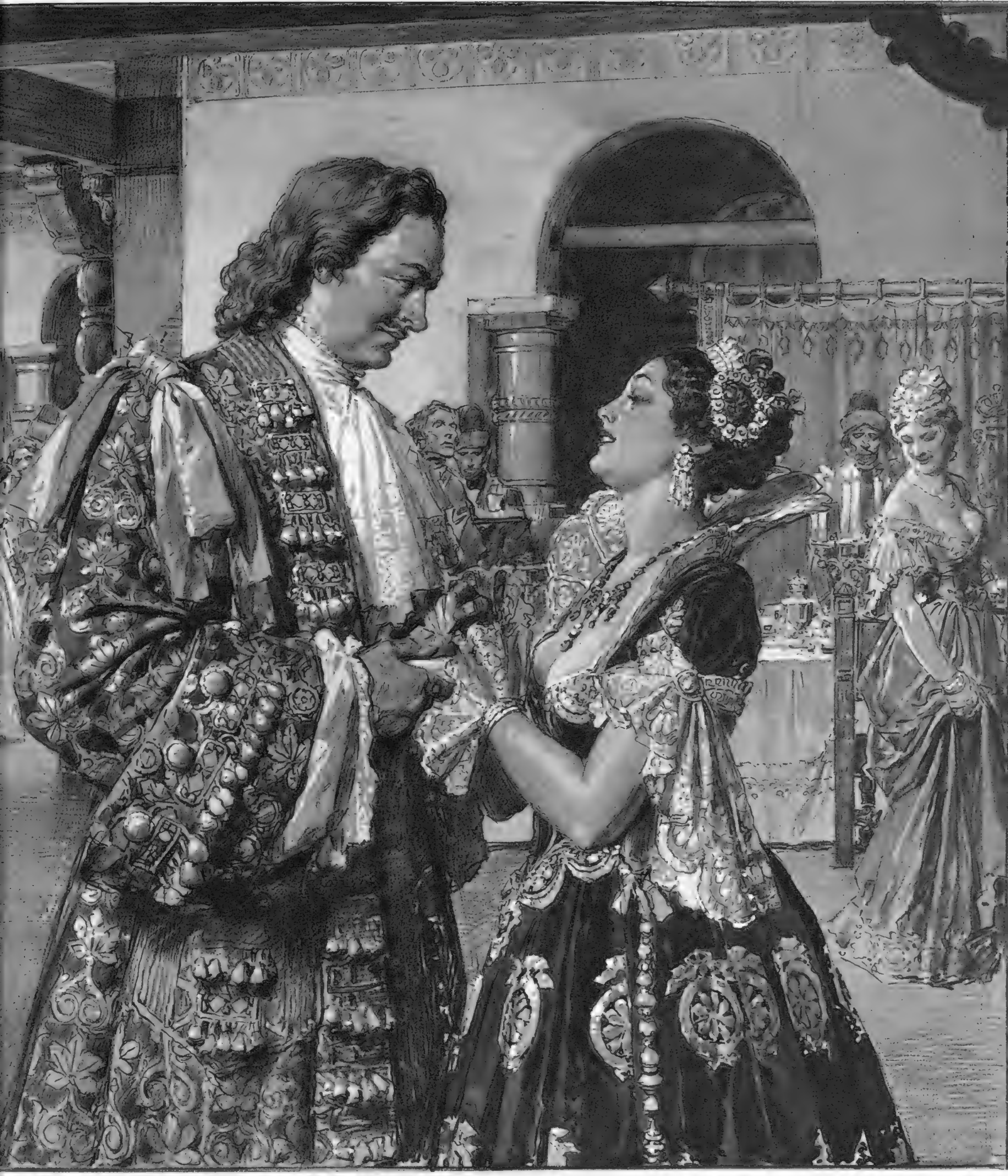
At one of the many receptions and banquets that took place in his honour, to the accompaniment of the tinkling of glasses and the musical balalaika, Martha appeared and met the straight glance of the handsome guest. In a few brief seconds she had to lower her eyes, conscious of having made a deep impression on the Tsar's favourite. Menshikov did not hide his feelings; he talked to her, found that she was intelligent and deep in her remarks, as well as graceful.

In the meantime, General Bauer began to realise that all his military skill and experience was useless in retaining a woman against attack from superior quarters.

It was a time when scruples, dignity and honour were of secondary importance



At one of those wild parties Peter
impressed was she by the gigantic



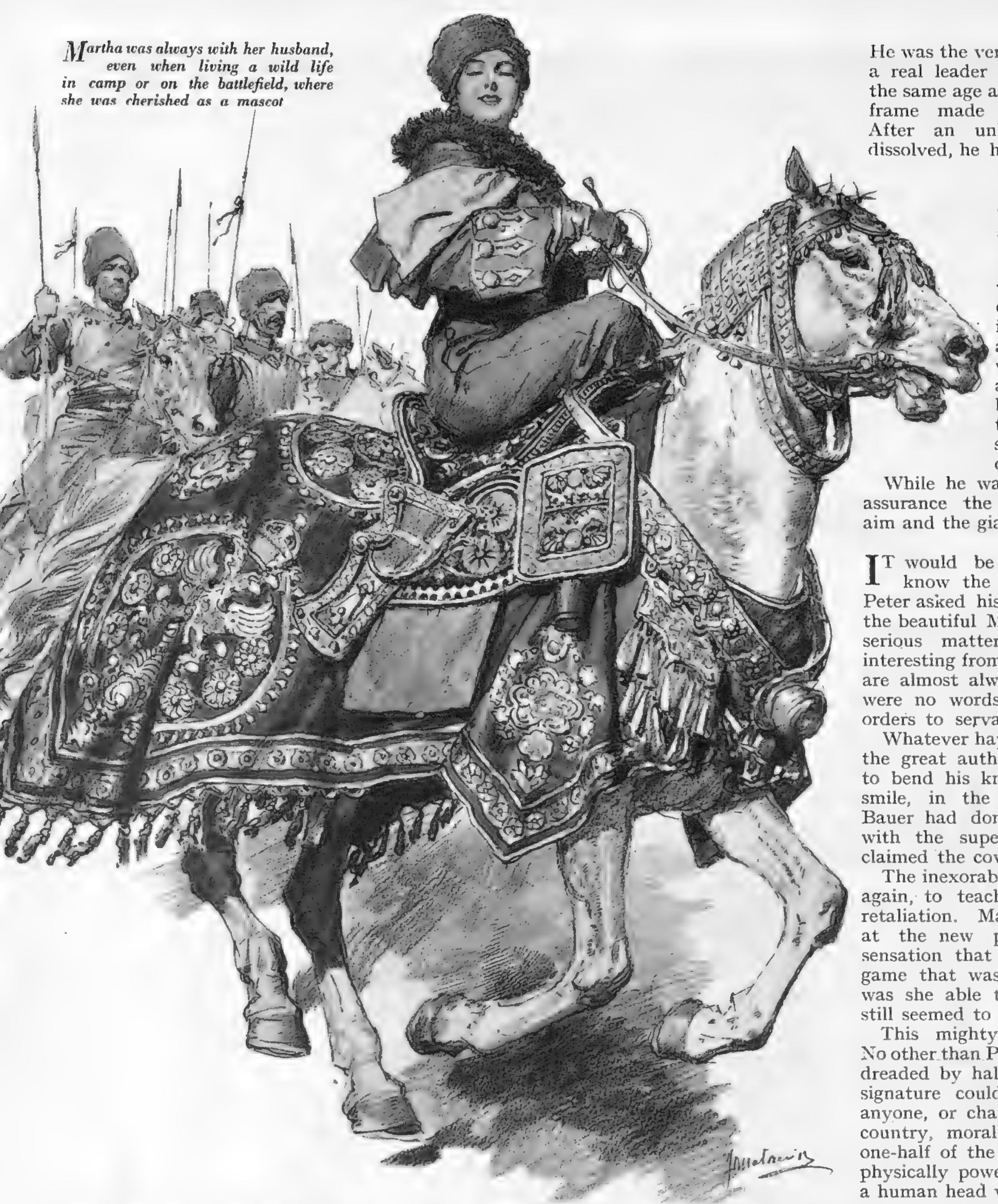
the Great met Martha for the first time, in all the splendour of her beauty. So stature of the Emperor, she hardly heard the compliments that he paid to her

to the power of brute force. The atmosphere was made up of fighters, the conquerors and the conquered. Life was a great game, where the wheel of fortune, in elevating one person, was sure to bring ruin to another.

Menshikov was attracted by the girl; he had the power to take her; with a word he could paralyse the General into submission, and without the slightest hesitation he used his full authority.

Once resigned to be a mistress, Martha saw the first advantages of her new position. In any case, her new lover had every quality to win a woman's favour. He was tall, handsome and in the prime of life, being about thirty.

From the moment that she took her seat in the carriage that was to take her away she had the first glimpse of the



Martha was always with her husband, even when living a wild life in camp or on the battlefield, where she was cherished as a mascot

luxury into which she was about to plunge. Treated almost as a princess, covered with costly furs, surrounded by the alert attendance of numerous servants, she made the journey to the sumptuous house of Menshikov.

The embroidered-peasant costume that once had seemed an unbelievable luxury to her was preserved as a souvenir, while all the best that Europe could offer was laid at her feet for her to choose freely.

With a deep sense of voluptuousness she plunged her hands into folds of oriental silks, admired the laces of Flanders, and caressed the splendour of Venetian brocades. When she saw herself robed in the brilliance of a queen she felt that no woman in the world could attain anything greater.

In spite of the fact that she could neither read nor write Martha played her part in the most accomplished way, proving that in many cases education cannot add very much to a strong personality.

HISTORY gives as large a place of importance to the banquets that were held at the house of Menshikov as it does to the battles in which he took part, the wholesale execution of prisoners and all the events that happened in the life of this authoritative man.

At one of those wild parties Peter I. met Martha for the first time, in all the splendour of her beauty. As she gracefully curtsied he raised her up by both hands, and, so impressed was she by the gigantic stature of the Emperor, she hardly heard the compliments that were paid to her.

He was the very personification of power, a real leader of men. Although about the same age as Menshikov, his herculean frame made him appear rather older. After an unhappy marriage, already dissolved, he had lived the life of a bee, passing from one flower to another, indulging in easy love adventures, forgotten almost as soon as they took place.

He had never known what love was and none of those who knew him intimately believed him in any way capable of being wounded by Cupid's golden arrows; also, Menshikov believed that Peter was too proud to feel anything serious for the mistress of one of his dependents.

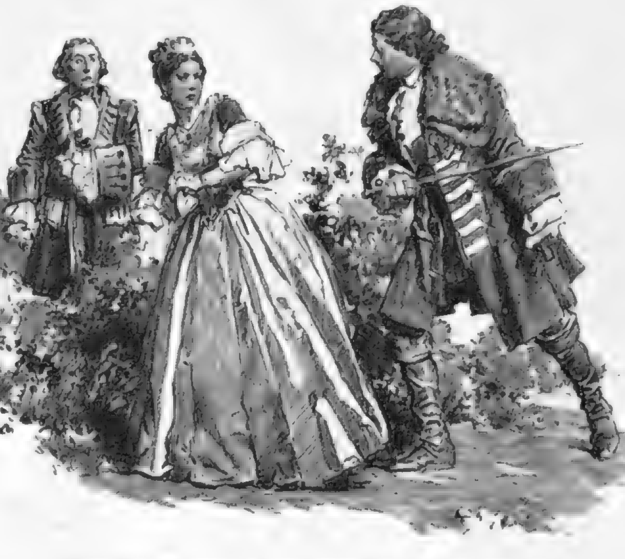
While he was resting serenely on this assurance the little god took a deadly aim and the giant fell.

IT would be extremely interesting to know the exact words with which Peter asked his dear friend to relinquish the beautiful Martha; but history is a serious matter, and those trifles, so interesting from a human point of view, are almost always lost. Perhaps there were no words, only glances and a few orders to servants.

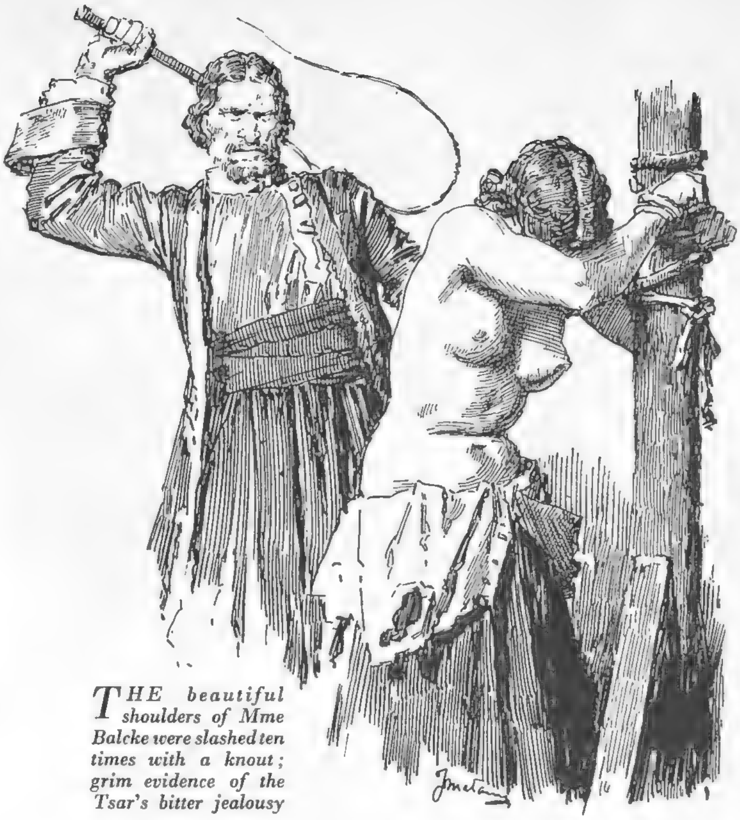
Whatever happened, Prince Menshikov, the great authority in the Empire, had to bend his knee, clench his teeth, and smile, in the same way that General Bauer had done, when he himself had, with the superiority of the stronger, claimed the coveted prize.

The inexorable wheel of fortune turned again, to teach the healthy lesson of retaliation. Martha felt somewhat dizzy at the new prospect. She had the sensation that destiny was playing a game that was too strong for her, nor was she able to take for granted what still seemed to be unbelievable.

This mighty ruler was at her feet. No other than Peter I., the Tsar of Russia, dreaded by half the world, a man whose signature could spell life or death to anyone, or change the face of his huge country, morally strong enough to pit one-half of the world against the other, physically powerful enough to strike off a human head with his sword. Yet with her he was happy and as tender as a dove. It was an intoxication most alluring for any woman.



Peter had a cane in his hand and in his rage he struck Catherine across the shoulders with it.



THE beautiful shoulders of Mme Balcke were slashed ten times with a knout; grim evidence of the Tsar's bitter jealousy

Soon she recovered her equilibrium, and began to realise the stupendous task that fate had allotted to her. She was the mistress of a man who had magnificent qualities and vast ambitions, but his unbridled violence often destroyed the good of his enterprises.

No one in the world could express an opinion contrary to his convictions, or prevail over him to be lenient when he had already made up his mind to strike. Martha was the only one who could perform such wonders. Her naïve docility and sweetness counted for much with Peter. She had certain characteristics, at times joking lightheartedly, sometimes reasoning, scolding and caressing at the same time, that were enough to transform the wild lion into a lamb.

How many times a human life was saved by a few words and a kiss. With genuine enthusiasm she persevered in operating this beneficial influence. As for Peter, he had found at last the one person who knew the right chord to strike to put him in a good humour.

ALTHOUGH intolerant of any opposition, he listened to her lecturing, with the interest that a child takes in a fairy tale, ending by being completely fascinated by her soothing voice. Another reason that made Martha the most essential element in Peter's life was that she was the only one capable of dispelling those hereditary fits of melancholy to which he was subject, and which were so strong that at times he seemed to be on the point of losing his reason.

Against such an evil Martha's love proved to be an effective medicine. Their union, which had begun with flimsy caprice, was maturing in a way that promised a real and lasting affection. The first official step towards a more solid stability was her baptism into the Greek Church and her acquisition of a new name, that of Catharine Alexievna.

Some time later Peter decided to marry her in secret, a ceremony that in its quiet intimacy did not lose any of its solemnity.

Her secret was never to ask for anything, trusting implicitly that in this way everything would come to her.

Gradually she extended her influence into affairs of State. Always without seeming to invade or interfere, she gave her opinions only at the request of the Emperor. These opinions always showed a wisdom a great deal superior to that expected from one so young and so lacking in experience.

MARTHA was always with her husband, even when living a wild life in camp or on the battlefield, where she was cherished as a mascot. The presence of a beautiful woman in a military camp had the power of appealing to the chivalry of each individual soldier. It may be due to the fact that it brings an attractive element into the life of masculine monotony, or perhaps it is simply that the smile of a woman is an indispensable necessity for the elevation of a man's mind.

It was a refreshing picture to see the fair "lion tamer" riding side by side with her fierce-looking lord.

Later it happened that Peter was involved in a very dangerous position. He had engaged his army in a campaign against the Turks. In spite of the fact that he never assumed supreme power on the battlefield, for his military rank was never higher than that of Colonel, in reality he was as much in command of the army as if he were the Generalissimo.

Peter was about to fall into the hands of the enemy. With all hope gone he retired to the seclusion of his tent and refused to see any one including Catharine. She however took matters into her own hands and acted on his behalf. Knowing the weakness of the foe, she stripped herself of her most valuable jewels, took the coffers full of gold that were in the camp, and with those dazzling gifts, bribed the Turks into a tolerable peace, thus effecting the deliverance of the army and the Emperor.

When Peter emerged from his tent and learned what had happened, no words were sufficient to express his joy and admiration for his Catharine.

THEIR return to Moscow was a march of triumph for Catharine, and in the Senate the Emperor paid her a magnificent tribute of gratitude.

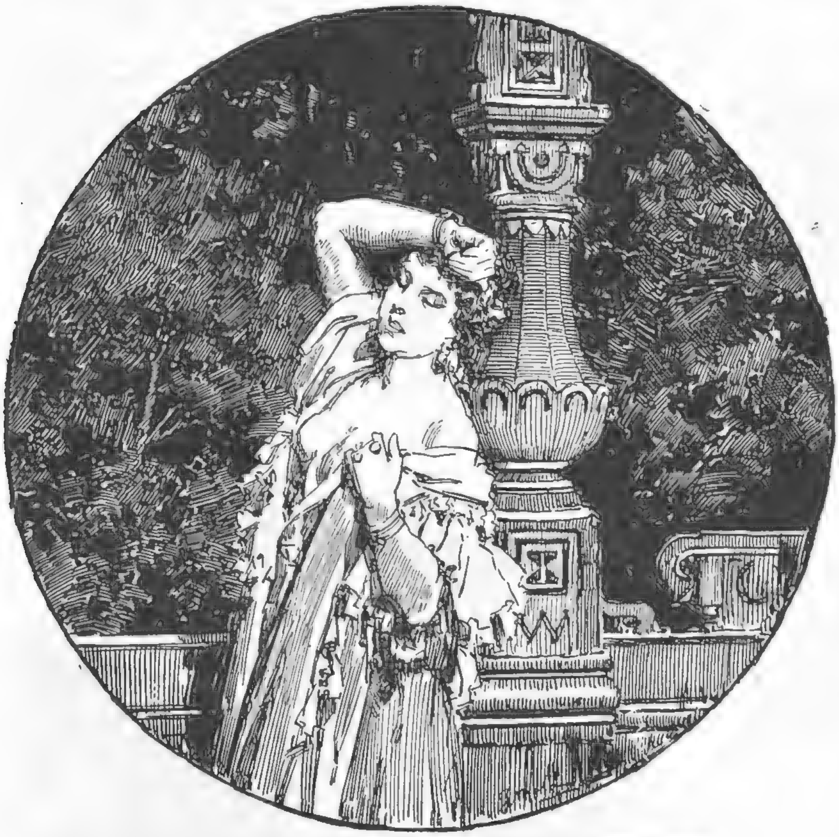
Peter wished to acknowledge her publicly as his wife, and at the official ceremony which followed, he himself placed the Imperial diadem on her head.

Chapter after chapter, with an amazing similarity, the life of Catharine was repeating that of Semiramis.

There was one episode that might have had even more serious consequences than it actually did.

There was no doubt that Catharine was the centre of admiration and sincere affection, but there was a certain cast of snobs for whom an Empress of such lowly origin, and still unable to read or write, was nothing short of a stain on the national dignity. Perhaps it was through the machinations of these aristocrats that an insinuation against the conjugal fidelity of Catharine reached the ears of Peter. The alleged Romeo was Mons, her Chamberlain. It was very difficult for Peter to watch events himself, and to order someone else to spy would have been an admission of a doubt too humiliating to himself and to his wife. He waited for an opportunity to see with his own eyes what his heart refused to believe.

One day Peter, roused by one of those low and servile vipers, who can reveal everything without admitting anything definite, went to his private garden, and made his way through the bushes, and past the numerous summer-houses. Here he found the sister of the Chamberlain, (*Continued on page* 85)



CATHARINE had become accustomed to drinking strong spirits and Tokay wine, and in order to counteract the heat that rose to her head, she used to spend whole nights in the open air

ALL THE WAY ROUND
IT'S ALL ADVENTURE
by PETER FREUCHEN
MY LIFE OF MUSIC
The Autobiography of Sir HENRY WOOD
THROUGH LANDS OF THE BIBLE
H. V. MORTON
Yours faithfully

New Books for a New Year

By Alan Seymour

THIS month our reading takes us to the furthest corners of the earth, to the South Sea Islands, by way of the sea roads to Africa, through the lands of the Bible, into the Antarctic wastes with the *Discovery*, to Germany, to America and to Denmark.

To take the last of these journeys first—for no apparent reason—let us turn to Peter Freuchen's book *It's All Adventure* (Heinemann, 18s.), which tells in a robust and good-natured way of this bearded giant's latest experiences.

Never was a globe-trotter more eminently readable than Freuchen. You can almost hear his gruff guffaws and you can almost share his alternate ecstasies and resentments as you turn the pages of this wholly memorable book.

Nor is the author afraid of being controversial. His references to the rescue of General Nobile are more than challenging.

One feels at times that the book is a little self-consciously written, but its broad humanitarianism and infectious good spirits are undeniable.

Those of us who read the author's previous book, *Arctic Adventure*, remember how he learned his scale of values in the face of ice and death, and judged by these standards he finds civilisation a little funny.

This accounts for the loud deep laughter—not wholly without derision—which rings (*Continued on page* 100)

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

I HAVE long believed that Oscar Wilde spoke truly when he exclaimed, "Nothing succeeds like Excess."

The success which will assuredly attend Negley Farson's new novel *Story of a Lake* (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.), will—I am confident—prove once and for all time the truth of Wilde's contention.

Story of a Lake is an excessively sexy story of sexy excesses. It is assured of big sales because—well, it is a case of Cause and Effect.

I have never before read a book in which the psychology is so subtle and the expression of it so crude.

When the story opens, Tony Lynd is living beside The Lake, in British Columbia, among a little community isolated from the rest of mankind.

The reader wonders why and how a sophist like Lynd comes to be pent up in such a remote spot.

The story then swings back to the time when, as the London correspondent of an American paper, he encounters political intrigues that are utterly distasteful to him and pursues moral intrigues of his own which rest lightly enough upon his conscience.

Luba, his Russian mistress, is a brilliantly-sketched character. Her ardent empty-headedness is in striking contrast to Christina, his wife, whose coldly practical love for him is so eloquently incapable of evoking spontaneous response.

Inevitably, of course, there are "scenes." And by a well-recognised psychological process, these "scenes" gradually have the effect of making Lynd vulnerable to attack from an unexpected quarter.

When that attack is launched, it comes from Flick, a fascinating virago, whose father is an Australian millionaire.

Completely unmoral and caring little for anything but the enjoyment of the moment, she is yet undeniably an attractive personality. Small wonder that Lynd, in his vulnerable condition, is swept off his feet by her.

At first they are sublimely happy in their association, but inexorably their mutual lack of restraint drags them down to the uttermost depths of misery.

Every now and then a gleam of sanity filters through the fuddled gloom of Lynd's debauched mind and he realises that unless he breaks away from Flick, he is irrevocably lost.

At last, after a desperate illness, he succeeds in wrenching himself from her grasp and breathing in long, cool draughts of pure air, he revives beside the Lake in British Columbia where we found him when the story opened.

The tale is not a pretty one. Obviously a squalid theme requires squalid treatment. Mr. Farson is too great a technician to overlook this fact and consequently the book is exceedingly frank—in places, excessively frank.

But, as Oscar Wilde said: "Nothing succeeds like Excess."

SHORT REVIEWS

Wellington's Officers, by Douglas Bell (Collins & Co., 12s. 6d.). Retort courteous to A. G. Macdonnell's book about Napoleon and his officers. Contains excellent account of Waterloo from military expert's point of view. Conspicuous book about conspicuous bravery.

The City of Cobras, by James Francis Dwyer (Herbert Jenkins, 7s. 6d.). Breathlessly exciting story of search for treasure abandoned in flight by plague-ridden civilisation long extinct—with notable exception of five hundred years old monk. Characters meet with innumerable adventures—and an ancient city seething with cobras.

French for Funny, by Robert Westerby (Arthur Barker, 7s. 6d.). Short stories by a modern master of that format. Slick dialogue and versatile imagination. Triple star for entertainment value.

Mirage Water, by Lord Dunsany (Putman & Co. Ltd., 7s. 6d.). A typical book of Dunsany poems. Careful rapture. And whimsy withal! A slim volume of delicacy with a punch behind it.

The Film of Memory, by Shane Leslie (Michael Joseph, 15s.). Autobiography with a difference. The Book Society recommends it and I recommend their recommendation. What Mr. Leslie remembers and recounts is well worth reading.

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (A), by Wanda Gág (Faber & Faber, 2s. 6d.) and (B) by Walt Disney (Collins, 5s.). Terribly hard luck for Wanda Gág, whose translation and illustrations of Grimm's famous fairy story are enchanting, that its publication should clash with the authorised book of the Disney film, illustrated in colour with drawings from that picture. In their dissimilar ways both are charming and mutually supplementary.

Saga of the Discovery
MY LINE OF LIFE
W. HEATH ROBINSON
NEW YORK

Dropping to Earth

What it feels like to make a delayed drop from a Parachute

AT the aerodrome, in the rear of one of the hangars, the equipment was still on the workbench, where it was being checked carefully for the last time.

This was to be my second jump. It came harder than the first one: curiosity was gone, but all the worries were still left. Would I get away from the aeroplane or be blown against the tail surfaces? Would the parachute in opening entangle my feet? Or would the harness tear under the opening shock? And what about all the places where I might land: something pointed and sharp perhaps, or some live wires, or the river? Least reasonable worry and yet uppermost: would the parachute open properly? And if it didn't, how much time would there be to think, and what would I think?

The hangar was comfortable. Outside, the ceiling was four thousand feet, a solid overcast; the wind was north-east and it was chilly. Not an inviting day to go falling through the sky.

Was I asking for trouble?

The rigger himself had given up jumping years ago. He now spent his life firmly on the ground, servicing other people's parachutes, trading in parachutes, patching and cleaning and folding parachutes: a tailor instead of an airman. Was that his final judgment on parachutes?

"How often, would you guess, can a man jump before it will get him?"

To that type of question most flying men have two answers. One answer is that everything is now under full control, that we have now achieved real mastery of the air. That is the answer you give to customers. The other you give to yourself sometimes, and always to the girl you want to impress:

"It is all chance. When she is ready to hit, she will hit."

But the rigger, wise old bird, had a different point of view. Even parachute jumping, he said, was all right and reasonably safe nowadays, provided you kept your wits about you and used only good parachutes packed by reputable riggers like himself—and as long as you observed the law that two 'chutes must be worn on intentional jumps. But the trouble with the parachute jumpers, as he put it, was that they got used to it and became careless and sloppy. "Then," he added, "it is sure to kill fast."

He snapped and tested one after another the rubber cords that were to tear open the canvas bag and spill out the silk, once the latch was ripped out.

"And don't fool yourself," he said, "that you are an exception and will remain careful, because you won't."

He was right about that in a way. For my second jump, I had already stiffened the test. Instead of a straight jump, I wanted to make this a delayed-opening jump. The idea is to let yourself fall, hand on rip-cord ring, for a thousand feet or so, and only then to rip. It wouldn't have taken much to discourage me, on this cool, grey morning; but I didn't want to be discouraged. So I put it to him gently. I said I had arranged this time to be dropped from a little higher up, because I wanted to hold it a little longer, and that might be easier to do with a little more altitude.

"All right," he said, somewhat to my surprise. As a matter of fact, he added, and quite frankly, last time I had pulled too damned soon, and it might be wise to learn to hold it a little longer. From below it had looked as if my parachute had just barely cleared the aeroplane's tail.

I knew that. Last time I had ripped not when it seemed best, but when my nerves had ripped—at the exact moment when the fear of getting entangled in the tail had been overpowered by the horror and confusion of the bottomless drop. This time, that must be fixed. This time, I must try for absolute nerve control.

THE rigger put the finishing touches to his job. With indelible ink, he signed his name and the date on a white cloth label sewn to the pack. This is a licensed rigger's guarantee that a parachute has been opened, inspected, refolded and repacked within sixty days preceding flight. Then he handed it to me for my inspection. The trouble with parachutes is, though, that you can't inspect them without undoing them; their working all depends on the way the canopy and the little pilot parachute and the shrouds are folded inside. I handed it back, and he cracked the standard joke of the occasion:

"If it doesn't work, bring it back and we'll refund your money."

I went to the hangar to see about the aeroplane.

The manager of the aerodrome phoned for the pilot to get ready: that madman was here now and wanted to jump. The mechanics still had considerable fixing to do on the old biplane and its World War engine before it would fly. Meanwhile, there was nothing for me to do but to stand around on the aerodrome and wait.

Hard on the nerves, because it gives you time to think, and you can't help calculating your chances. The speed of a man falling through the air is one hundred and twenty miles per hour; faster than that he won't fall, because of air resistance—but that is fast enough. It would leave three seconds for the last five hundred feet. It would take keen timing not to pancake.

I DIDN'T feel like talking, but a local reporter came and questioned me: why jump parachutes? The manager of the aerodrome had told him that the army and navy don't allow their men to do intentional jumps, and that many civilian pilots don't even wear parachutes against emergencies, but prefer to take their chances sticking to their aeroplanes. What about that?

I told him what I had told myself so many times: that parachutes are required for certain manœuvres, and that therefore one might just as well know how to use them that collision (*Continued on page* 103)

MAKE

LEISURE

In the first place to take leisure more seriously, not to fritter away so many hours of play. To find hobbies if you haven't got any and to reorganise those you have. To make play beneficial as well as pleasurable.

To make an effort to do the things you have always meant to do and never found time for. For instance, to learn to change a wheel yourself, to read Shakespeare and visit the places of interest you've had to pretend you've seen.

To read, not merely to pass the time, but to improve your outlook and to discover interests outside your own circle. Not to shirk reading that demands concentration.

To concentrate on sewing so that glamorous underclothes come within regular use and your wardrobe is in a state of perpetual repair

To pitch your voice low and to speak always quietly and expressively so that if they don't say, "isn't she beautiful," people will say, "but what charm. . . ."

Never to ring up your husband at the office and distract him with trivial commentaries on domestic matters when he is wrestling with the Problems of Industry.

Never to burst out with things until you have thought what you are going to say. In other words to appreciate the value of a guarded tongue.

To spend less money on vague objects of decoration for your person and more effort on co-ordination. To be immaculately neat

HEALTH

To remember that overeating is a crime not always committed at table, but by the titbits in between.

To sleep at regular hours if possible, remembering that the system responds best to clockwork routine. Never to expect to look or feel beautiful with an adverse balance of sleep against you.

Not to start the year with an impossible programme of daily exercises and health stunts, but to adopt a simple and effective routine that you can really stick to.

To hold your head up and your stomach in, and to tackle symptoms before they have time to become serious.

Cultivate the habit of thinking in terms of good health. To breathe deeply whenever you think of it and to think of it a lot

THESE RESOLUTIONS NOW . . .

HABITS

HOME

Unselfishly to put up regularly the dishes you dislike yourself and to cut down on the ones you like.

To be patient and sympathetic with the problems and the view-point of your maid, remembering that after all it is probably you who have the better time.

To steep yourself heart and soul in the task of home-making but not to drown in it.

To love your children without idolising them as perfect examples of their species. To see them as others see them, and not through rose colour glasses.

To cut out foolish little skimpings that make for discomfort and to achieve economy in the long run by occasionally wisely spending more

FRIENDS

Not to talk on and on about your job, your children, or your boy friend because they are terribly important to *you*.

To entertain hospitably and without a care for the snob value of your party.

To put people at ease by presenting your home as a home, not as a showcase with you inside it.

To cultivate the ability for remembering little intimate things about people, such as a greeting on their wedding anniversaries and an inquiry after the geranium cuttings.

Positively to resist the temptation to be a person in the know because your second cousin has a job at the War Office

The Master's Touch

PARTON breezed into my office, tossed a dagger on my desk, removed his heavy black-rimmed spectacles, and chuckled. Parton weighs close to twenty stone, yet moves like a cat, and is brimful and running over with chuckles.

"Hello!" I said. "Thought you were in Europe."

"Just got back." He stared at me, suddenly serious. "I have the most wonderful thing in the world! Look at that dagger!"

I humoured him by looking at it. Parton is always enthusiastic, always wheezing about something wonderful; usually some grand conspiracy tale. He goes in for conspiracies as some men go in for detective yarns. Not in the flesh, but in musty old archives, letters, traditions. When he unearths some old conspiracy that nobody else ever heard of, he goes about chuckling and wheezing and bragging about it.

"This dagger," I said, "looks like any such implement of assassination; far too good to be true. Hello! All iron, isn't it? And inlaid with gold in the handle."

"You have a remarkable eye." Parton turned on my electric fan, seated himself, replaced his spectacles, and produced a wad of paper. "I got that dagger in Florence, in an old curiosity shop; with it was a mass of papers written in the old Tuscan idiom. Well, I've discovered who wrote the stuff! The same man who made that dagger."

"No! Really?" I murmured in mock awe. Parton gave me a cold glance.

"This is no joke. The discovery is mine. I discovered the secret of the dagger from this manuscript. I discovered who made the one and wrote the other. I found that the dagger still works, after four hundred years precisely—it was made in 1537 by a man in Florence. Look at it again."

"What do you mean by saying it still works? It has a vicious look, true——"

A heavy, solid little dagger, the iron haft shaped like a woman whose hair hung down about her figure, the steel blade shooting out; a thin, deadly blade that rang like a bell when I tapped it on the desk.

"Cellini made it," Parton said abruptly. "Ha! Now you open your eyes, eh?"

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "Cellini, the greatest craftsman in little things the world has ever known? Cellini, the artist, the rascal, the metal worker? Why, Parton, every one of his existing pieces has been traced down."

"All bosh," he broke in testily. "Discoveries are always being made. His autobiography is one of the great classics of literature, with its racy slang and braggart revelations. And here, right here," he tapped the wad of papers excitedly, "is an unknown chapter of his memoirs, telling why he left Florence in such a devilish hurry toward the end of 1536; it tells everything! Whether this was a letter or part of his story too dangerous to be published, I don't know. I've compared the writing with the manuscript in the Laurentian Library, and it corresponds with the portions in Cellini's own hand. Nothing else to prove it, nothing else needed!"

"If that's true, you have a real treasure," I began. Parton positively snorted.

"Treasure? This yarn he tells is the real treasure! You know, just at that time Cellini was in hot water. He had killed a man in Rome and skipped out. He was in Florence under the protection of Allesandro de Medici, one of the most depraved rascals of that day, but a lover of art. And how this dagger came to be made is the story; a bloody, human, gorgeous yarn about the most colourful character——"

"Has it got a woman in it?" I queried cynically. Parton brightened.

"A woman? Oh, boy—what a woman! Listen to this, now. I know Cellini's words by heart as he tells of meeting her on the Ponte Vecchio, the old bridge across the Arno. . . ."

A WOMAN glorious as a dream, perfect in carriage, in features, in figure, a woman whose ineffable loveliness and shining youth drew every eye. Cellini stopped dead at the sight of her, his artist's instinct profoundly stirred on the instant. When she smiled faintly at him, his pulses began to hammer. He turned, impulsively followed her, overtook her at the far end of the bridge, and saluted her in his best style. Before he could speak, she smiled into his eyes and addressed him by name.

"Are you not Messer Benvenuto Cellini? I've heard marvellous tales of your skill; it would be great pleasure to talk with you. Come and sup with me to-night. I'll send my page to guide you."

She went her way, leaving him petrified with astonishment. No chance meeting, then; no chance smile! She had deliberately managed it. He had not said a word. Her imperious command took his assent for granted.

For the rest of that day, Cellini went about Florence like a man moonstruck; the smiling warmth of her face and eyes had set him afire with all the flame of his thirty-six years. He was unable to discover who she could be, or a thing about her. His friends laughed at his inquiries; some courtesan, they said, had ensnared him.

Cellini knew better. The inner loveliness of her gave the lie to such a theory; all her beauty had swept his soul, so he could not even recollect how she was dressed. Being what he was, he would have kept the unknown rendezvous had she been a dozen courtesans, but he knew instinctively that she was no ordinary person.

So sure was he, that he dressed carefully that evening; a gold chain given him by the Pope was above his fine velvet doublet, and below it a thin steel-meshed shirt. His beard was trimmed and perfumed. With his large, expressive eyes, his mobile features, his impetuous manner, that powerful figure of his was one to catch the attention of man or woman.

A page arrived; a boy of twelve, and by his accent a Pisan. He replied frankly to Cellini's question.

"My mistress is the most noble Beatrice, the grand niece of the venerable Jacopo Nardi. She bade me tell you this and I am to take you to her, if you have no fear."

"Fear? I've no fear of man or devil, much less a woman!" cried Cellini. "Lead on!"

Hand on sword, he followed the boy. But now his thoughts rioted.

A Benvenuto Cellini venture in Art and Love

By
H. Bedford Jones

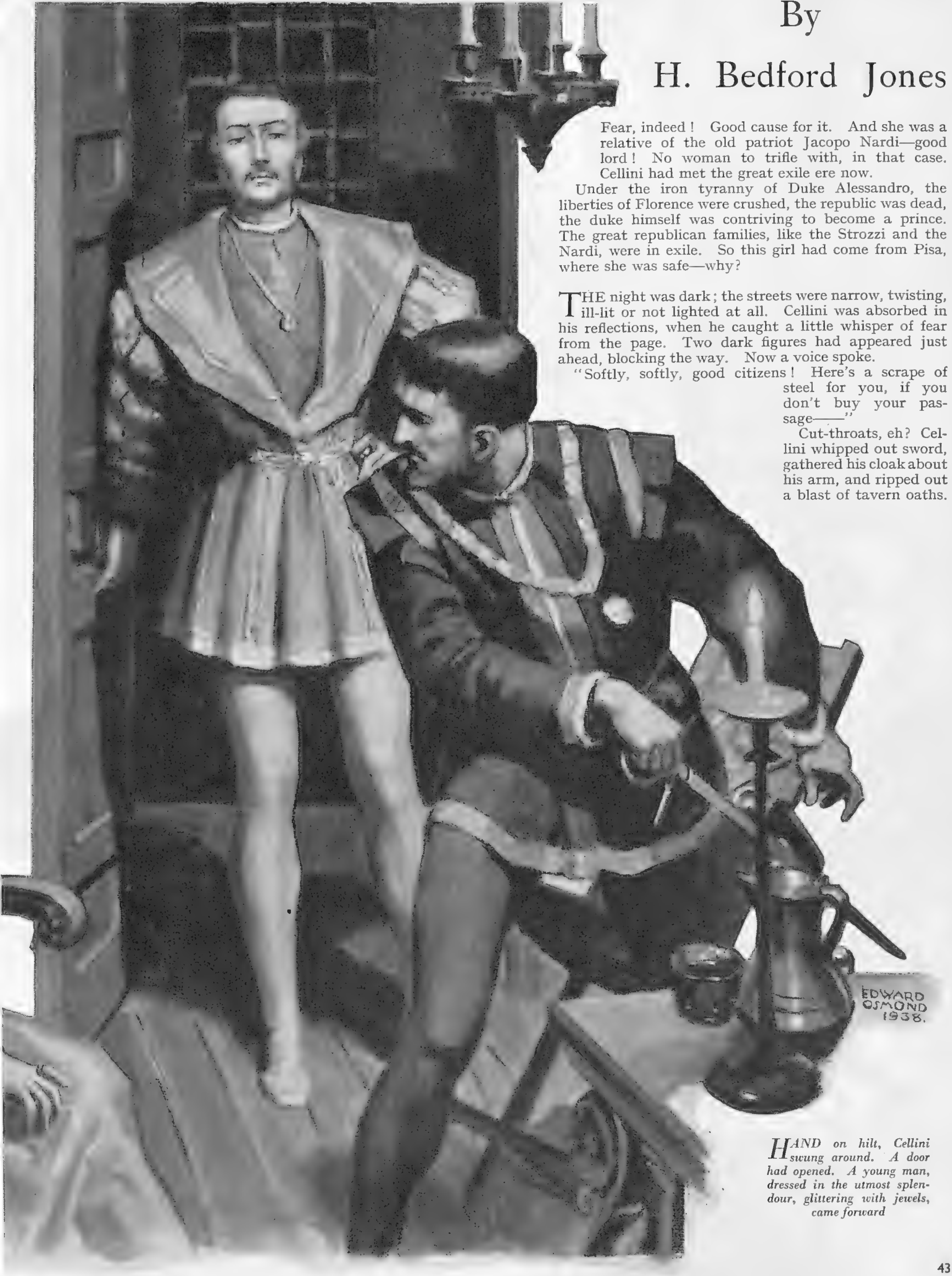
Fear, indeed! Good cause for it. And she was a relative of the old patriot Jacopo Nardi—good lord! No woman to trifle with, in that case. Cellini had met the great exile ere now.

Under the iron tyranny of Duke Alessandro, the liberties of Florence were crushed, the republic was dead, the duke himself was contriving to become a prince. The great republican families, like the Strozzi and the Nardi, were in exile. So this girl had come from Pisa, where she was safe—why?

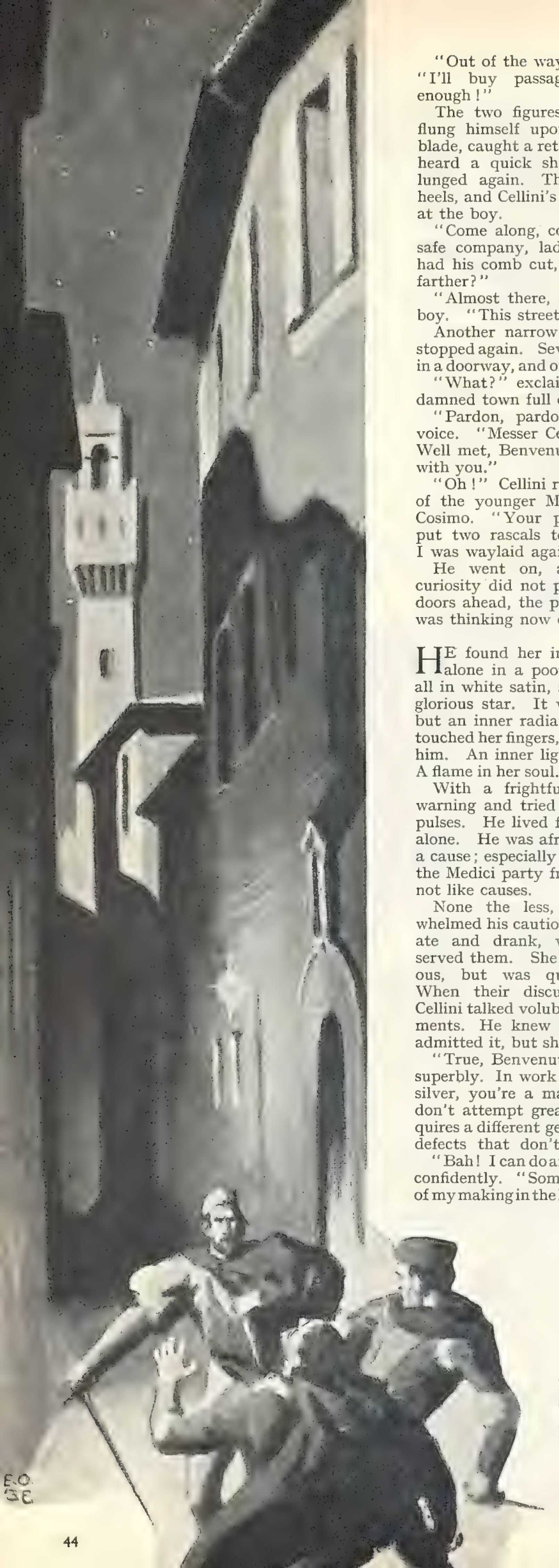
THE night was dark; the streets were narrow, twisting, ill-lit or not lighted at all. Cellini was absorbed in his reflections, when he caught a little whisper of fear from the page. Two dark figures had appeared just ahead, blocking the way. Now a voice spoke.

"Softly, softly, good citizens! Here's a scrape of steel for you, if you don't buy your passage——"

Cut-throats, eh? Cellini whipped out sword, gathered his cloak about his arm, and ripped out a blast of tavern oaths.



HAND on hilt, Cellini swung around. A door had opened. A young man, dressed in the utmost splendour, glittering with jewels, came forward



"Out of the way!" he cried furiously. "I'll buy passage with steel quick enough!"

The two figures darted at him. He flung himself upon them, drove in his blade, caught a return thrust in his cloak, heard a quick sharp cry of pain, and lunged again. The two took to their heels, and Cellini's lusty laugh roared out at the boy.

"Come along, come along! You're in safe company, lad; one of those cocks had his comb cut, at least. How much farther?"

"Almost there, signor," chattered the boy. "This street, to the left."

Another narrow street, and the page stopped again. Several men were grouped in a doorway, and one of them stepped out.

"What?" exclaimed Cellini. "Is the damned town full of footpads to-night?"

"Pardon, pardon," came a laughing voice. "Messer Cellini, upon my word! Well met, Benvenuto; pass, and God go with you."

"Oh!" Cellini recognised a gentleman of the younger Medici branch, that of Cosimo. "Your pardon, Gian. I just put two rascals to flight, and thought I was waylaid again."

He went on, asking no questions; curiosity did not pay, by night. A few doors ahead, the page had stopped. He was thinking now of Beatrice.

HE found her in a small bare house, alone in a poor little room; gowned all in white satin, she illumined it like a glorious star. It was not mere beauty, but an inner radiant force; when Cellini touched her fingers, a thrill passed through him. An inner light, a flame inside her. A flame in her soul. A cause, that was it.

With a frightful effort, Cellini took warning and tried to still his quickened pulses. He lived for himself and his art alone. He was afraid of people who had a cause; especially a woman. He was of the Medici party from policy, but he did not like causes.

None the less, her loveliness overwhelmed his caution very quickly. They ate and drank, while the little page served them. She was no longer imperious, but was quietly studying him. When their discussion fell upon art, Cellini talked volubly of his great achievements. He knew they were great, and admitted it, but she smiled faintly.

"True, Benvenuto; you do tiny trifles superbly. In work of gold and gems and silver, you're a master. Be careful you don't attempt greater things! That requires a different genius. A statue reveals defects that don't show in a figurine."

"Bah! I can do anything," he exclaimed confidently. "Some day you'll see statues of my making in the Loggia di Lanzi itself!"

"No, I shall never see them," she said gravely. "If you make them, beware lest they lack the touch of the master. Stick to the exquisite trifles at which no other craftsman in the world can approach you. There your genius is supreme."

He scoffed; but in his heart he felt a quiver of apprehension. She was so calm, so lovely, so radiant! Perhaps those eyes, so darkly proud and blue, could perceive hidden truths. He rallied angrily against the thought. What, were all his grandiose dreams to be dismissed by a chit of a girl? What could she know of art and genius?

CELLINI whipped out sword, gathered his cloak about his arm, and ripped out a blast of tavern oaths

"You wonder at my reason for seeking you out, Benvenuto," she said. Her smile had died, now. The page had departed. Her next words were startling. "You are the only man in Italy who can help me. You know the sad condition of our poor Florence. You know that Duke Alessandro is not only a tyrant, but is given to the lowest debaucheries imaginable. You know how he violates convents, how he seizes on wives and daughters of the noblest families, how he respects nothing good. A man evil, and wholly evil——"

"Wait, wait!" Cellini broke in desperately. "No man is wholly evil, madonna. The duke loves art. He employs me, protects me; I cannot discuss his morals."

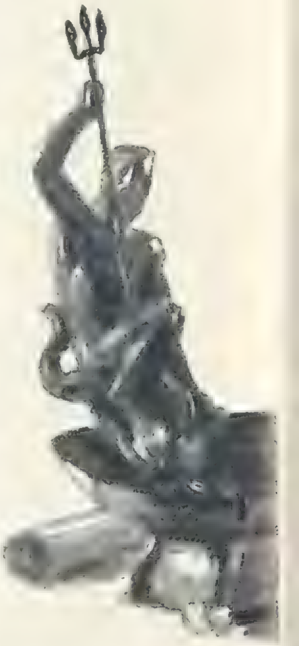
"I can," she said calmly. "He has no morals. He is the last of the older branch of the Medici, a dissolute, ravening wolf who has destroyed liberty in Florence."

"Well, I live for art, not for liberty," Cellini responded bluntly. He thought of those men down in the street—spies, perhaps? The thought was highly unpleasant. "Liberty means license. My art needs a wealthy, powerful patron who can supply gold and gems for my work."

Her eyes dwelt upon him, and he squirmed a little under their calm, cold flame.

"Benvenuto, have you no ideals?"

"Certainly; they all lie in my art, in my career," he said promptly. "I'm grateful to this duke who protects me. He's promised to get me a pardon from Rome, so I may resume my work; I've a workshop there, you know. If you're engaged in any sort of intrigue against the duke, madonna, I'll have no share in it. None whatever!"



"Can nothing persuade you?" She regarded him steadily, even significantly. "Nothing I could say, or do, or promise?"

The veins swelled in his throat. He flushed, paled again, struggled with the rising wave of passion, and conquered it.

"For God's sake, don't tempt me, I beg of you!" he cried impetuously. "Your beauty would conquer anyone; no man could resist you, madonna! No lovelier woman walks the earth to-day. But the duke has spies; he'll know you're here. Once he sees you, then you'll not be safe from his lust. No, no! I'll help you out of the city, if you like, but I'll have nothing to do with any plot."

"If I can't tempt you, Benvenuto, then I'll conquer you," she said slowly. "What you say is true. I intend that the duke shall know I'm here, that he shall see me—when I'm ready. I see that you refuse

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD OSMOND

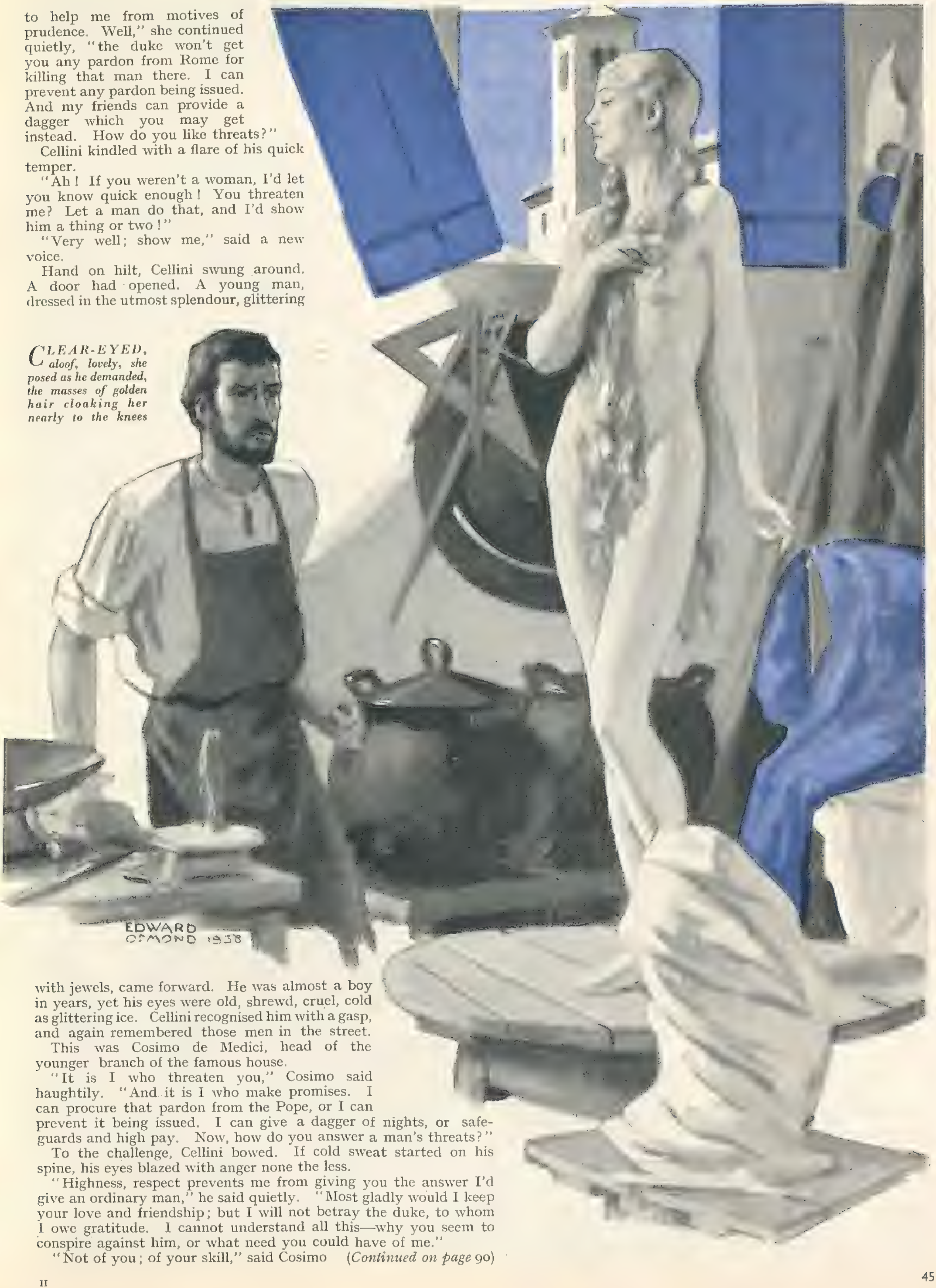
to help me from motives of prudence. Well," she continued quietly, "the duke won't get you any pardon from Rome for killing that man there. I can prevent any pardon being issued. And my friends can provide a dagger which you may get instead. How do you like threats?"

Cellini kindled with a flare of his quick temper.

"Ah! If you weren't a woman, I'd let you know quick enough! You threaten me? Let a man do that, and I'd show him a thing or two!"

"Very well; show me," said a new voice.

Hand on hilt, Cellini swung around. A door had opened. A young man, dressed in the utmost splendour, glittering with jewels, came forward. He was almost a boy in years, yet his eyes were old, shrewd, cruel, cold as glittering ice. Cellini recognised him with a gasp, and again remembered those men in the street.



CLEAR-EYED, aloof, lovely, she posed as he demanded, the masses of golden hair cloaking her nearly to the knees

This was Cosimo de Medici, head of the younger branch of the famous house.

"It is I who threaten you," Cosimo said haughtily. "And it is I who make promises. I can procure that pardon from the Pope, or I can prevent it being issued. I can give a dagger of nights, or safeguards and high pay. Now, how do you answer a man's threats?"

To the challenge, Cellini bowed. If cold sweat started on his spine, his eyes blazed with anger none the less.

"Highness, respect prevents me from giving you the answer I'd give an ordinary man," he said quietly. "Most gladly would I keep your love and friendship; but I will not betray the duke, to whom I owe gratitude. I cannot understand all this—why you seem to conspire against him, or what need you could have of me."

"Not of you; of your skill," said Cosimo (*Continued on page* 90)

Things A Young

A young girl should know that picking a husband is like picking mushrooms—unless you go out early, there's nothing but puff balls left in the field. Therefore, though at eighteen any young man is a gift, it is a mistake to kiss every gift horse on the mouth.

Also, she should be warned that he who tells her his life history during the first waltz is either not an interesting enough subject to study, or else has left something out.

A young girl should know that she doesn't know everything, and it is of the things about which she thinks she knows most, that she probably knows least. Under this heading come: herself, clothes, young men, old men, parents, marriage, Freud and Jung, wines and spirits.

She should make up her mind that there are certain subjects upon which frankly confessed ignorance goes down better than a clever pretence at knowledge. In particular, such subjects as fox-hunting, horse-racing, books and authors, New York, being presented at Court, her own ancestors, famous men and women, poetry.

She will never be well-informed if she gives out that she knows everything already. Knowledge acquired on any subject she should enter up in a mental notebook, or better still in a loose-leaf one.

Know Thyself is an excellent maxim, but unfortunately the young girl's myself is all too often her most prominent feature. I, me, my, and mine, the most frequently occurring words in nursery and scholastic vocabularies, should be used as sparingly as possible, if she would avoid getting set in the habits of the female bore.

The young girl who has just left school seldom has full control over her legs, and

BY ALISON HAIG

Girl Ought To Know

is apt to forget that she is not still wearing long black stockings and gym tights. Go into any cocktail bar, and you will see what I mean. A girl sitting on a high stool with one foot on another stool and her other foot on yet a third is not an uncommon sight, in fact it is really rather common. Deep settees and armchairs also need thought in the disposition of the limbs.

The young girl of 1939 should cultivate good party manners. Displaying too much hearty spirit is a pity—coming into the room and shrieking "Darling!" over the heads of everybody else is bad; going out of the room shrieking is even still worse.

When a young girl is a hostess, she should introduce people correctly and distinctly, and she should not leave them before conversation has been definitely established.

If she is a guest, however, she should be capable of establishing a conversation without the help of her hostess—since hostesses more often than not leave strangers staring hotly, not even having heard each other's names.

Having said "How do you do," say, for example, "What do you do?" Then he will reply, "I am an architect, or a sausage manufacturer" as the case may be, and any poor fish can carry on from there.

The young girl should never grudge time spent on old ladies and retired business men. Apart from the ethics of the thing, they have a fund of knowledge that the young girl might well acquire, they are better conversationalists, and they are more amusing than any one of her own age. Besides, nothing impresses a young man—or his mother—more.

The young girl too often underrates things because she loves them and has always had them ever since she can remember—things such as parents. Her parents have at least two claims upon her respect:

They created her, and the created thing is seldom better than its creator; caviare and sturgeon being an exception.

The young girl should not lose sight of the fact that make-up is an art and not a profession. It is therefore wiser to avoid the professional touch. Also, though she may powder her nose any time she likes, she ought not to comb her hair or make-up her lips in restaurants.

When her escort is presented with the bill, she should strike a happy medium between seeing how much he is paying out, and staring silently and self-consciously at the ceiling—the thing's a strain enough for the poor boy, without her making it worse.

A confidant is a faithful and patient beast of unburdening, *essentially of the same sex as the confider.* The young girl should control the temptation of making her confidant some faithful and patient young man.

A stiff shirt front is a surprisingly cosy place on which to weep after a dance when the moon has kept out of reach, but it is very bad policy for many reasons, not the least of them being that the thought of that evening of luxurious tears and confidences will be a most uncomfortable memory for both of them when the young girl eventually decides to marry the faithful and patient young man.

The young girl should meditate upon Dorothy Parker's Inventory:

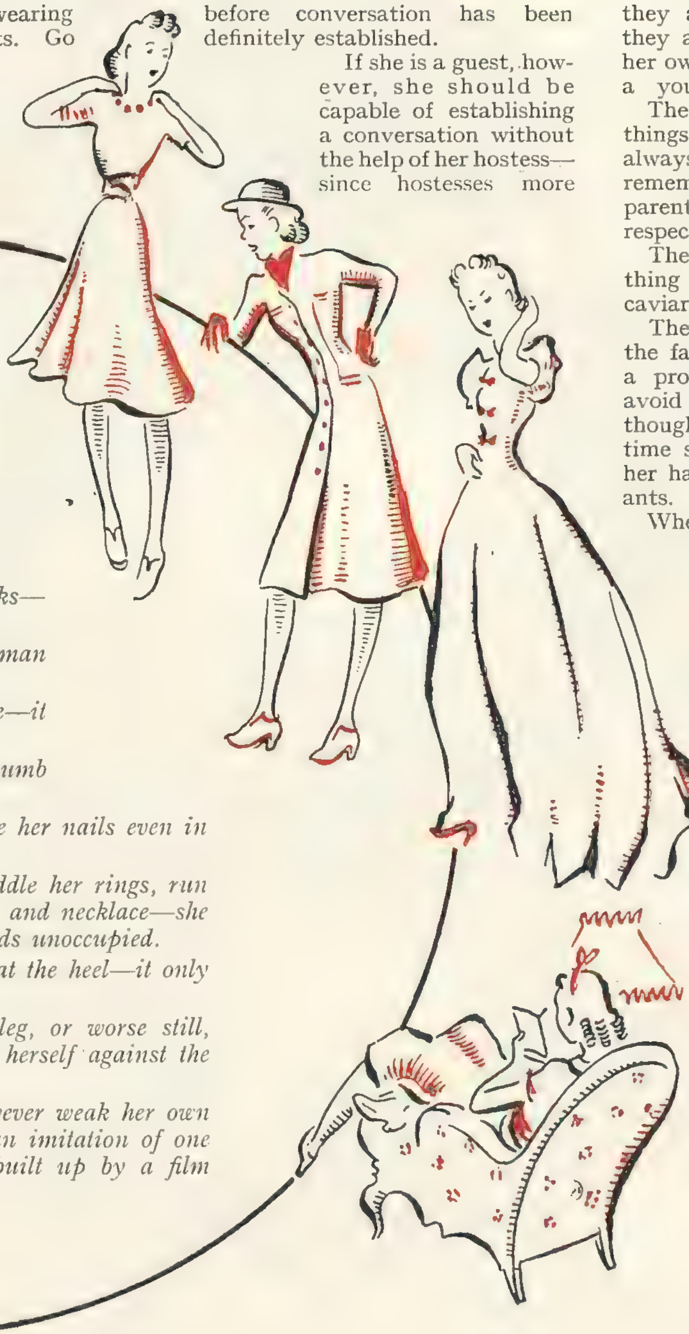
Four be the things I am wiser to know:
Idleness, sorrow, a friend, and a foe.

Four be the things I'd been better without:
Love, curiosity, freckles, and doubt.

Three be the things I shall never attain:
Envy, content, and sufficient champagne.

Three be the things I shall have till I die:
Laughter and hope and a sock in the eye.

Having meditated, she should be able to build upon it a working philosophy which will enable her always to look forward to to-morrow.



A young girl should know better than to:

Wrinkle her forehead when she talks—permanent tramlines result.

Finger her curls—it drives a man scatty.

End her sentences on a giggle—it sounds nervous.

Push at her cuticles with her thumb while she is talking.

Examine her nails in public, bite her nails even in private.

Play with bits of her dress, twiddle her rings, run her fingers round between neck and necklace—she should be able to keep her hands unoccupied.

Slip her court shoes off and on at the heel—it only irritates and makes holes.

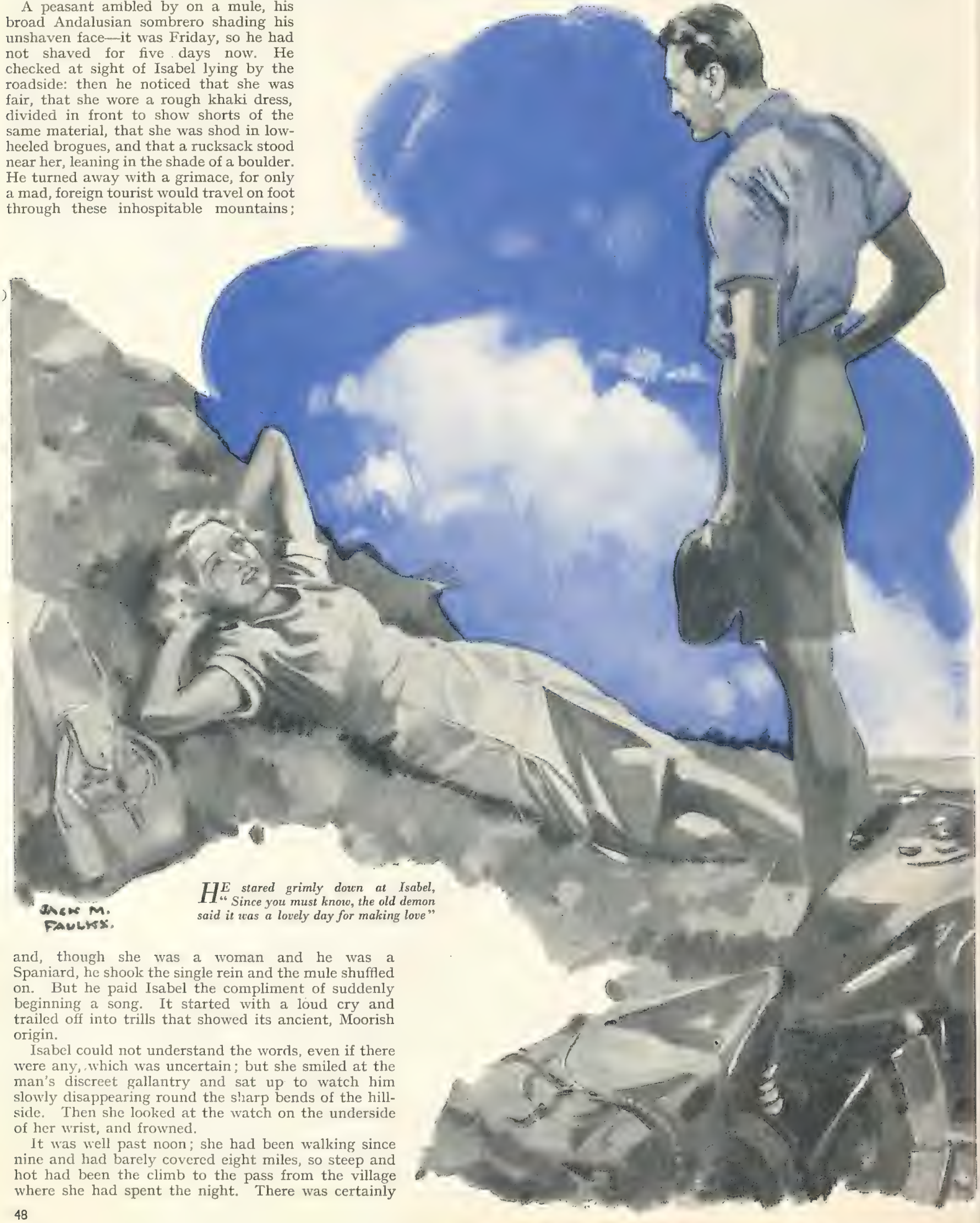
Stand with her weight on one leg, or worse still, never stand without propping herself against the furniture.

Model herself on film stars—however weak her own personality, it is better than an imitation of one that in itself has only been built up by a film director.

SHE lay on her back amid the wild thyme, breathing in its sweet, acrid perfume and absorbing the warmth of the noonday sun. Miles and miles below lay the sea, and the white houses of Malaga, and the long winding road that dropped from the pass to the seashore. She amused herself by letting her eyes wander from that tremendous panorama of hill and sea to the dwarf life of the ants and other insects on the rocky soil beneath the thyme: it was curious how huge an ant seemed and how tiny the almost undiscernible humans on the road below. The thought made her smile.

A peasant ambled by on a mule, his broad Andalusian sombrero shading his unshaven face—it was Friday, so he had not shaved for five days now. He checked at sight of Isabel lying by the roadside: then he noticed that she was fair, that she wore a rough khaki dress, divided in front to show shorts of the same material, that she was shod in low-heeled brogues, and that a rucksack stood near her, leaning in the shade of a boulder. He turned away with a grimace, for only a mad, foreign tourist would travel on foot through these inhospitable mountains; and, though she was a woman and he was a Spaniard, he shook the single rein and the mule shuffled on. But he paid Isabel the compliment of suddenly beginning a song. It started with a loud cry and trailed off into trills that showed its ancient, Moorish origin.

Isabel could not understand the words, even if there were any, which was uncertain; but she smiled at the man's discreet gallantry and sat up to watch him slowly disappearing round the sharp bends of the hillside. Then she looked at the watch on the underside of her wrist, and frowned.


JACK M. FAULKS.

HE stared grimly down at Isabel, "Since you must know, the old demon said it was a lovely day for making love"

It was well past noon; she had been walking since nine and had barely covered eight miles, so steep and hot had been the climb to the pass from the village where she had spent the night. There was certainly little chance of reaching the valley, let alone Malaga, until late in the afternoon, even if her tired feet would carry her there. And after four nights spent in primitive villages on the Sierra, Isabel longed for the comforts of a civilised hotel—a hot bath, a good meal, and a soft bed.

Then she heard the motor bicycle.

She caught the sound of it, chugging up behind her, at least ten minutes before it came into sight. At first she thought it might be a motor bus, such as she had proudly let pass a couple of hours earlier, before she realised how footsore she would be. Yes, if it were another bus, she would swallow her walker's pride and stop it; she owed herself a ride after the long scrambling climb of the morning and the previous days.

SOON, however, she saw the machine swinging slowly up towards her from the depths of the valley where she had slept the night. It grew larger and larger until, from being the size of an ant's leg, it showed itself a formidably large motor bicycle. She would have lost interest in it then, if only the rider had not stopped his engine and coasted into the dust of the roadside.

He wore shorts, a blue shirt open at the neck and a beret, and he had a knapsack strapped to the back of the seat. He was certainly good-looking, she recognised, as he pulled off his hat and wiped his forehead with an ornate blue handkerchief. But all Spaniards are good-looking—unless they are deformed and hideously ugly—and Isabel was weary of mere good looks after a month of dodging the admiring advances of their possessors. She turned away and lay down again. Would he sing, she wondered, like the man on the mule? Or didn't Spaniards sing to strange women any more, when they began to use mechanical transport?

A moment later she realised that he was standing beside her, his hat in hand and an apologetic expression on his face.

"Excuse me," he said, and she was astonished to find that he was English, "but are you all right?"

She jerked herself upright and hastily hid the shorts, which were for use, not for show.

"Yes, thank you," she said. "I'm quite all right."

He smiled, and she liked the smile. It did not resemble the provocative grins and the poached-egg stares of other men who smiled at her in this country. It seemed to show that he was good-natured, shy of intruding, and genuinely friendly.

"How did you happen to know I was English?" she asked.

"I took a chance. You look English, you know, with this—er—well, the general appearance. Do you mind if I sit down here a minute? It's hot work, climbing these hills; the bike could do with a rest."

She looked at him sharply and shrugged her shoulders.

"You've a perfect right to sit here, if you wish," she said. And she added, more gently, "I'm sorry that I look so unmistakably English. It's not a compliment in these Latin countries."

"You look charming," he said. "As a matter of fact, who else but an Englishwoman would be walking through these mountains? Any other nationality would either drive or ride."

There was silence for a moment, and Isabel felt his eyes on her.

"Look here," he went on, "I don't want to butt in, you know, but can't I give you a lift? You're a long way from anywhere up here."

"That's exactly why I'm here," she retorted.

"Oh!"

Silence again: and then he said, "Of course, it's just as you like, but if you fancy reaching Malaga at a decent hour, I'll be very glad to give you a lift. Are you going that way?"

She lay back again, wishing that he would go away. If he did, though, would she be sorry that she'd missed the chance of a lift?

He stood up clumsily.

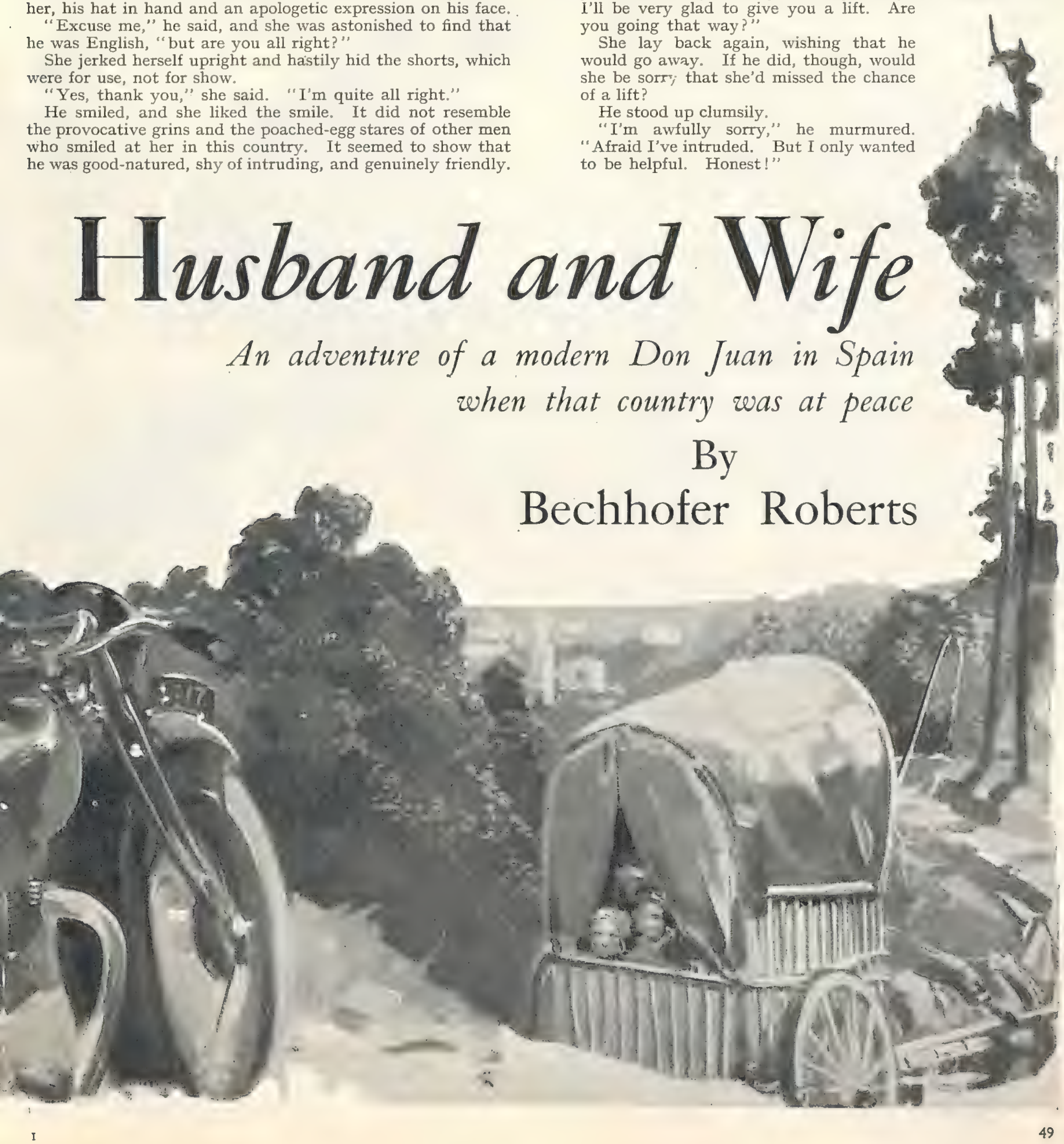
"I'm awfully sorry," he murmured. "Afraid I've intruded. But I only wanted to be helpful. Honest!"

Husband and Wife

An adventure of a modern Don Juan in Spain when that country was at peace

By

Bechhofer Roberts



A cart lumbered by, drawn by three asses in line. A row of olive-hued faces stared out from the tent-like superstructure, and the old gipsy woman who drove it waved her whip and yelled something in a raucous, laughing voice.

Isabel noticed that her companion gulped.

"What did she say?" she asked him.

"Don't you understand Spanish?"

"Not very much. What did she say?"

He stared grimly down at Isabel. "Since you must know, the old demon said that it was a lovely day for making love."

"Oh!" said Isabel.

"You asked for it, didn't you?" he said. "I think I'd better be getting on now, unless you change your mind."

"What about?" she asked mischievously, and was delighted to see how deeply he blushed. He was a refreshing change from the eternally flirtatious Spaniards.

"About a lift, I meant," he stammered. "I'm sorry. Good-bye."

Isabel surprised herself as well as him by calling to him to wait. She got up, dusted the prickles and ants off her skirt and picked up her knapsack.

"It'll be quicker than walking," she said with deliberate ungraciousness.

He stared at her, astonished by her rudeness, and silently showed her how to mount the pillion of the motor bicycle.

"You'll have to hang on round my waist," he said, straddling the seat of the machine. He lifted her hand to show her his meaning, and for a moment they stood motionless, hand in hand.

He looked down at her with a new interest. Something seemed to pass from one grip to the other. Both of them were conscious of its significance, but neither made any attempt to disengage their hands. Their eyes met, and Isabel found her heart beating fast and loud.

Then she snatched her hand away.

"I ought to warn you that I'm married," she said. "I'm meeting my husband in Gibraltar."

"In Gib?" he said, astonished.

"Yes, he's serving there with his regiment."

"But——" he began.

"You mean I'm not wearing a wedding ring? Quite so. I don't care to wear any sort of jewellery in the mountains; it mightn't be safe."

"I wasn't thinking of that," he said. "I meant that you've no reason to be afraid of me."

"I'm not afraid. I simply don't want any misunderstanding. That's all."

He nodded, and kicked the starter of the engine. She clutched him wildly as the motor bicycle leaped forward, down the twisty road. The gipsies gave them a ribald cheer as they passed.

Gipsies are so indelicate!

ISABEL'S mood changed when they reached Malaga. In the first place, the cobbled streets of the old town made her fear for her limbs, if not for her life; but somehow she managed to hold on and the young man drove as carefully as he could. Secondly, she was ashamed of her ill-temper in the mountains. He had behaved quite correctly, and indeed with chivalry. And, thirdly, she was prodigiously hungry.

"I know a good place for lunch," he remarked over his shoulder as they came to a rather smoother avenue. "At least, the people in the hotel at Granada recommended it to me this morning when I left. They say the food's excellent."

It certainly looked a good place, for there were a hundred people in the dining-room, all busily eating and talking in their resonant Spanish voices. A priest was tucking into a loaded plate at the entrance, and a dozen waiters bustled about with trays full of steaming, appetising dishes.

A few of the eaters looked up as the two English people entered, and stared vaguely at Isabel's strange garb. Then a waiter ran on tip-toe to them and waved them to a table at a window overlooking a patio full of gaudy flowers and smooth, green palms.

"You're lunching with me," said the young man firmly, as he took the menu from the waiter's hand.

"No!" cried Isabel.

"Oh, but you are," he insisted. "I'm sure your husband couldn't object to that. In fact, I don't think he'd care for you to do otherwise; it would look as if you were in bad company, wouldn't it? You must allow me the privileges of a friend of the family."

He grinned at her cheerfully, and Isabel gave in.

"Very well," she said, "but you must dine with us some time in Gibraltar."

"I shall be delighted," he replied expressionlessly, and turned to give some orders to the waiter.

Isabel waited till the man had gone away with a volley of "*Si, señor! Si, si, señor!*" Then she said, "It makes me feel young again to sit here and have my lunch ordered for me, and not know what's been ordered."

"Young again?" he retorted. "Why 'again'?"

"I'm twenty-eight," she said.

"What of it? So am I."

"You don't look it," she said. "but I do. Marriage puts years on to one, don't you think?"

"Really?" he smiled. "By the way, would you think it rude if I asked your name?"

"Not a bit, since you've insisted on playing host. My name's Isabel Hobson. And yours?"

"Clifford Younger. Profession—accountant. Present occupation—returning from a job o' work in Madrid and taking the opportunity to see a bit of new country. Home address——" He paused, and she saw a smile on his lips.

"Well? Where?"

"Gibraltar," he said, and she stiffened with a sudden shock.

"Are you going there now?" she asked him. "Or have you work here in Malaga?"

"I'm going on there this evening. It's only about seventy miles. Aren't you coming with me? It won't be much fun for you to walk along that coast road. But I suppose you know it."

"No, this is the first time I've been into Spain."

"Indeed?" Then you're new out to Gib?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Which regiment is your husband in?" he went on.

At that moment the waiter arrived with a tray of hors d'œuvres of every size and colour.

"This is the stuff," Younger cried. "I'm ravenous, aren't you? What's for yours, Mrs. Hobson? Oysters? Crayfish with pimentoes? Winkles complete, as you see, with pin in paper, just as in the old country? Spanish-Russian salad? Or some of those things at the back?"

Then another waiter poured them glasses of a light, dry sherry.

"If you knew what I've had to eat in those mountain villages," she said, "you wouldn't trouble to ask me to choose. Lay on, Macduff! I could eat a whale."

She enjoyed those hors d'œuvres as she thought she could never have enjoyed any food. As soon as her plate was taken away, the waiter brought them a steaming dish of some shapeless meat, cooked with saffron and mushrooms.

Younger watched her eat a few mouthfuls before he would tell her what it was.

"Since you insist on knowing," he at last answered her questions, "it's roast kid and saffron. Do you mind?"

"Do I mind!" Isabel murmured. "Why, it's heavenly. Oh kid!"

"Oh saffron!" he chimed in. "Yes,

when kid's good, as it is here, it beats all other meats hollow."

"And I've been living for the past week on heavy omelettes, hard sausage and vinegary wine. That's all the mountain inns seem to keep. I haven't had a decent meal since I left Barcelona."

His eyebrows lifted. "Barcelona?" he said, as he filled her glass with white Rioja. "You've been that far north? When did you leave Gib?"

She wished he would not ask all these questions. "I wonder if you'd mind not concerning yourself with my affairs," she said sharply.

Her bitterness, however, could not withstand the friendly patience with which he plied her with strange and tasty nougats and guava jelly and with special fresh fruits which he ordered for her.

She pushed her plate away at last.

"I really can't eat any more. I've never eaten so much at one meal in my life. My husband won't forgive you if you spoil my figure by making me overeat."

A whimsical smile flickered over his face for a moment. "I am wondering ——" he began, and stopped abruptly.

"What are you wondering?"

"Oh, nothing. Look here, Mrs. Hobson, let's go out to a café for coffee and a glass of Malaga."

"But I can't drink any more," she protested.

"Oh, come! It isn't right to pass through Malaga and not drink its own wine," he laughed.

He paid the bill and, leaving the motor-bicycle outside the hotel, led her to a café a little farther along the street.

They sat at a table and sipped the heavy, sweet wine for which Malaga is famous. An impudent-faced shoeblack flung himself at Younger's shoes and cleaned them with untiring application of liquid blacking, wax and elbow-grease. When he had finished, he prodded Isabel's foot enquiringly. She drew it back with a gasp of pain.

Younger drove the urchin away.

"What's the matter?" he asked Isabel. "Footsore?"

She nodded. "Yes, and I ricked my ankle on a stone up there," she said, pointing to the encircling mountains. They could just see the pass, standing out against the cloudless blue sky.

"Then you can't walk to Gib," he said.

"I suppose there's a train."

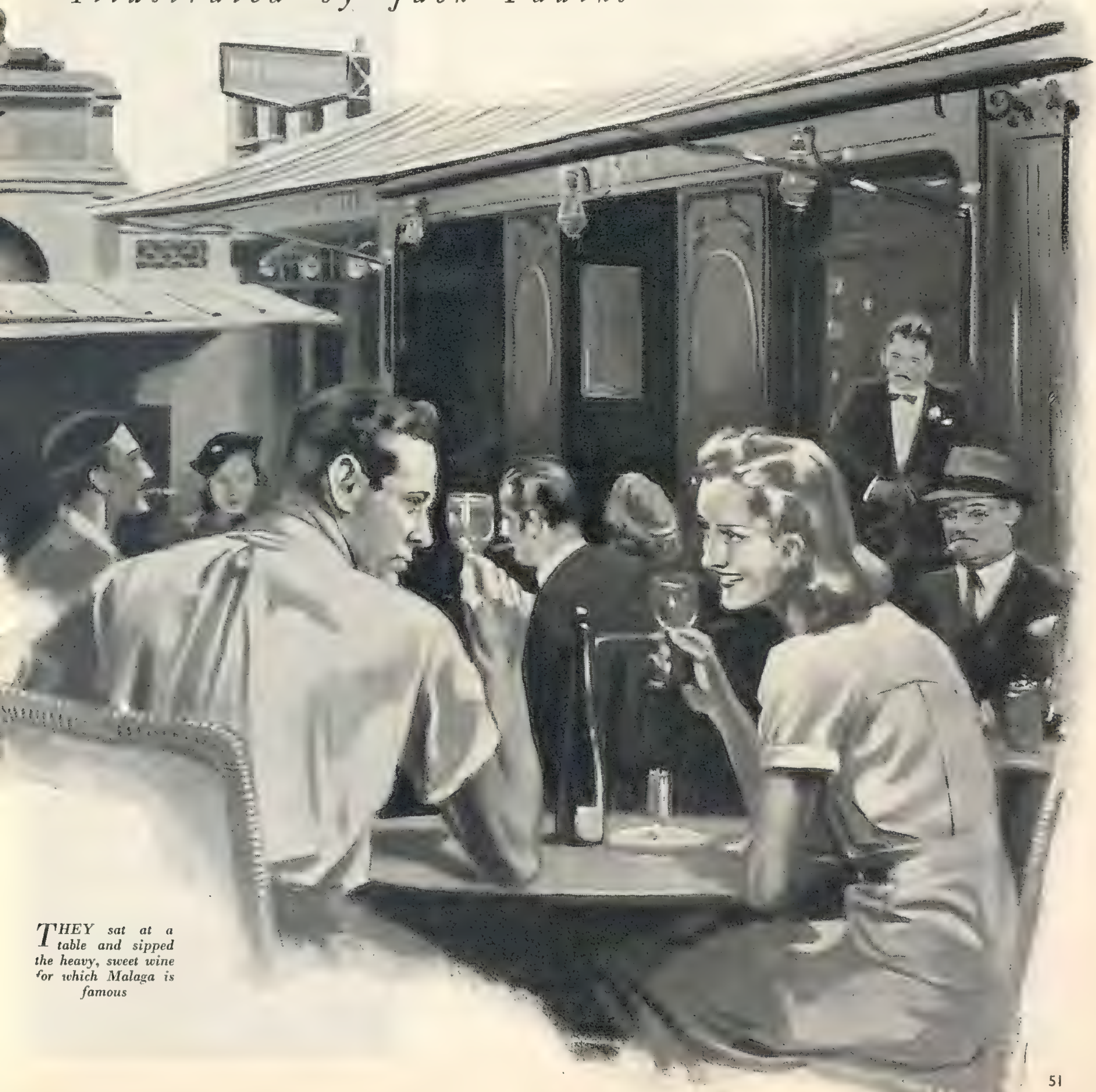
"If you don't mind travelling half-way across the peninsula and back again, and changing every now and then at desolate stations where the connections never connect."

"What about a motor bus?"

"Not a hope!" he said. "There's a strike on; there usually is in Spain, it seems to me. They told me so in the hotel. No,

(Continued on page 88)

Illustrated by Jack Faulks



THEY sat at a table and sipped the heavy, sweet wine for which Malaga is famous

A WARM

Here are the newest electric fires chosen from the best that are to be found. They are the pick of the season.

If there is some part of your house that needs warming; a room, or even a corner, that can be made more of by the introduction of instantaneous warmth, consider one of them.

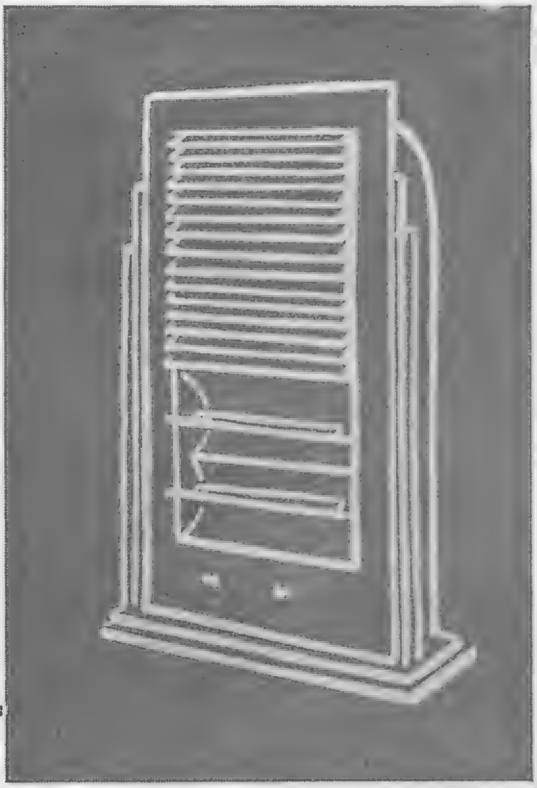
The installation of an electric fire costs very little, but it banishes work and dirt and gives you warmth at the touch of a switch.

Choose an electric fire shrewdly. Take into consideration the size of the room to be warmed. Don't choose a fire too small to make an impression of

Sunray. These fires are somewhat different from other types of electric heater. The principles of radiated and convected heat are combined, thereby ensuring that the warmed air is circulated in every part of the room.

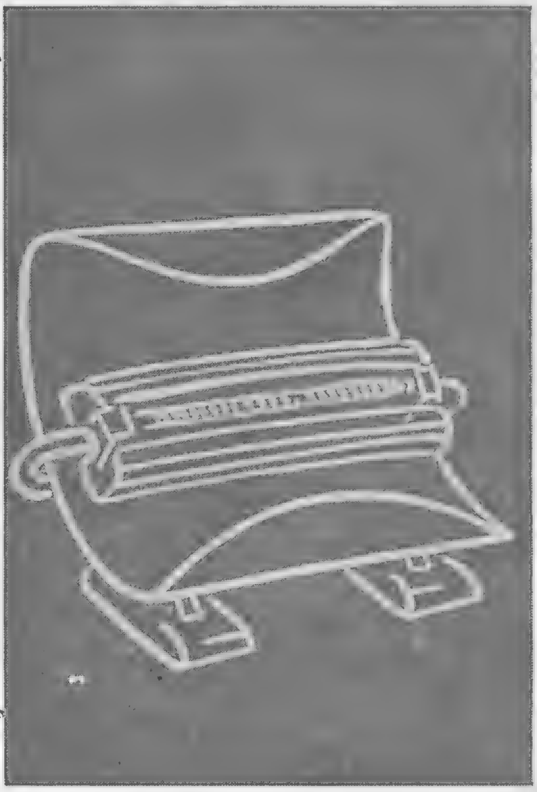
Pure fresh air is continuously drawn into inlets and thence through a chamber which is heated by Sunray lamps. This pure air, warmed, is then passed out and evenly distributed about the room.

The "Cheltenham" Sunray electric radiator illustrated can be had in a shaded bronze finish, height 31½ ins., base 21½ ins. wide by 7 ins. deep. There are many other designs and sizes available. The price is £6 5s. 0d. but there are other Sunray fires at various prices from as little as £2 2s. 6d.



H.M.V. This is the very newest "H.M.V." Wide-Angle Radiant fire. This model has been made to produce more radiant heat per unit of electricity consumed, and to employ the heat generated to the greatest effect.

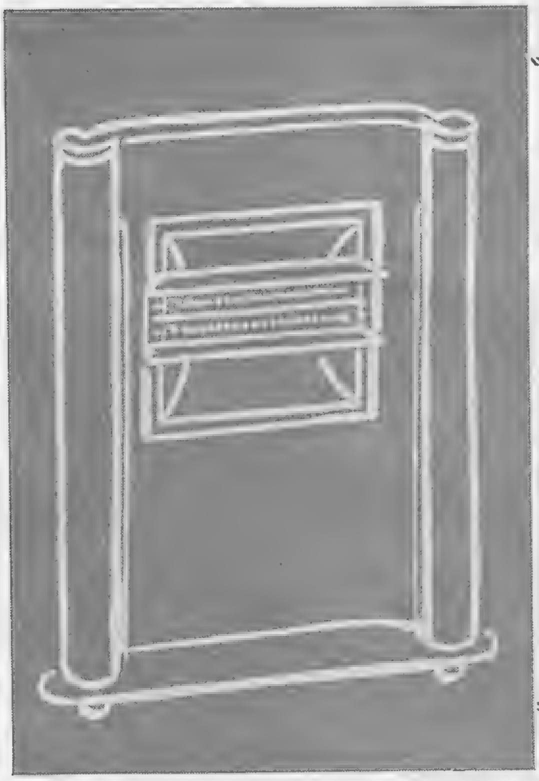
The shape of the fire has been determined so that all heat is used to the best advantage. The elements reach operating temperature within a fraction of a minute, and the fire stands on substantial rubber covered feet which protect carpets and polished floors. It is light and easily portable. The carrying handle when not in use, rests out of sight in a position where it cannot become too hot to handle. The switch is fully insulated and practically noiseless in use. Price £3 17s. 6d.



W E L C O M E

comfort. A full-size unit is not necessarily extravagant. You can run at full pelt and then reduce the heat when the room is warm, afterwards maintaining the temperature at an even level.

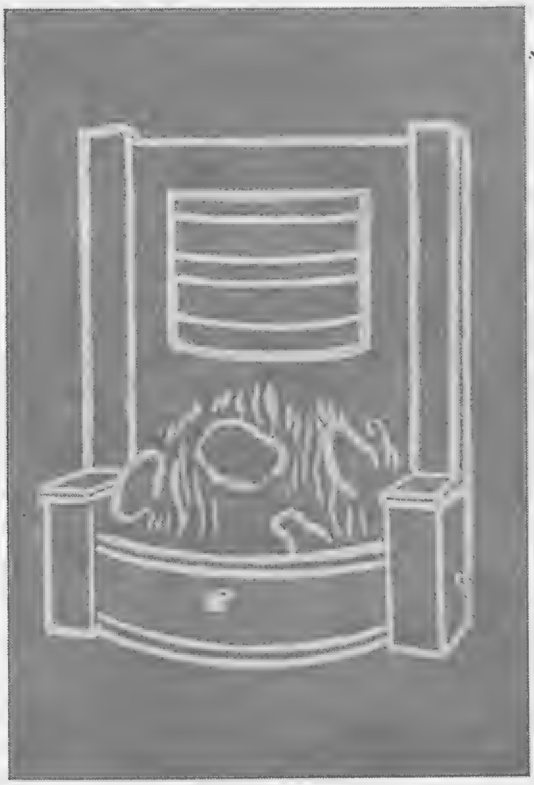
To estimate the size of an electric heater necessary to warm a room, approximately 1½ watts per cubic foot should be allowed. For heating very large rooms it is often advisable to use two small stoves rather than one large one. If you would care for further particulars of the fires illustrated, or for any advice on the subject of heating, write to The Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32–34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.



Ferranti. The Solium reflector makes the Ferranti fire a thing apart. When the fire is alight the reflector gives an enhanced impression of a warmly spreading glow. The reflector is, in fact, of such a colour that the fire looks warm even when the elements are not glowing.

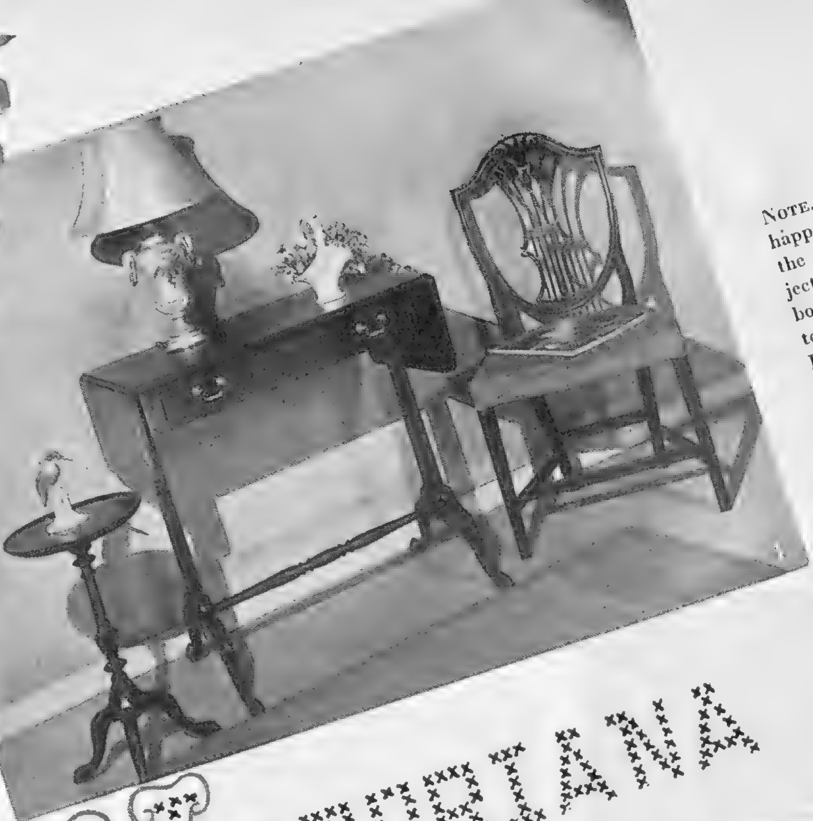
The element of the Ferranti is smaller, with a purpose, it gives more heat than most. It is also protected by a safety guard.

The Lumera fire illustrated on the left is an attractive and cheerful one, because of the warm glow which is diffused over the whole of the fire. Surrounds are available in various designs similar to the one shown. The combination of the surround and fire makes a suite quite as impressive as that of a regular coal grate. Price £6 6s. 0d.



MAGICOAL. This is one of a large and comprehensive range of fires made by the G.E.C. An advantage of all of them is that parts are standardised, and can be replaced from stock in the event of need. Heating elements are included in this arrangement and are easily and quickly renewed at small cost.

The G.E.C. fire illustrated is one of a large range of good portable models suitable for small rooms and bedrooms. It is a fire of striking appearance filled with Magicoal "Plus" fuel, giving a realistic impression of glowing coals. There is no projection at the back, so the fire will stand flat against the wall. Two switches give different degrees of heat. The price of this fire is £3 19s. 6d.



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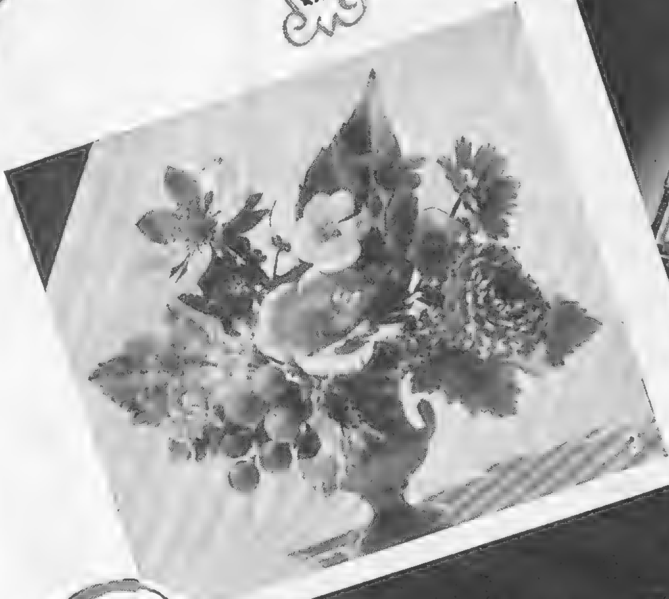
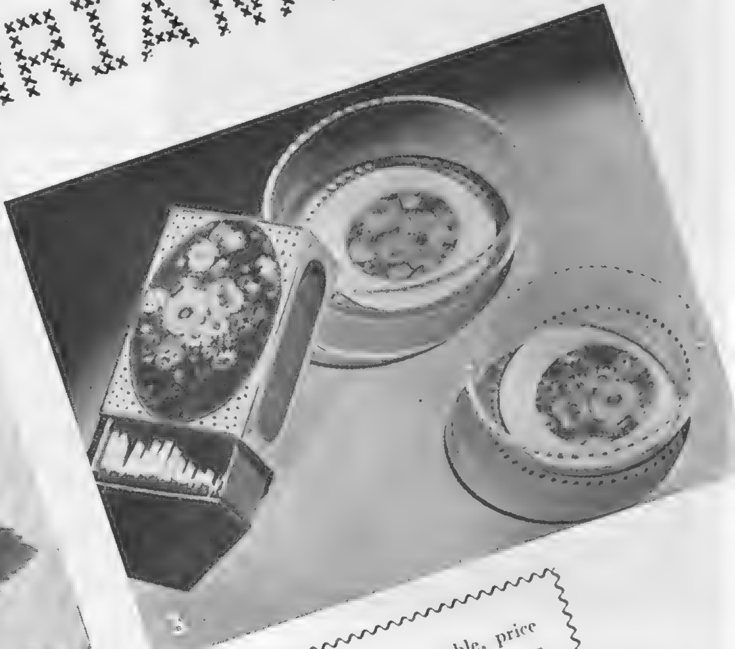
NOTE.—We shall be happy to tell you where the very decorative objects on this page can be bought if you will write to the Editor, Women's Department, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 32 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

VICTORIANA





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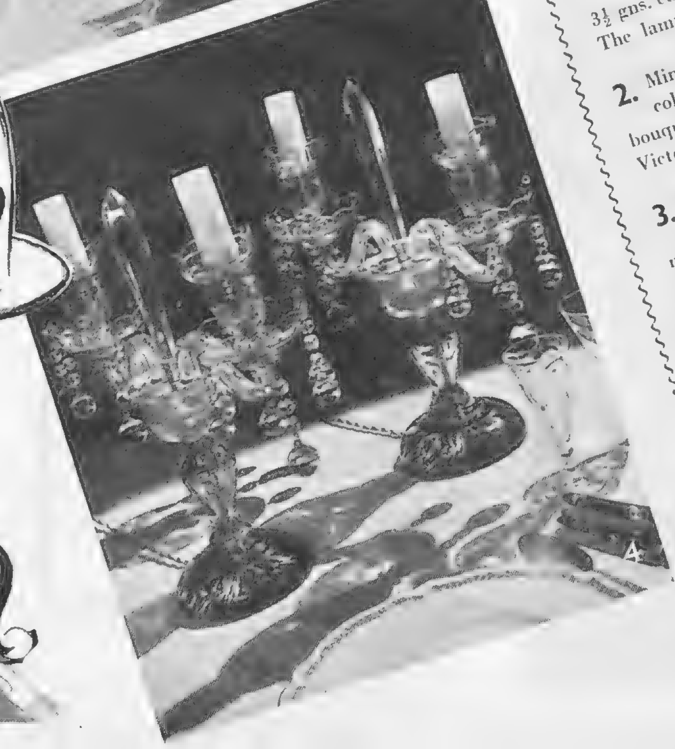

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1. A reproduction sofa table, price £4 19s. 6d., the dining chairs are 3½ gns. each, the wine table 10s. 11d. The lamp, complete, is £4 7s. 11d.

2. Miniature Grecian urn in pastel colouring with a formal china bouquet. Perfect adjunct to the neo-Victorian scheme. Price 17s. 11d.

3. Hand-painted floral glass ashtrays, 3½ inches in diameter, with match slides to match, are a charming asset to a dinner-table scheme. The ashtrays are 2s. 6d. each, and the match slides the same.

4. Pink glass candelabra fitted for electricity. 15 inches high with 13-inch spread. Price 4½ gns. a pair. Postage on all these objects is extra.

Starring STRIPES

Stripes are a big news point for 1939.

From America comes details of some quite beautiful adaptations for interior decoration of the stripes which, over there, are a national symbol. Horizontally striped wallpapers are frequently used to form the nucleus of a decorative scheme.

In one of New York's biggest stores a specimen room has been treated with a horizontally striped wallpaper in softest green and white. The white ceiling paper is carried down to form a scalloped frieze, much as in the sketch on this page. Long windows are classically draped with green satin, slightly deeper in colour than the walls, and the chair covers are of self-striped damask in a rich saffron.

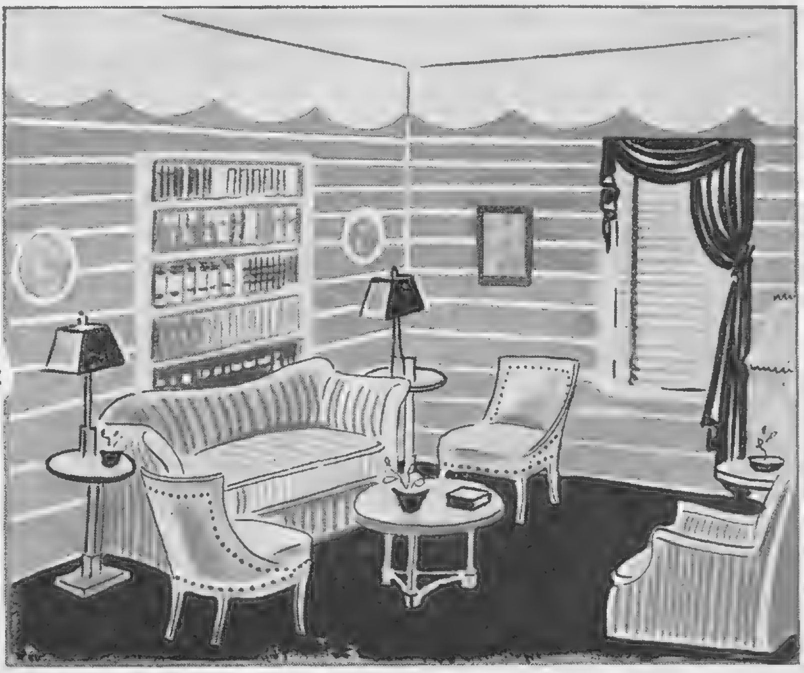
A feature of striped papers and fabrics is their adaptability to either modern or period effects.

Care must be exercised in the use of them, however. A horizontally striped paper makes the room seem lower and should not, therefore, be used in a low-ceilinged apartment. The opposite applies to vertical stripes, which can be used in a low-ceilinged room with excellent results.

The room sketched on this page shows the use of stripes in a room that cleverly combines the modern and the Regency atmosphere.

Right: Chair seats of moire striped in mulberry and white look most charming against a turquoise wallpaper

Below: A horizontal striped wallpaper in pale green and white with a scalloped frieze is used as a background for this unusual modern scheme



Left: Striped wallpapers are being used in 1939 schemes. This paper by Sandersons is available in several colourings.

Below: Rocking chair renovated for a modern room with a striped covering

STRICTLY MASCULINE

One of the most difficult tasks in furnishing and decoration is to do the rooms which will be used mainly by the male members of the family.

Neither the tastes nor the needs of husband and son are ever quite the same.

The elder, as a rule, wants a study on sober, dignified lines where he may smoke and read in undisturbed tranquillity.

The younger, especially if he is still in the process of growing up, wants a lighter and brighter touch which suggests comfort and good taste without a trace of femininity.

The things which man and boy are both certain to want are bookshelves, but the boy is also likely to need additional shelves and cupboards for equipment connected with his hobbies, which may be anything from geology and fossil-hunting to electrical engineering.

Another thing which man and boy are both certain to need is some kind of writing equipment. For a man, a writing table or a pedestal desk with drawers for documents and files is preferable. Most men like a dignified and capacious desk in which to put their personal oddments and don't begrudge its house-room.

The young boy's writing requirements are fully met by a moderate-sized cabinet or bureau.

A particularly important detail in furnishing for an older man is the equipment for smoking. A really good smoker's cabinet in a handsome wood like chestnut or Indian rosewood should occupy a place of honour near the fireside and be within easy reach of his favourite armchair.

Ash-trays, several of them, will also be essential, and if you decide in favour of a smoker's companion (which is a small occasional table with an ash-plate and sometimes a cupboard), you might consider one which is combined with an electrical floor standard.

This being bigger, slightly heavier and more conspicuous, is less liable to be knocked over, and the lamp makes it possible to smoke and read in comfort. Smokes and the electric light are always together, and if one is moved, the other goes too.

Leather is the best material for the man's room armchairs, and while brown hide is both dignified and serviceable, there are possibilities in some of the new coloured leathers. Deep plum, for instance, dark blue, olive green.

The dressing chest in a man's bedroom needs careful consideration. This is the masculine counterpart of a dressing-table, and it well illustrates the fundamental difference in a man's and woman's needs in furnishing.

The ideal dressing-chest should include sliding pull-out trays with vitrolite shelves. Its top should be protected with plate-glass, and there should be a practical but unpretentious mirror, large enough for a head-and-shoulders reflection.

It may also include a shaped hanger and arms on which clothes may be hung in readiness for use.

Do not forget that any of the following are almost certain to please a man: a set of brushes in a leather case; a really handsome collar box; a slipper box; a shaving mirror; an electric razor.

In regard to appropriate colour schemes, there are certain colours, excellent in themselves, which through long use, have come to be associated with feminine things. Peach, rose, apricot, and many other light and delicate shades come in this category.

The best shades to use when decorating for a man are the bolder shades of orange, red, and yellow, the more sober tones of brown, fawn, beige, dove grey, lavender and broken white. Here, again, a boy's room may be lighter and gayer than a room for an older man.

Excellent colour scheme for a man's room would be walls stippled warm havana and chestnut over gold; frieze and ceiling pale biscuit; woodwork, medium golden brown oak; furniture, brown leather and velvet; golden yellow tiles to the fireplace; a Persian rug for the floor with details of brighter colour, such as pink, blue and green.

A study decorated recently for a growing boy has walls in pink-beige and woodwork in blue-green, these colours being balanced by beige and fawn in chair covers and carpeting.—B.B.

1 The living-room in this flat includes several features reminiscent of London club furnishing, among them being the fender seat and red plush curtains. (R. W. Symonds & Partner)

2 A handsome card-table in French walnut with chairs upholstered in red hide. The long sideboard with its green marble top suggests hospitality. (R. W. Symonds & Partner)

3 The dressing-chest is the masculine counterpart to a dressing-table, and is fitted with sliding pull-out trays with vitrolite shelves. This is set against yellow walls.

4 This study, decorated for a growing boy, has walls in pink-beige and blue-green woodwork. There are shelves and cupboards ready for equipment. (R. W. Symonds & Partner)

5 This writing-table part of a useful corner fitment, painted deep brown, with rustless metal handles. Tables and chairs are rosewood, the chairs covered in blue leather.

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FASHIONS BY JEAN BURNUP, EDITOR, WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

Workmanlike

The blouse beneath this tailored suit is a ready-made Viyella, which you can buy in a range of good self colours or stripes for 12/11. Down the back is a large inverted pleat.

Jaunty

Little pink woollen jacket, navy striped over a navy dirndl-skirt dress, its high bodice buttoned from waist to neck. Dorville.

Women with laundering fingers can get ready to work on the crisp white touches of piqué, linen, organdie, embroderie anglaise which will trim little-girlish navy suits and dresses this spring. I know it is the same old story each year, but there it is—we like it, and sometimes the designers give us what we like.

A line that repeats and repeats is the full-length loose coat, straight, tailored, either for sports or town wear. Mainbocher does a beauty in navy and white pin-stripe. Schiaparelli's are big and bulky, in rough tawny colours.

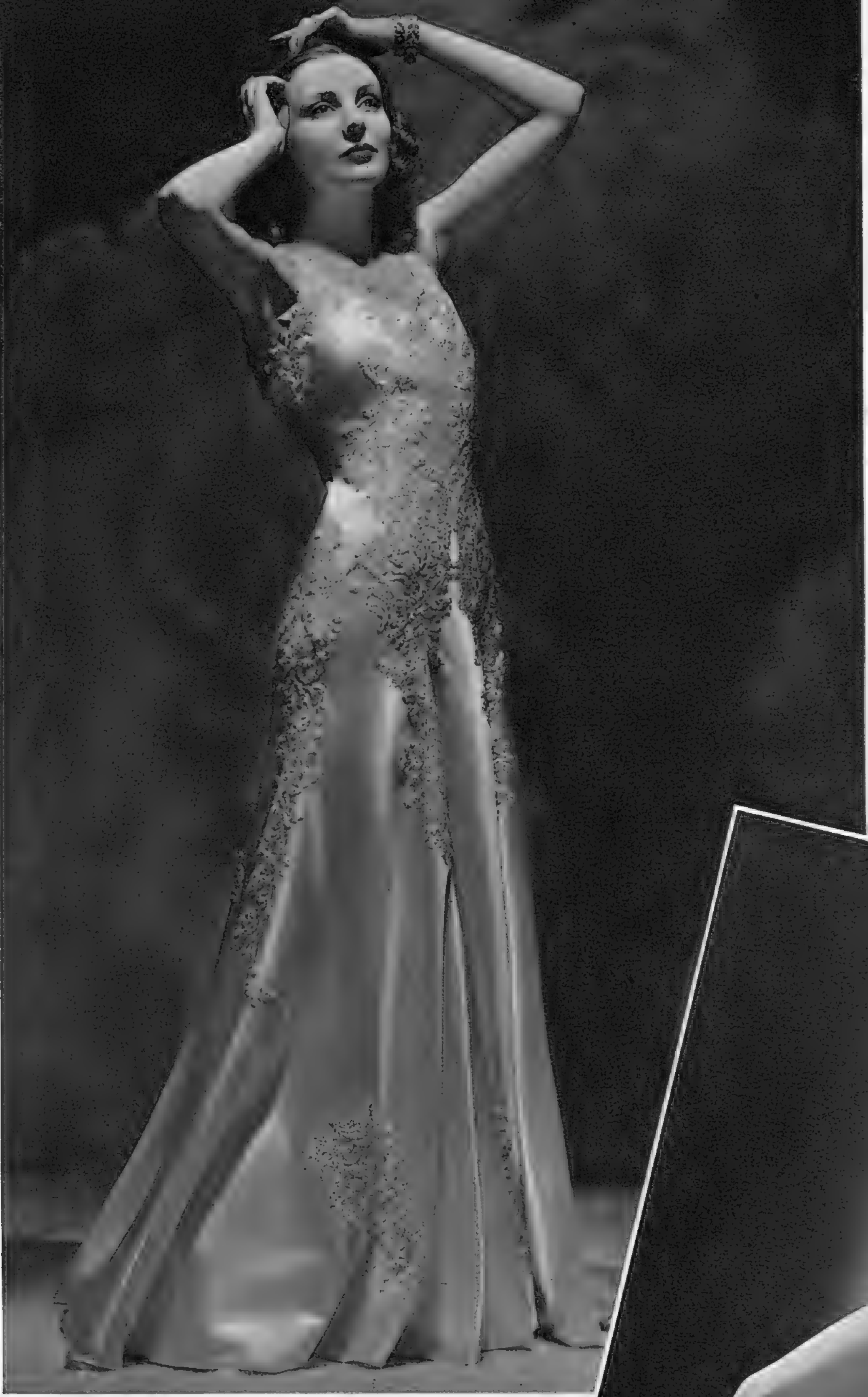
A new silhouette is the fully pleated or gored skirt, dropping to a front point beneath a tight corseleted waist.

Youthful tailleurs have plaid skirts and plain tweed jackets, and the reverse. With these you wear rather rakish crush felts uplifted at one side. The jackets mould the hips, nip in at the waists.

Contrast suits persist, for sports and town. There are dirndl or fully pleated dresses with little contrast jackets, like the Dorville on the left. Different size buttons are a whimsical, flat fur an inevitable, jacket trimming.

Day dresses stress a high bosom by careful draping, have fullish skirts, either gored, pleated or flared.

Petticoats are a big excitement. They go, and, what 's more, show, beneath every sort of day frock in heavy serge, wool, crêpe, taffeta. Dark dresses show two inches of white frilled petticoats; a pink woollen dress will have a couple of navy-and-white spot taffeta flounces showing beneath it.

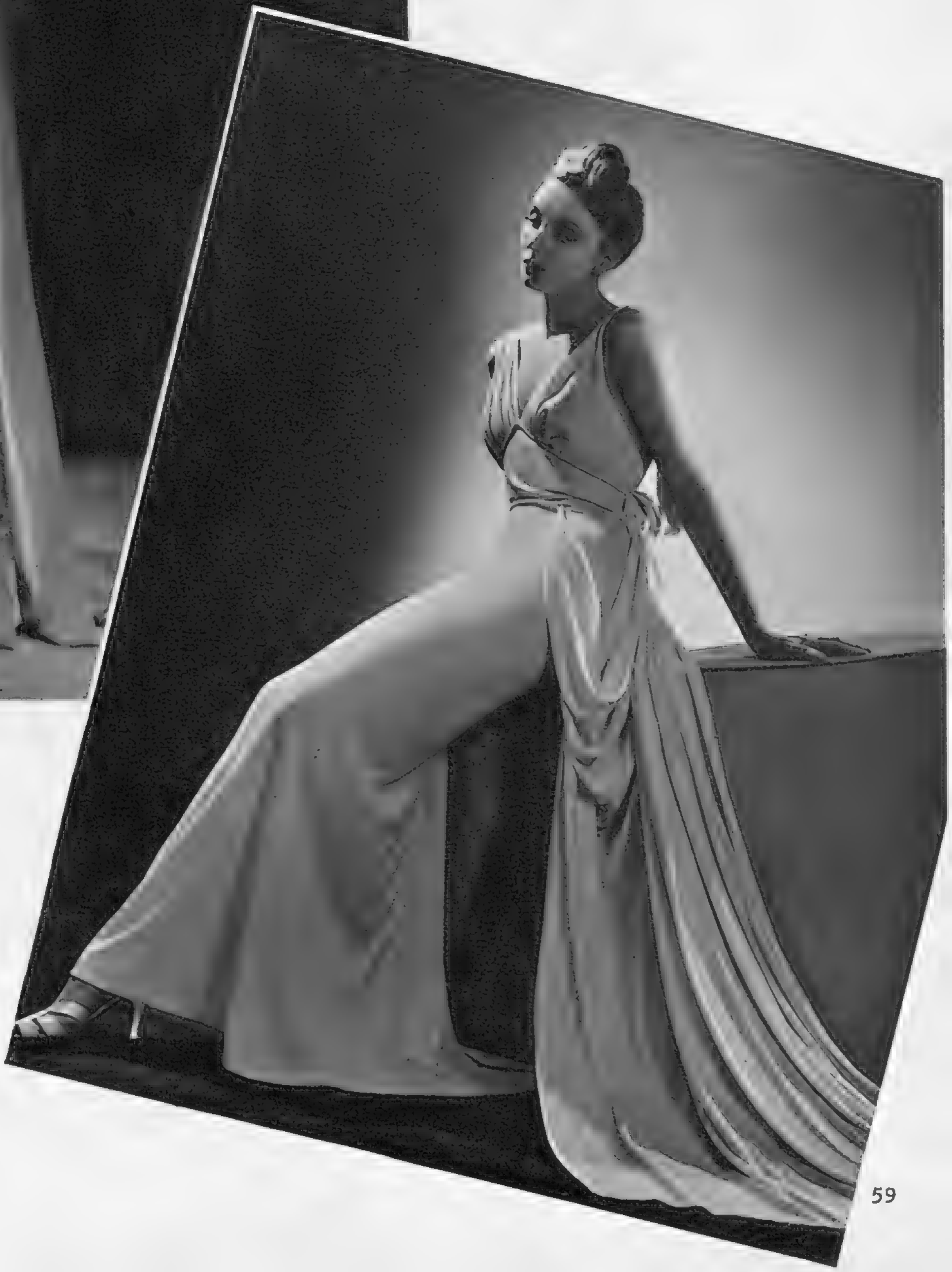


Timeless

White satin, encrusted with a flower design of sequins and net. Debenham & Freebody.

Classical

A triumph of drapery in dead white Celanese crêpe jersey. H. J. Nicolls.



Dinner dresses follow the demure cover-up neck and sleeves tradition, are long, sleek, hobble-skirted, or have the tight bodices, enormously full skirts, of Victorian house-frocks.

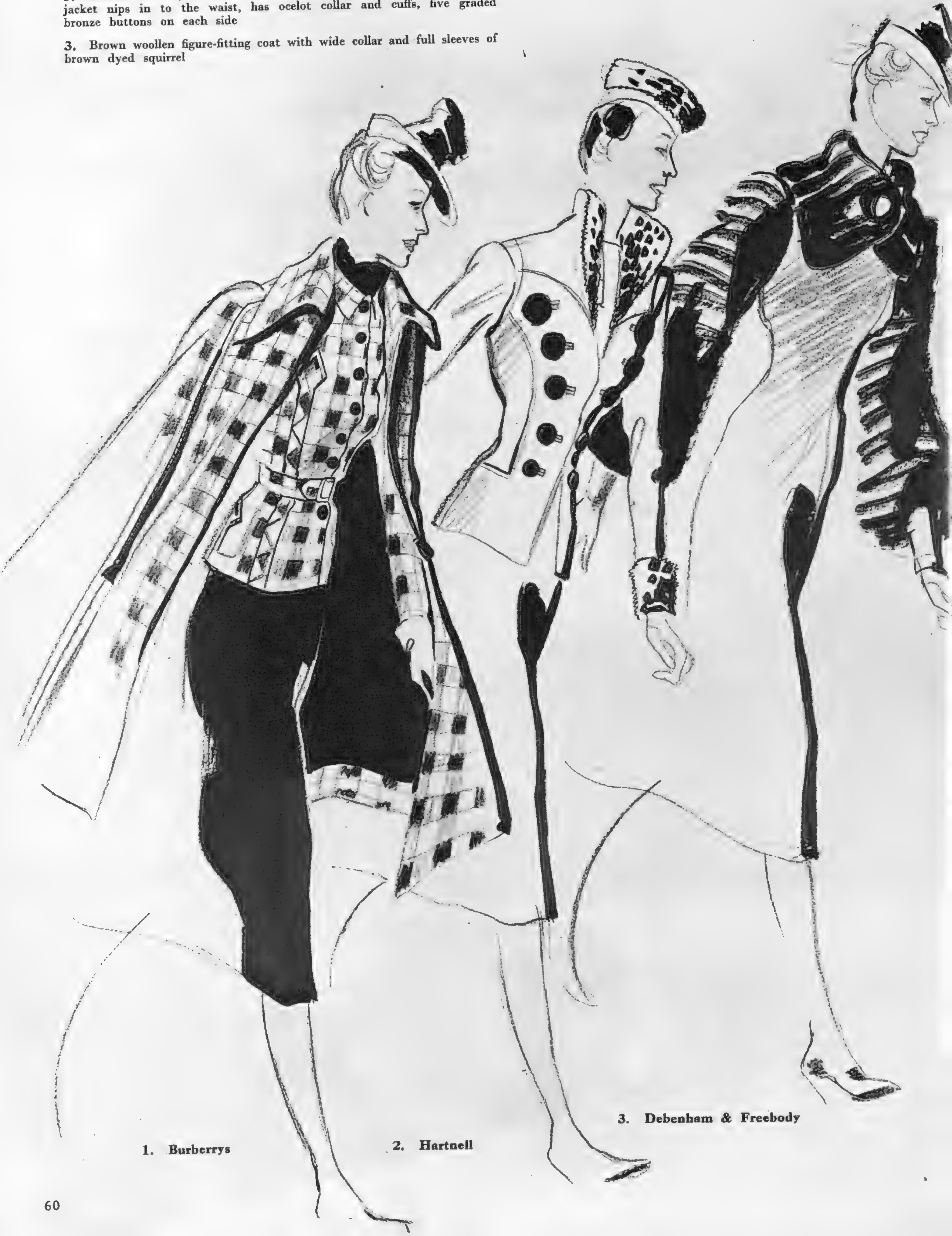
Skin-tight evening jackets, coming well below hips, are covered in coloured patches. Velvet masks are worn, not for fancy dress, but straight, for evening. That is Schiaparelli, of course, whose mid-season collection was pure carnival, with clown buttons, pierrot-headed hatpins, harlequin hats, pierrot ruffles, and all that sort of fun.

Ear-rings of white sapphire curl all over the ears, top and bottom. Clips form shoulder epaulettes. Moiré is first evening favourite. A coif, framing the face, drops about the shoulders to form a waist-length cape.

1. Blue-green and grey check tweed jacket with interesting cross-cut banding detail, blue-green skirt. The cape zips up front, has two arm-slits, also zipping

2. Brown woollen, slim-line dress with a high square neck. The jacket nips in to the waist, has ocelot collar and cuffs, five graded bronze buttons on each side

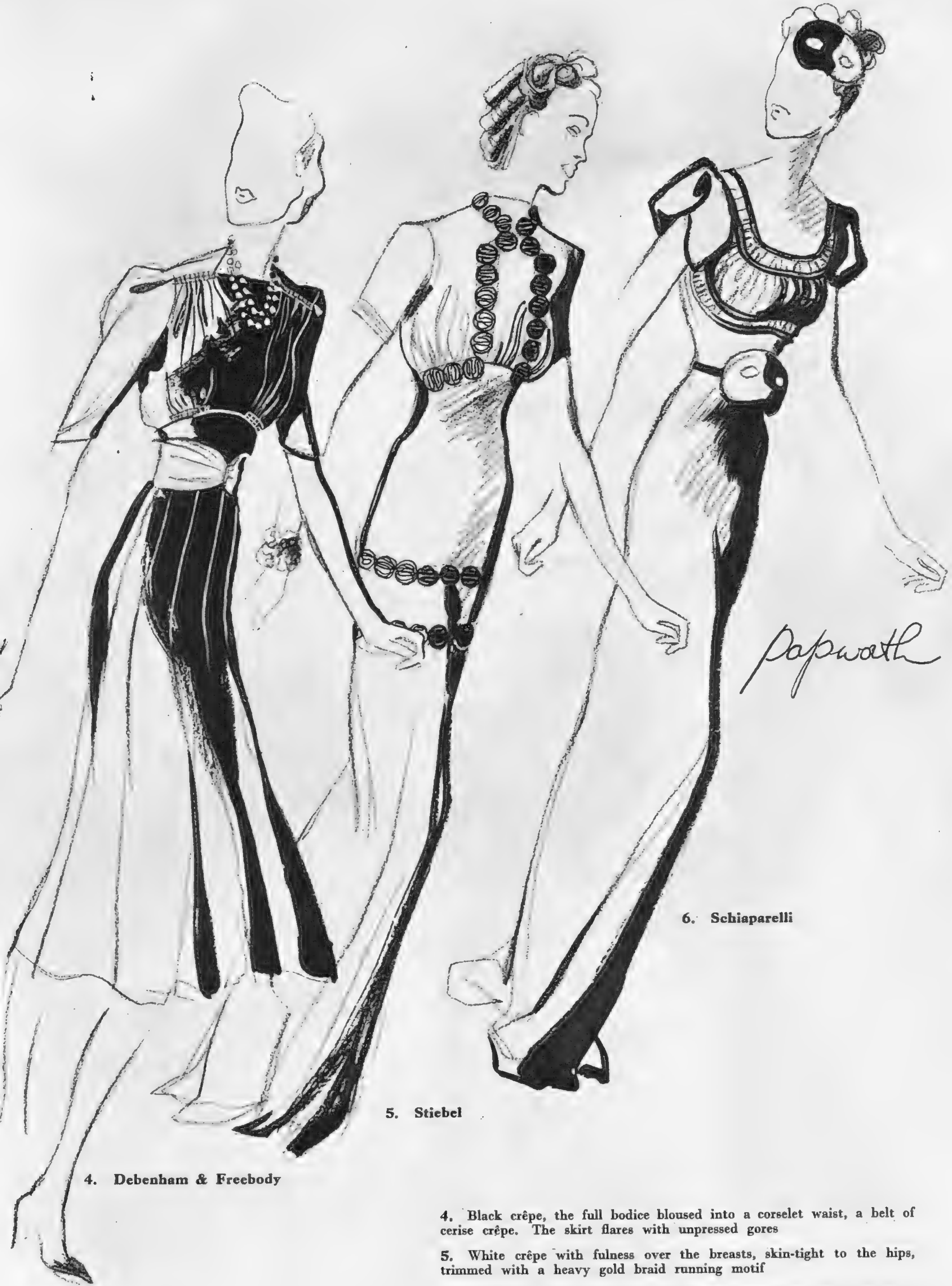
3. Brown woollen figure-fitting coat with wide collar and full sleeves of brown dyed squirrel



3. **Debenham & Freebody**

1. **Burberrys**

2. **Hartnell**



6. **Schiaparelli**

5. **Stiebel**

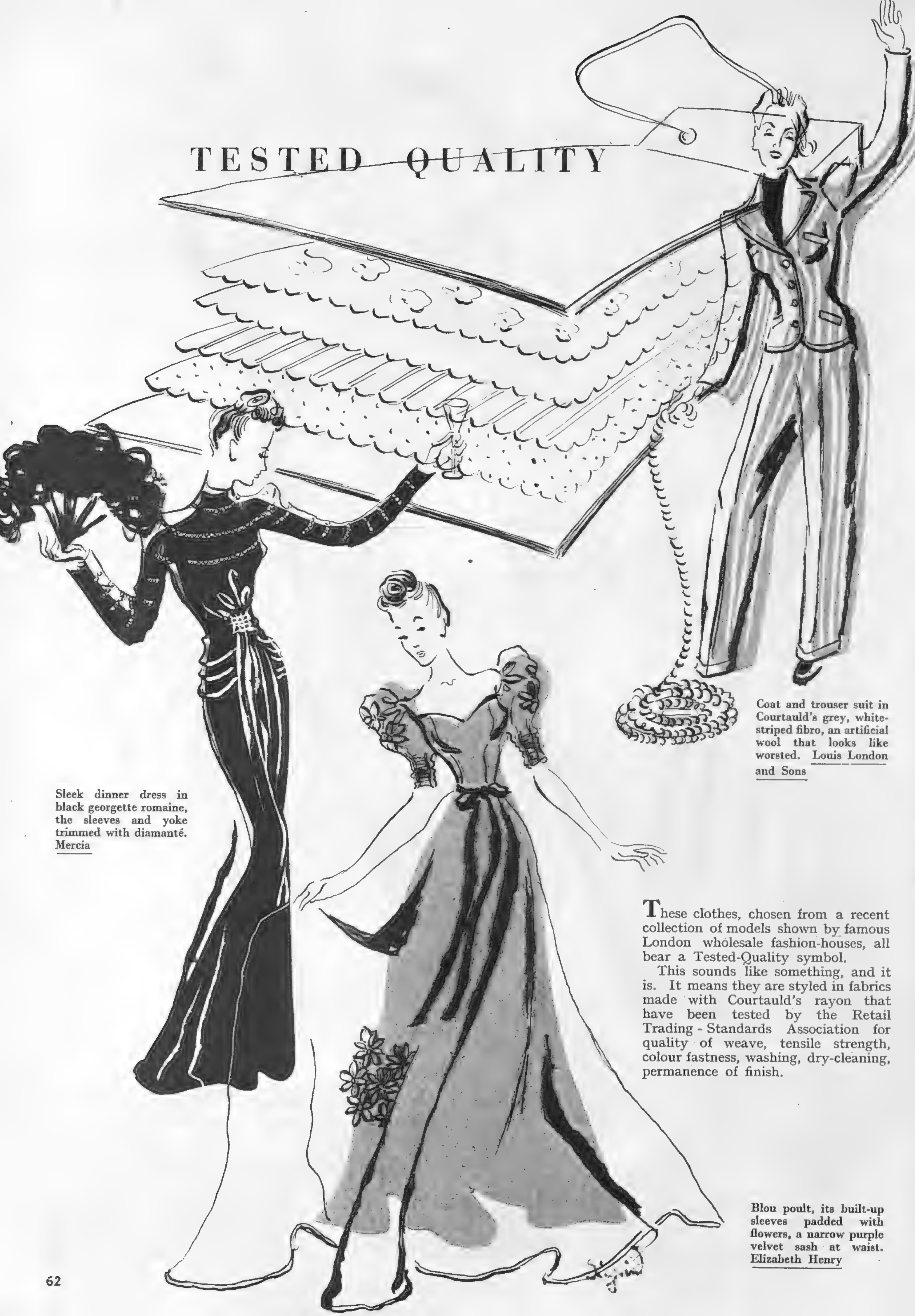
4. **Debenham & Freebody**

4. Black crêpe, the full bodice bloused into a corselet waist, a belt of cerise crêpe. The skirt flares with unpressed gores

5. White crêpe with fulness over the breasts, skin-tight to the hips, trimmed with a heavy gold braid running motif

6. Turquoise blue velvet with an Empire breast-line, puff sleeves, a narrow cerise belt. The masks at waist and on hair are half cerise, half turquoise

TESTED QUALITY



Coat and trouser suit in Courtauld's grey, white-striped fibro, an artificial wool that looks like worsted. Louis London and Sons

Sleek dinner dress in black georgette romaine, the sleeves and yoke trimmed with diamanté. Mercia

These clothes, chosen from a recent collection of models shown by famous London wholesale fashion-houses, all bear a Tested-Quality symbol.

This sounds like something, and it is. It means they are styled in fabrics made with Courtauld's rayon that have been tested by the Retail Trading - Standards Association for quality of weave, tensile strength, colour fastness, washing, dry-cleaning, permanence of finish.

Blou poult, its built-up sleeves padded with flowers, a narrow purple velvet sash at waist. Elizabeth Henry

SHOES IN THE NEWS

First Row : Braided kid trims a navy suède lace-up shoe. Archrite Shoe from London Shoe Company. 29s. 6d.

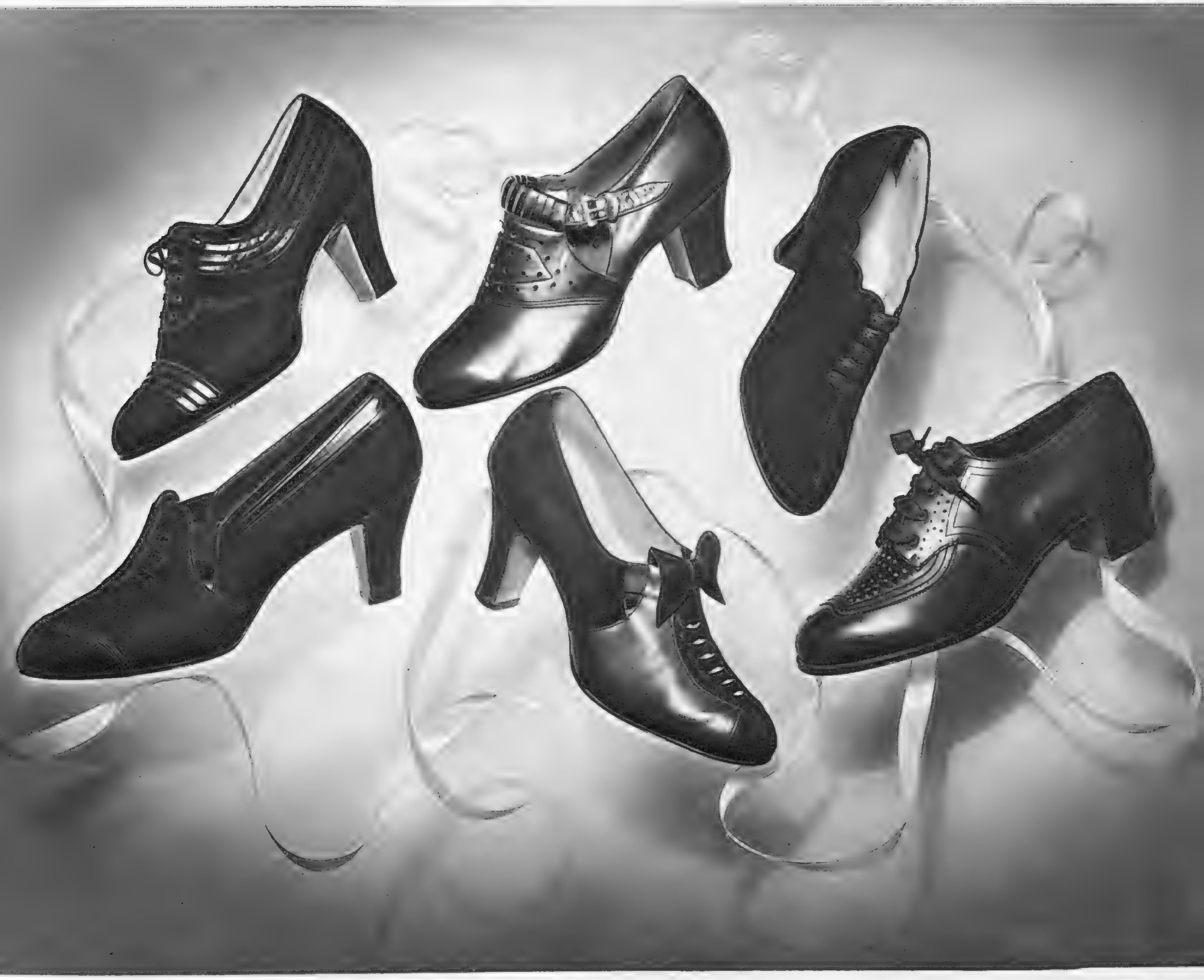
Medium-heeled willow calf shoe, made on an American last. A Rhythm Step model from D. H. Evans. 35s. 9d.

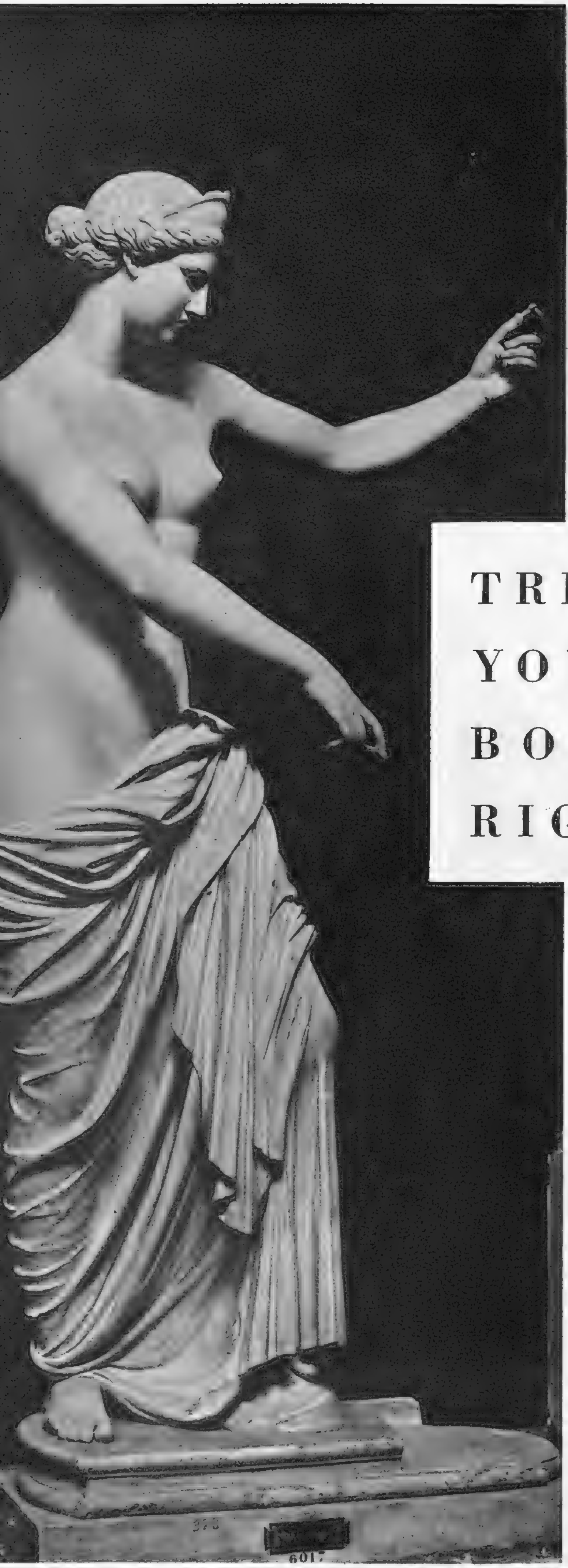
High-fronted, stitched, scalloped. A Styl-eez shoe in black, brown or blue suède. From Lilley and Skinner. 29s. 6d.

Second Row : The new coppery-wine shade, in a cleverly designed suède and calf step-in. It also comes in dark brown, navy. Arch Preserver from Selfridge's, Manfield's. 39s. 9d.

A Dorothy Dodd model in supple tan suède and kid, with a high-fronted turn-over mock bow finish. Charles H. Baber, Ltd. 65s.

A Vani-Tred Derby shoe in tan calf, with attractively punched front. John Lewis. 25s. 9d.





TREAT YOUR BODY RIGHT

What do you do? Overfeed? Under-sleep? Take too little exercise? Smoke too much? Have irregular meals?

The truth is we all misuse our bodies, because we are so busy living. But we could easily throw off the consequences of this misuse, if we only stood consistently upright and breathed correctly.

Our bodies are so exquisitely adjusted, and the team-work between organs is so perfect, that they will automatically correct the effects of excess, poison and strain, if only we give them a chance to function.

How could an engine work if it were all crumpled-up instead of being in alignment? Yet that is precisely the way we set our bodies, walking or sitting.

A slouching student's walk, a crouch over the fire, a hump over the typewriter or desk: these positions place the system out of focus. They are certainly responsible for most of the bad eyesight in the country.

The spine is a vital source of well-being: curve it, and the vigour that should be radiated from the spinal cord is misdirected. Under these circumstances, sufficient nerve-force does not reach the eyes. Moreover, under a bad posture, circulation goes to blazes, because the lungs are not adequately filled or emptied and the blood is not purified. So that, wherever you are, hold yourself well and breathe properly.

These things govern posture and are responsible for breath and balance: an upright head and shoulders, outstretched feet, and a straight middle spine—that is, a middle spine that does not curve in.

To make sure that you are standing correctly, place yourself bare-footed flat against the door. Head and shoulders should touch the door, arms drop from the shoulders like lead, relaxed and slightly forward, to make certain the shoulders are not raised. Knees and ankles should touch, and feet be turned outwards, so that there is a V between the big toes, closing at the ankles. (I shall return to the feet.)

Now, the back of your hips should also be touching the door; raise and pull in your stomach by trying to make the small of your back or mid-spine also touch the door.

It will be difficult, but if you succeed you will have perfect stance.

Keep the pose, and walk up and down the room on one board, or between one border in a carpet.

Go to an open window and empty the lungs—by slight coughing first, until you feel the lower lung-pockets collapsing—keep the lungs empty for a count of four or six, breathe in to the same count, keep them filled and breathe out, keeping the lungs empty and repeating to the same rhythm.

Do this consciously at least ten times. You can keep count by folding a finger each time your lungs are empty, until your hands are clenched.

Practise walking and breathing to pulse, in correct posture, and you will be following the finest exercise for health and beauty in the world.

Whenever you sit, whether at meals, at work, or before your dressing-table, make certain that your mid-spine feels as though it were still touching the door. Be certain to correct up on this from time to time.

It is a fact that, after holding yourself in this position for three days, you will have gained such an influx of energy you will never want to concertina up in an armchair again. Not that you will be stiff, but you will be so strong that flopping will be both unnecessary and uncomfortable.

You are bound to feel slightly tired for the first day or so; any conscious effort makes one tired. But if you feel unduly tired, visit a spine specialist.

(*Continued on page* 99

If you require further details or want

write to me at Britannia and Eve,

NEVER NEGLECT YOUR NECK

BY CHRYSIS

If one thing remains to stamp a woman with age these days and to damage her appeal, it is a neglected neck.

I hope that has shown you how it looks. For the strange truth is that while one hundred per cent of women industriously add lustre to their faces, ninety-five per cent continue to overlook their necks.

This is because a neck is insufficiently apparent to its owner, while it is trebly noticeable to the observer, for whom it either sets or mars a face.

Yet how many women can you remember as having a beautiful throat? Not more than would fill the fingers of one hand, I am certain. And how many have you seen whose necks are a totally different colour from their faces, because make-up ended at the jaw?

I know these cases are becoming less frequent. But take *yourself*—do you, for instance, always start making-up, cleansing or feeding your face from the base of the throat?

If you do, you have learned the lesson that a lovely throat is about the most aristocratic feature a woman can possess: as important a hall-mark to her personality as good hands and feet. You need give no more than a casual look over this page. Others, myself included, are going to take heed.

There is a cosmetic that will transform the meanest throat: a make-up foundation cream called Velvet of Peaches. It has been designed to impart radiance by an expert in skin shades and textures, and brings swift remedy to the situation.

First wipe face and throat with a tonic called Skin Freshener; this leaves a lovely iced feeling. Then smooth in the cream upwards from just below the V of the throat to the temples and everywhere very carefully, even round the back of the ears. It will spread from under your fingers and of itself form an even film.

There is no sensation of grease on the skin, or of anything on the skin, only of a new buoyancy. And that is exactly what it confers to the glance: new life, youth, sheen. It is obtainable in five shades; suitable for oily, dry or normal skins; it hides blemishes; it looks and keeps looking clean.

The less make-up you use—yes, even of Velvet of Peaches—the brighter your radiance. The gloss on a butterfly's wing is achieved by a microscopic powder-dusting. The finishing coat of paint to a wall has to be as thin as thin over an even surface to give transparence.

To eliminate discoloration and provide the perfect foundation, use a cell-stimulating circulation cream.

First prepare face and throat with a special cleansing cream which might almost be called an *emptying* cream. Then apply the circulation cream, which seems to whip up the blood in all the capillaries, without, however, bringing these to the surface. Be careful to leave a wide space round the eyes, for this cream is apt to sting. And do not leave it on for more than twenty minutes as this is absorption point.

It can be applied during the day before make-up. Or at night. But do not sleep with it on. Remove with cotton-wool pads soaked with skin freshener. Use twice a week.

A normalising agent is what is required to clear secretions which have clogged certain pores. These account for both gooseflesh and roughness, for while the natural skin oils have been drawn into particular cells until these have become distended, the neighbouring cells have been bereft.

An oxygenated or irradiated cream will do the trick. First wash the throat and face with warm water and a super-fatted soap. Rinse in fresh warm water and leave wet. Now spread the cream lavishly from the base of the throat.

It is essential that this preparation should be applied on a wet surface, as water activates the oxygen atoms which would otherwise remain dormant.

Leave for twenty minutes and (*Continued on page* 110)

help for your individual problems,

32–34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

FACE VALUES

SKIN

Your skin reflects your inner health. An impoverished blood condition—anæmia—may be the cause of blemishes. Try iron and yeast tablets. Faulty elimination is another source of trouble. Yeast is good again. Low alkalinity, rheumatism are other enemies of skin loveliness, so watch out. In between time go for deep pore cleanliness and regular toning and feeding.

TEETH

You are lucky if your teeth are shapely, but even so be watchful. Pyorrhœa puts finis to beauty. Use a stiff toothbrush. Brush down towards the edges. Never up towards the gums. Fly to the dentist at the very first sign of bleeding.

HAIR

Shun cheap perms. Your hair will pay in the end. Don't look entirely to lotions to restore gloss and abundance. For scurf and greyness try one drop of iodine in a glass of milk daily. Increase by one drop each day to ten, then go down the scale to one again. Start afresh.

To maintain lustrous hair take a dessertspoonful of olive-oil each day. Make a habit of it.

EYES

Shape and colouring apart, eyes must be bright and clear to be beautiful. Perfect inner cleanliness is essential. No sluggishness.

For wrinkles round the eyes look to your sight. You may be squinting. Look to your temper, too, you may be frowning. Try light massage with warm, sweet oil. Stroke upwards in a rotary motion towards the brow.

FUR PHILOSOPHY

Whatever your conscience has been saying to you about the extravagance of that fur coat you are wearing this year, there is this thought with which to comfort yourself. See how it lasts.

A good fur coat should see you through four or five years—unless you choose one of the notoriously soft and short-lived skins. If you take reasonable care of your coat its lustre and its comfort will last. But you *must* care for it. Treat your coat like a pet.

Guard its health and beauty while you are wearing and while you're not. Whenever you feel like relaxing and treating it like any old coat, remember what you paid for it. . . .

Never sit down on it unless you must. Unfasten it and move the skirt part to one side. Don't ever sit down in a fur coat that is fastened. You are putting an unbearable strain upon the seams.

Raise it a little off the shoulders before you sit, if you can remember to, it prevents a lot of unhealthy dragging on the shoulder seams.

Remember always about having the coat unbuttoned when you put your hat on or off. When, in fact, you do anything with upraised arms.

Try not to carry your handbag always under the same arm so that a raw patch appears where it is most seen. Try not to carry it under your arm at all. It should be easy just now when all the best handbags are made to carry by the handle.

Look out for the kind of thing that wears cuffs bare at the edges and elbows. Don't lean on tables.

If your fur coat goes out in the rain, shake it lightly from the hem when you get home until all loose moisture is gone. Then wipe it very gently with a cloth. Finish by stroking softly with a soft hair brush the *wrong* way of the fur. Never smooth a fur flat for any reason at all. Its natural position is erect and this is the way its full beauty and lustre is seen.

Finish drying off a wet coat in a cool place, preferably in a draught. Never, if you value your furs put them near a fire or hang them on a radiator. Nothing could be more ruinous to their appearance or their qualities of durability.

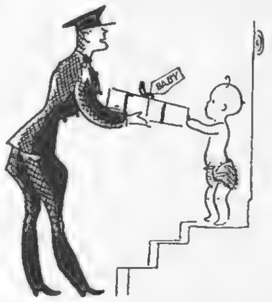
Hang your coat in a cool cupboard or wardrobe. Never put it away damp.

Beat it all over with a small cane occasionally to remove the dust which accumulates deep in the fur. Keep a soft brush to groom it with and, remember, brush it the wrong way.

MARY YOUNG'S GUIDE

1

Is there a storm brewing over your teapots? Do tragedies occur like the one when rich Aunt Sophia came to tea and the lid of the pot fell into her silken lap? Do tea stains darken your fine bed linen where drips have dropped when pouring your early cupper? Take heart. These things will never happen again if you invest in a captive stand that clips on to tea or coffee pot, which prevents drips and marks on linen or trays, and keeps the lid firmly in its place.



2

A father's devotion to his baby seldom makes him tolerant of broken nights, or of the spectacle of baby's most intimate garments hanging up to dry all over the house at all hours. The domestic air can now be cleared of all this by making use of a new service for babies. Three times weekly an enterprising firm will collect, wash, sterilise and return your baby's nappies in a sterilised container. The cost is 3s. 6d. for fifty-six (less for greater numbers), and if baby is short of nappies they lend him extra ones for a small additional charge.

3

Don't believe them when they tell you that scent should never, never, *never* be put on to clothes. Ask them instead to take note, if they have not done so already, of your new perfume that can safely be dabbed, patted, sprayed, or whatever your technique may be, on the most delicate fabrics without harm. They will spring another argument, of course, and ask you what happens when the scent gets stale. The answer to that one is: it doesn't; neither does custom wither its infinite allure. Your friends will be equally intrigued by the smart square flacon in which your new perfume comes: and they will envy the price, too.

4

Radio-activity—and I don't mean listening to dance rhythms while you work—is a name to conjure with these days. Perhaps the conjurers are right; for, certainly, the latest achievement in this line makes you blink. It seems that the corset world has captured the radio-active element: snared it, as you might say, in the soft meshes of lastex lace. Its presence gives extra warmth without extra weight or bulk; it helps to make you slimmer and soothes winter aches. Note, please, that radio-active corsets are available in corselette or belt style.

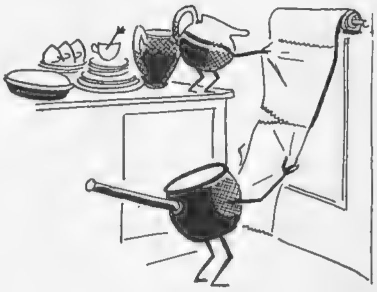
AN INVITATION

If any of the subjects discussed here answer your own problems write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4 giving the numbers in which you are interested

TO A PLEASANTER LIFE

5

A chimney sweep in an envelope is a good deal cleaner and handier than a sweep on two sooty legs; a good deal more convenient, too. For you cannot do much when the sweep is shooting his rods up the chimney, except sit among the dust sheets and brood while soot around you falls. But with a packet of chimney cleaning compound to hand, life can go on as usual. All you have to do is to sift the contents in between the wood and the coal, light the fire and let the chimney clear itself. No mess. No soot. No sweep. It is as simple as that. And the cost per packet is 1s.



6

Q. What is worse than washing up?
A. Washing the tea cloths with which you wash up. I'm sure that every woman who has to do this infuriating job will agree with the above answer. Equally sure that she will add : "It is a job that's *got* to be done. So what?" So lay in a stock of paper towel rolls and give up washing tea cloths. Paper towels can be used to clean stoves, pans, mop up liquids, drain and dry foods, polish glass. Here is labour-saving hygiene at minimum cost: for a penny buys a dozen towels.

7

I agree that no woman can be lovelier than a tree; especially a birch tree. So tall is the birch; so slender; so supple as it bends to the wind. Perhaps it is something to do with the birch tree's natural elegance that makes its juices beneficial to the human figure. Anyway; there it is. Birch juice is the latest in slimming cures. And a very pleasant cure it is, too. The full story about birch juice for slimming is told in an interesting booklet on juices for health and beauty. Yours for three penny stamps.

8

Massage makes the nails grow younger. And a little of this treatment every day is what the nail doctors order and the nail seldom gets, which is just too bad for our nails. As they get older they get drier, and as they get drier they crack and give us a peck of trouble. To the rescue comes a new cream for keeping nails supple, for making the surfaces smoother, for restoring the natural lustre. It removes dead cuticle and cigarette stains. Rub it in every night and watch your nails grow lovelier. The price is 6d.

9

You don't need me to tell you that there are moments of embarrassment in every girl's life, when she finds her hands are damp from nerves or excitement; or when she finds that the heat of a crowded room is ruining her party make-up. Well, here is a new casual way to put matters right, deodorant petals, which, when passed over the skin leave it heavenly cool with a fragrance that lingers on. The petals come, a dozen at a time, ready saturated for use, in handbag-size, airtight containers. Price per box is 6d.

10

Good-bye to draughts, fire-hugging, burned shins, scorched walls and furniture. Thermostatically controlled heaters (portable or built-in) bring warmth right through the room at temperatures of your own choosing. Just switch on and let the thermostat deal with draughts and cold corners. The heater can be used alone or in conjunction with an open fire; the thermostat obligingly takes care of waste by lowering the electric power when the room gets sufficiently warmed. Running costs (to answer the question in your mind) are no more than those of an ordinary electric fire.

When You Don't Want This

for SUNDAY SUPPER

Try Some of These:

Salade Saint Jean

One large tin of tunny fish.
One head of celery.
Salt, pepper, Worcester sauce, lemon.
Lettuce or other green salad.
Two or three tomatoes.
Cheshire cheese.

Put the tunny fish into a salad bowl with its oil, break the pieces with a fork, add the tomatoes cut in pieces, also the celery, chopped. Season with pepper and a good flavouring of Worcester sauce. Stir very well and surround with the lettuce leaves sprinkled with salt and squeezed with lemon. Serve as hors d'œuvre, or with the addition of a few quarters of hard-boiled egg it could be used as a main dish.

Salade Lorraine

Two large potatoes boiled in their skins.
Four tomatoes, one beetroot, one shallot.
Two hard-boiled eggs.
One large slice of lean ham.
Half a dozen fillets of anchovies in oil.
Salt, pepper, vinegar and olive-oil, parsley.

Peel the vegetables, shell the eggs, trim the ham. Cut the vegetables in cubes, add the ham, cut into small pieces, the eggs, also cut into pieces and the anchovies chopped. Sprinkle with shallot, finely chopped, and dress with salt, pepper, vinegar and oil. When ready to serve, sprinkle with chopped parsley. This is a typical hors d'œuvre salad which makes an excellent informal supper main dish.

Œufs Brouillés

Two eggs for each person.
Salt, pepper, butter.
Seasoning and fillings.

Carefully made œufs brouillés—not watery, scrambled eggs—are excellent as a first course for this meal; a supper consisting of say *Œufs brouillés au saffron*, for instance, would be perfect before the Salade Lorraine.

Au Saffron

Melt a piece of butter in a thick pan, add a tiny pinch of saffron powder, then pour in the eggs, well beaten, and seasoned with salt and pepper into a thick saucepan, and stir until they are thick and creamy. Do not over-cook for they will soon become dry and leathery.

Au Fromage

Treat in the same way, adding grated cheese to taste, this to be put in the bowl with the eggs before they are beaten.

Ham and Cheese Canapés

Fried bread.
Grated cheese, lean ham, pepper.
Cayenne pepper, butter.

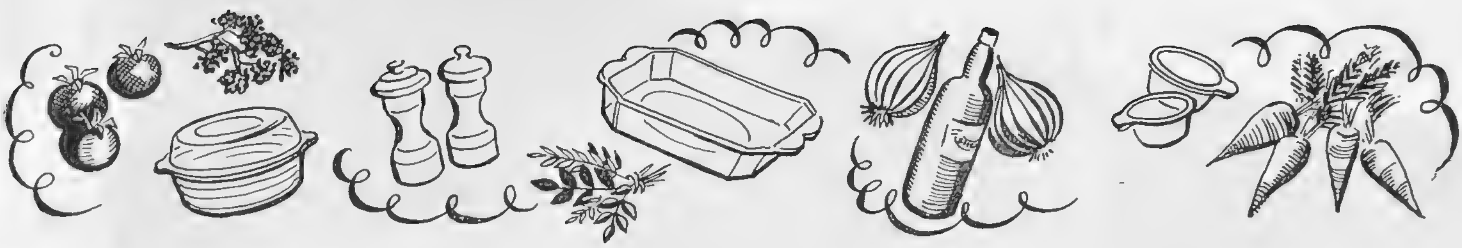
Have ready some neat rounds (or some other shapes) of crisply fried bread and cut out pieces of lean ham to fit them exactly. Place the ham on the *croûtons* and sprinkle very generously with grated cheese, a mixture of parmesan and gruyère being the best. Melt a little butter in a frying pan, put in the *croûtons* flat, not on top of each other, and baste the tops with hot butter to brown them slightly. Remove and drain well and dust with cayenne pepper.

Rognons de Veau Flambés

One veal kidney, butter.
One-eighth of a pint of cream.
French mustard, half a lemon.
Salt, pepper, cayenne pepper.
A liqueur glass of brandy.

The kidney should be skinned and browned on both sides—no more—in butter. Now cut it into small pieces, not using the hard core. Put back the pieces in the pan. Pour over the brandy and when it is warm set it alight. Let it burn, shaking the pan until the flames die out.

Now pour in the cream and bring it to the boil, adding salt, pepper and a small spoonful of French mustard. Cook until the cream thickens and just before serving squeeze the juice of the half lemon on which you have sprinkled cayenne pepper. Shake the pan and you have a most delicious and quite elaborate dish.



EN CASSEROLE

By A. H. Adair

Winter Vegetable Pie

Tomatoes, onions, carrots, one banana, one eating apple, salt, pepper, bacon fat, curry powder.
Atora Suet crust.

Peel and cut up the onions and tomatoes; peel the carrots and chop these finely; a pound of onions, one of tomatoes and half a pound of carrots.

Take a fireproof dish—a pie-dish shape—and put in some bacon fat. Brown the onions, add the tomatoes and cook together for a few minutes. Put in the chopped carrots, salt, pepper and add curry powder to taste, mixing it well in; cook for ten minutes.

Now add boiling water to come level with the vegetables, and cook until all the water has evaporated, leaving just a thick *purée*. Cover with a pie dough made with Atora Suet and bake in the oven until the crust is done and browned. This very unusual pie can be varied by using meat or fish curries, and also by adding a slightly sweet touch with one banana and one apple peeled and cut up. They should be put in with the carrots.

Veau Provençale

One pound of stewing veal.
Two tablespoonfuls tomato *purée*
Olive-oil, salt, pepper, garlic.
Half a dozen olives.
White meat stock.

Trim the veal very carefully of all fat, gristle, etc., and cut into pieces about an inch and a half square. Fry these for a few minutes, turning on all sides in olive-oil in a fireproof dish. Add the tomato *purée*, also one clove of garlic finely chopped, salt and pepper.

Cook together for ten minutes or so, stirring or shaking the pan occasionally. Add now sufficient meat stock to come almost level with the meat, salt and pepper. Cover the dish and cook gently for an hour and a quarter to a half. If it becomes too dry add a little more stock if necessary.

Ragoût à la Bonne Femme

Two pounds of lean brisket of beef
Two rashers of streaky bacon.
Butter or beef dripping.
Flour, olive-oil.
Parsley, thyme, bay leaf, garlic.
Stock, dry sherry.

Cut the meat, well trimmed, into small pieces, and brown these in the casserole in butter or good dripping, turning on all sides with the rashers cut in small cubes. Sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper, and cook for five minutes or so. Now add (hot) sufficient stock to come level with the meat and a glass of dry sherry.

Put in a *bouquet* of thyme, parsley and bay leaf. Bring to the boil, cover the casserole and let it simmer for at least two hours. Throw away the *bouquet* of herbs and serve. Some people add dumplings made with Atora Suet but much smaller than the usual dumpling, which go very well with this ragoût.

Chicken or Game Pie

Left-over chicken or pheasant, ham.
One onion, parsley, salt, pepper.
Butter, purée of potatoes.

Any left-over birds can be used. Remove all the flesh from the carcasses, trimming it well, and chop it or pass it through the coarse knife of the mincer, adding also the ham. Meanwhile peel and chop one onion and brown this in butter in a flat fire-proof dish. Add the meat, salt, pepper and chopped parsley and stir well. Cover with a half-inch layer of very smooth *purée* of potatoes, put a tiny blob of butter here and there, and brown in the oven.

Faisan aux Pommes

One pheasant.
A quarter of a pint of cream.
Six eating-apples.
Salt, pepper, butter.

Have the pheasant prepared and trussed as for roasting. Melt a small piece of butter in a fire-proof dish (oval in shape and big enough to take the pheasant very comfortably). Brown the pheasant on all sides in this. Peel, core and cut the apples into small pieces and put them in the dish on both sides of the bird. Add the cream, salt and pepper and cover the dish with its lid. Put the dish in a hot oven and cook for at least twenty minutes or longer if the apples are not quite soft.

By Louisa Kay

THE MOTHER TOUCH

"Babycraft is all right but it's mothering that counts," a young mother said to me once. And she was right.

You can't lay down hard and fast rules on the subject of baby management. With each child an individual having idiosyncracies, habits peculiarly his own. How can you?

This is why mothers are so often disappointed when their strictly scientific routines come to grief.

Naturally they are puzzled. They study the best authorities, follow instructions to the letter. Rearing a baby sounds so easy as written in the books yet it doesn't always work out. Why?

It is a question of individualism and the individual interpretation of a system laid down for many. The thing that is good for one child will not do at all for another.

Suppose as a mother you follow the teaching of the best authorities on Babycraft. By them you are given to understand that so long as the child's diet is scientifically balanced and he is free from organic infection, correctly disciplined and comfortably clothed he will progress smoothly and prove a model child.

You follow the rules. You make a fetish of them. Nothing will induce you to depart from your scientific routine. And still things go wrong. Baby isn't a placid little angel at all. He howls. He doesn't respond in any of the ways that the books say he should. On the contrary he acts like any tiresome baby whose management is left to chance.

You are bewildered. Inclined to distrust the system, but you shouldn't.

Learn to know your child. Remember the system wasn't made to measure, it was laid down as a guide, a foundation upon which to build individual routines.

If the books say your child should sleep a given number of hours and he doesn't the reason may be that he is of a restless, more active temperament than most and fares well enough on a smaller quota of sleep, so if he seems well, forget the system and don't worry.

Likewise, if the books say that he should lie quietly in his cot, unless he is hungry or in pain, and he refuses to do so when you know that he is suffering neither of these discomforts, don't panic. He is probably just playing you up. Babies are sensitive young animals. They sense your uncertainty, your lack of decision. If there is the smallest possibility of your wavering in your determination to let them "cry it out" they'll know about it and seize their chance.

Anyway, pick him up sometimes if he cries. There is such a thing as boredom in the tiniest child's life. You simply must use discretion in the application of the rules.

As to food troubles, here the need for individual diagnosis is most strongly felt. This is no criticism of the system which lays down general rules of dietary. If she is unable to feed the child herself it is the mother's task to experiment, if necessary, under the guidance of a doctor or clinic, until the food mixture most suitable to the individual needs of the little one is found.

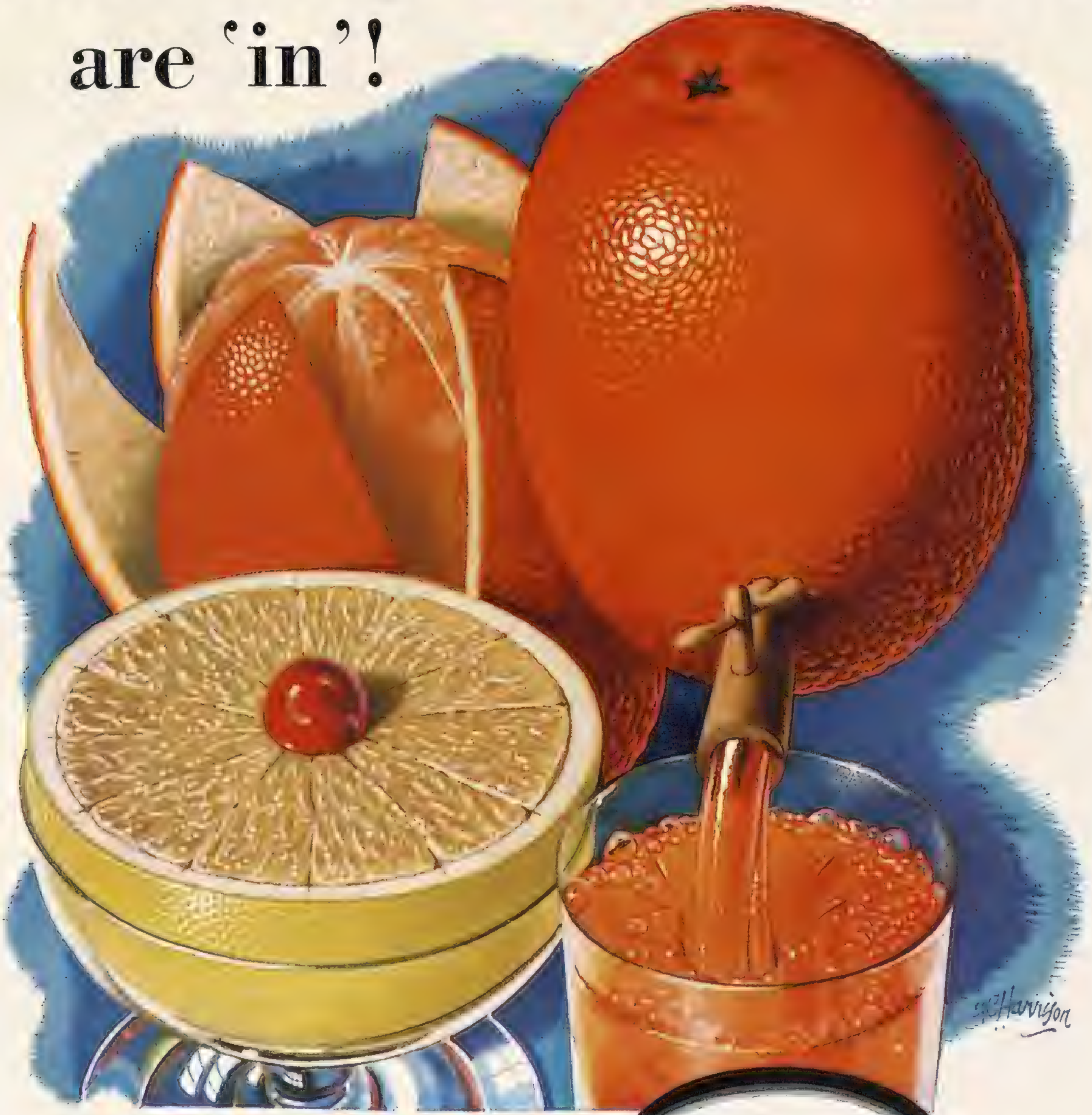
A useful little book called *Motherhood*, which is produced by the manufacturers of Cow and Gate Food, may, in certain cases of food trouble, be helpful in deciding what the particular case demands. Details are given in this excellent little brochure of all the scientific foods made by these well-known manufacturers both for children in health as well as for those suffering from digestive irregularities.

Rules are indispensable as a general guide to child management, but it is the mother touch, the bond of understanding between yourself and child which in the long run, makes for perfect happiness and easy progress.

Don't be too bound by regulations in the upbringing of your little one, use sympathy and common sense in their application. Remember the rules were made for the child not the child for them.

Your routine may be sound enough, but it is the mother touch that will give it perfection.

Jaffa oranges and grapefruit are ‘in’!



JAFFA GRAPEFRUIT

Indispensable for preparing the palate for a shrewdly selected and well-cooked meal. Perfect as the first cleansing taste of the day, as an immaculate early morning cocktail!

JAFFA ORANGES

The easiest oranges in the world to peel. The easiest to divide. The easiest to eat!

The most generous in yielding great glassfuls of healthful juice to drink every day. Glassfuls rich in vitamins, rich in calcium, good for the teeth, good for maintaining the alkaline balance of the blood.

Jaffas
for juice

Produce of Palestine

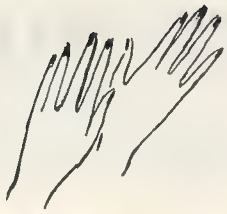
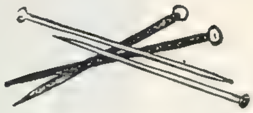
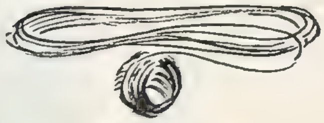
IN MEXICO ONE DRINKS MESCAL . . .*

. . . WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

Schweppes

* Mescal is a spirit distilled from the leaves and roots of the 'Maguey' or Agave plant. It's pretty fiery stuff. In fact a good many rough-houses have started with too much Mescal in the glass and too much sun on the sombrero. And a good many have ended with a quiet siesta in a shady patio and the cooling, calmly-cheering conciliation of Schweppes.

WHEREVER YOU ARE . . . THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes

You need one pair of  Two pairs of  Eleven ounces of  to make this

INSTRUCTIONS

BACK

With No. 8 pins cast on 97 sts. K. 4 rows plain knitting. Continue in following patt. :

1st row : * K. 3, P. 3. Repeat from * to centre st., k. 1, ** p. 3, k. 3. Repeat from ** to end.

2nd row : P. 2, * k. 3, p. 3. Repeat from * ending p. 2.

3rd row : K. 1, p. 3, * k. 3, p. 3. Repeat from * to 5 centre sts., k. 5, ** p. 3, k. 3. Repeat from ** ending k. 1.

These 3 rows form patt.

Work until 4 ins. from start. Change to No. 11 pins. Work 2 ins. Change to No. 8 pins. Work until 13 ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Work 7 ins. on remaining 73 sts.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT

With No. 8 pins cast on 109 sts. Work as for back until 2¼ ins. after armhole shaping (85 sts.). Now slip 1st and last 12 sts. on to safety pin and work on centre 61 sts., dec. 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 25 sts. remain. Cast off.

Return to first 12 sts. Work in patt., inc. 1 st. every alternate row at *inside* edge until 30 sts. Work 2 rows.

SHAPE NECK

Dec. 1 st. every row at inside edge until 24 sts. remain. Work until 7 ins. after armhole shaping.

SHAPE SHOULDER

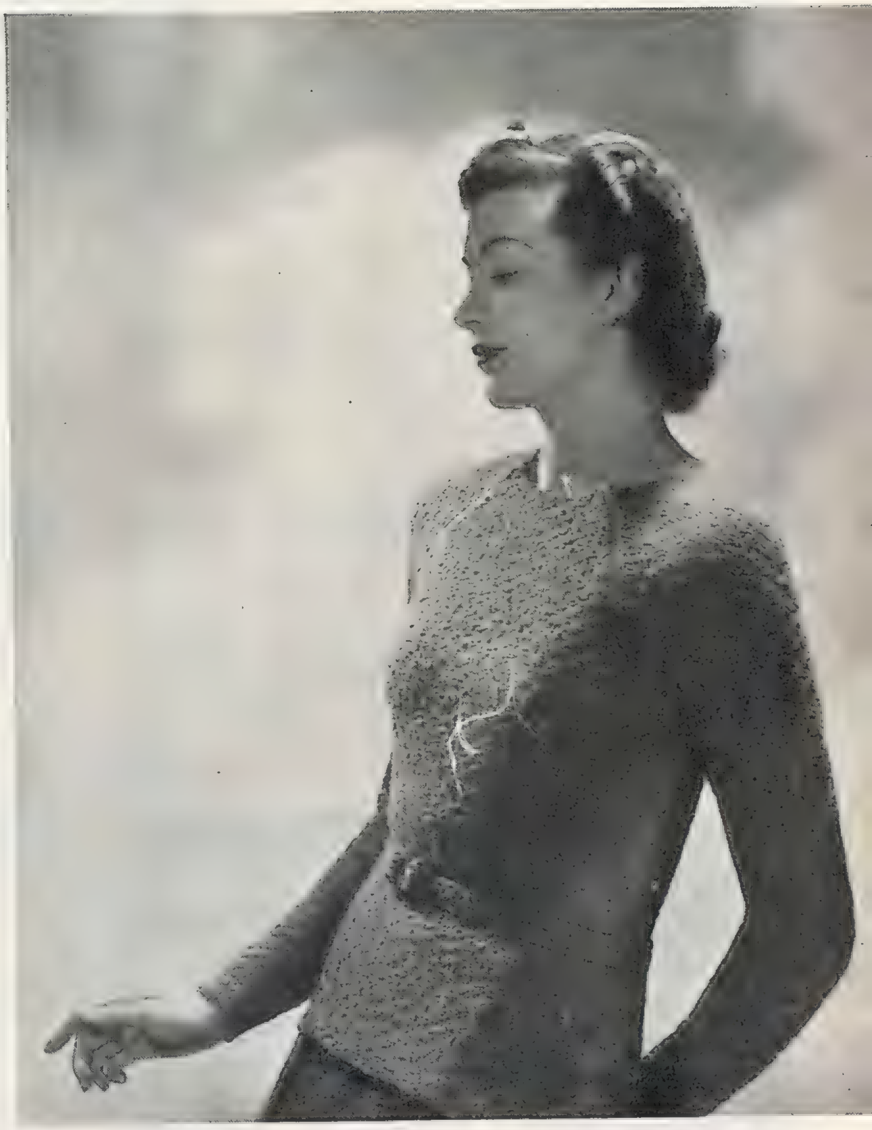
Cast off 6 sts. every armhole end row 4 times. Return to last 12 sts. and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 10 pins cast on 49 sts. Knit 4 rows plain knitting. Work 1½ ins. patt. Change to No. 8 pins and work until 18 ins. from start, inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until 85 sts. Then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 13 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams. Sew in sleeves. Neaten neck edges with 1 row of double crochet. Sew zipps to front openings. Sew buckle to belt.



Required

11 ozs. Templeton's "Mystic" Fancy Yarn.
2-4½ in. Platic Lightning Zipp Fasteners.
1 buckle.
1 pair No. 8 and 1 pair No. 10 pins.
1 medium crochet hook.

Measurements

Length from shoulder	20½ ins.
Across back underarm	16 ins.
Across front underarm	17½ ins.
Sleeve length from shoulder	23 ins.

TENSION : Approx. 6 sts. to 1 in.

Abbreviations

K. = knit; p. = purl; sts. = stitches; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; patt. = pattern; ins. = inches.

CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

Silversmiths might be jealous of the beauty of the Staybrite Super Rustless Steel tableware made by J. & J. Wiggin Limited. This popularly-priced tableware can satisfy every taste, whether you prefer distinctive modern or dignified old style designs.

Staybrite is quite a family affair. Father, mother and sons take the keenest pride in their accomplishments. Mrs. Wiggin designed the first Staybrite steel tea pot and Leslie Wiggin, youngest son, has the famous "Mayfair" tea set to his credit.

If you want something not too expensive that will add grace and charm to your table or tea tray look for the trade mark "Olde Hall" on the Staybrite Steel products.

Staybrite tea set and tray in stainless steel. It will look just as fine for years to come. Obtainable from most leading stores

Journeys by land, sea or air sound thrilling, but to a number of travellers that old bugbear, travel-sickness, dims the most valiant ardour. Now, travel-sickness has been defeated by Airsea. No matter how squirmish you may think you'll feel Airsea prevents any discomfort and has no unpleasant after-effects. If you are a bad traveller it is almost more important than your ticket. The World's Worst Traveller crossed the Channel in mountainous seas, and enjoyed a good lunch *en route* just because he had taken Airsea. It is sold in two sizes, 4s. and 7s. 6d. by Thomas Christy and Co., of 6–12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

The beauty of design in this H.M.V. streamlined primrose porcelain iron makes one feel that just to have it on the kitchen shelf is sufficient reason for buying it. But the design of the exterior is nothing compared with the efficiency of the design of the interior.

Here is an iron that becomes just the temperature you desire in a few seconds, and remains at that heat until you have finished, thanks to the special three-heat switch. There is no danger of scorching, no waste of heat, no waste of time. It is suitable for A.C. or D.C. mains. It costs 35s., and all internal electrical parts are guaranteed for three years.

The "H.M.V." Controlled-Heat streamlined iron. It has a special three-heat switch

"No diet? No strenuous exercise? But you've lost pounds since I last saw you." If you are a woman whose heart would leap for joy at these words, you should join the Charm School at Belgrave House, Portland Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

This Charm School has a reducing tea that banishes fat by the natural healthy functioning of the body.

It aids digestion, eliminates constipation and revitalises the system no matter what your age. It is America's latest gift to women—a scientific blend of oriental herbs that slims gently but unfailingly and once slimmed there is no need for the treatment to be continued. Write in confidence to the Charm School and let them solve your surplus tissue problem.

To all "Britannia and Eve" readers who decide to try this treatment, the Charm School offers a free dual treatment.

To-day we imitate grandma's hair style. We also imitate her hair-care, if we are wise. Rowland's Macassar Oil, a tonic and dressing of pure vegetable oils has offered hair-beauty to the world for nearly a century and a half.

It is the nearest approach to the natural oils of the hair and while giving that finesse of the perfect dressing, stimulates the growth and vitality of the hair with its nutritive qualities. A hot Macassar Oil shampoo (given in the same routine as an ordinary hot oil shampoo) is a true beauty treatment for falling of lifeless hair; the roots will be strengthened and the hair glisten with new lights. It is sold in 3s. 6d., 7s. and 10s. 6d. sizes, the "Golden" for fair and grey hair, and the "Red" for brunette.

There are times in the mad wrangling noises around us, when deafness could almost be considered a blessing. There are other times when it is a terrible handicap, a handicap that is unnecessary now that an Aurameter Test will show with scientific precision just what deaf ears lack, so that Ardente can supply them with new hearing.

The newest thing is a Hearing Handbag. It serves as a real handbag but carries a hearing aid that is just as helpful for conversation as for church or cinema. Made in various designs and colours. The Aurameter Test is offered free at 309 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

We are happy to give endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

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You can learn all about this MODERN way to Loveliness in a booklet called "Beauty." Ask for a free copy at your nearest Boots branch or from the main London depot, 182 Regent Street, W.1.

Number Seven

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The Safe ANTI-FREEZE

Motoring Section: *Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan*

Manufacturers Are Asking—

What Does The Motoring Public Really Want?

By The Earl of Cardigan

EVERY one knows that the secret of manufacturing a successful article—whether it be a motor car or anything else—is simply to "give the public what it wants." This sounds a delightfully easy proposition; but, needless to say, there is a "catch" in it. To begin with, one has to find out exactly what the public *does* want.

Here at once difficulty arises. The public is not always logical in its likes and dislikes. For example, we know that a five-seater car is generally considered preferable to a four-seater. Logically, it would seem that a six-seater should be more attractive still.

There are, as we all know, many chassis capable of taking six-seater coachwork with absolute ease. The requisite width is available in the region of the front seat. The controls are arranged—or easily can be re-arranged—so that no levers need interfere with the comfort of the additional passenger. The cost of the car need be no greater; indeed it might be less.

But no; the public is not interested. The public will pay an extra £100 or £200 to be given a *seven*-seater, complete with long wheelbase and two "occasional" chairs; but it will not accept, irrespective of price, the notion of having a bench-type front seat on which three people can sit abreast.

My information on this point comes direct from one of the most enterprising of British manufacturers. This man actually made the experiment of offering, on his larger chassis, either five-seater or six-seater coachwork without variation of price. He told me that, out of every hundred customers, only two or three showed any appreciation of the six-seater proposition.

TO take another example, we know that the public likes the idea of simplified control. A gearbox of the synchromesh type, which makes gear changing practically fool-proof, is a popular feature on any type of car. If one goes further, however, and provides an automatic clutch or something of that sort, public opinion is immediately less unanimous. Some people are pleased; others regard it dubiously.

If one goes further still, and provides a gearbox which is fully automatic—*i.e.*, one which does not call for any manipulation whatever—it seems that the public is hardly attracted at all. Everyone professes interest; but no one buys.

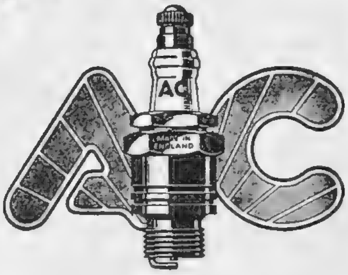
In other words, ease of control is a popular feature—just up to a point. Where that point is, only the most astute of manufacturers can tell. The car which goes beyond it and the car which falls short of it will alike fail to be "best sellers."

Curiously enough, although a designer must keep within bounds in simplifying controls, he can safely "go the whole hog" in making an engine smooth and silent. It was a great triumph for someone's intuition (query: whose?) when, some few years ago, a very famous sports car was put on the market with a new engine of an exceptionally silent-running type.

A GOOD many people (and I don't mind admitting now that I was among them) felt distinctly dubious as to whether that section of the public which spends its money on sports cars could ever reconcile itself to such an innovation. Would not a completely silent model be regarded as a

(*Continued on page* 85)

MR. and MRS. ASHLEY S. MACLEAN with their new Daimler. The body of this car was specially designed by Gurney Nutting, and attracted a good deal of attention at the last Motor Show. The car complete was supplied by Stratstone, Ltd.



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A Sturdy and Comfortable "14"

By The Earl of Cardigan

The Hillman "Fourteen" in brief

Engine: Four cylinders with side valves, 14 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, with three synchromesh ratios.

Performance: Third gear 50 m.p.h., top gear 70 m.p.h.

Steering: Firm and accurate.

Springing: Semi-elliptic at rear, with "Evenkeel" independent suspension in front.

Brakes: Of efficient Servo type.

Coachwork: Genuinely roomy.

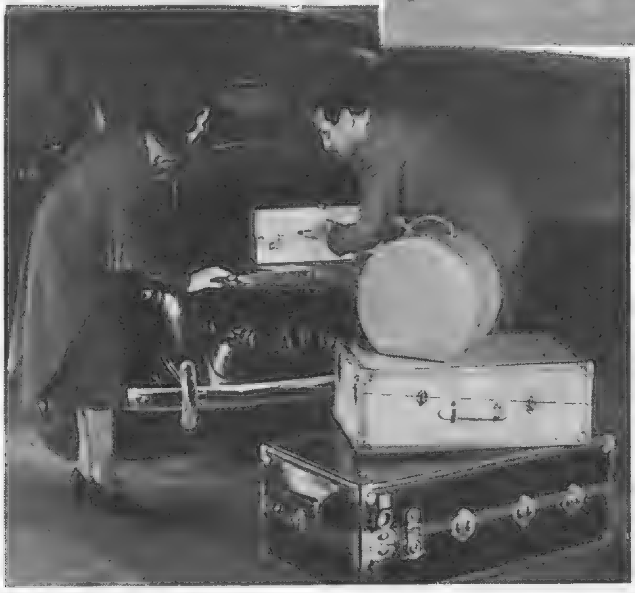
Price: Saloon £239. Saloon de Luxe £255.

THE type of car which is broadly described as a "Fourteen" is one which is capable of many variations. It may either be roomy or what is euphemistically termed "compact." It may have four cylinders or six, its R.A.C. rating may be anything between 13 and 16 h.p., and its price between £200 and perhaps £500.

Hence I had better begin by giving a more precise description of the Hillman "Fourteen." This car has almost exactly 14 rated h.p., with an engine of the four-cylinder type. It is built to carry really practical and roomy coachwork, and to sell at prices in the region of £250.

It is common knowledge that a four-cylinder engine is able to develop slightly more actual horse-power than a "six," assuming that both are alike in design and are equal in R.A.C. rating. The "six" is necessarily a trifle smoother; but one finds nowadays that the difference in smoothness only becomes perceptible at very low speeds, being so slight at other times that the ordinary driver is not able to discern it.

A Hillman "14" in the picturesque village of Waddesdon Manor, near Aylesbury. This car, which is moderately priced, is becoming very popular. The "safety saloon" is priced at £239



Ample accommodation for luggage is provided on the Hillman "14"

In the case of the Hillman, it can truthfully be claimed that engine smoothness is above reproach, except when the driver is sufficiently wrong-headed to insist on going down to a walking pace in top gear. As for the "sturdiness" which is the traditional feature of a good "four," this is very much in evidence when the car is driven as it should be.

A likeable feature is that a reasonably high top gear is employed, so that the car's comfortable cruising speed is high. At 50 or even 60 m.p.h. the engine does not turn excessively fast, and there is no reason to fear that it is being over-driven. In the particular car loaned to me, I did not exceed the latter figure, owing to the fact that it had not been fully "run in."

I must therefore make an estimate of what the maximum speed should be. With a fully "run-in" Hillman I should expect at least 70 m.p.h. in top gear. As a third gear maximum not less than 50 m.p.h. should be obtainable.

THE gearbox is of a very simple and pleasant type, providing four speeds, all of which except the lowest have synchromesh engagement. Thus, unless exceptional circumstances call for a change down to first gear, it is hardly possible for a "crash" change to be made.

A particularly good point for a car of such moderate price is that the front wheels have independent springing of the well-tried "Evenkeel" type. What is more, the 1939 "Evenkeel" system seems to be a still better thing than it was when the Humber-Hillman combine first adopted it. I do not know exactly what modifications have been made; but the result is that admirable road-holding has now been ensured.

This new Hillman, in consequence, may claim to be an exceptionally well-sprung car. It has all the comfort which arises from the independent springing of the front wheels—and it is *not* "sloppy" when being driven fast on bends. Both the comfort-loving and the sporting motorist should thus be able to regard it with equal appreciation.

FIRM and accurate steering plays its part also in enabling the car to be handled with confidence, even on first acquaintance. The brakes are of the Servo type, and obviously of ample power. The handbrake is fitted on the right-hand side—an unusual arrangement in view of the central position of the gear lever. Personally, I would prefer both levers to be placed on the same side. The point is no doubt a trivial one; but the grouping of levers saves time when one has to stop and re-start on a hill.

The saloon coachwork of this car should prove to be a real attraction. It is built to give pleasing exterior lines, and its upholstery and equipment are carried out in excellent style. In addition, the amount of space is truly generous—being suggestive at least of a 16 h.p. model. There is plenty of leg room at the back, even when long-legged people are occupying the adjustable front seats. The amount of head room is ample, and three people can quite easily sit abreast.

Here again we come back to what is really the car's salient characteristic—namely, its "hefty" construction which takes it a long way outside the light-car class as regards roominess and performance, while not involving much increase in price beyond what the light-car purchaser would have to pay. One pictures the Hillman experts, when starting to design their new "Fourteen" saying; "Now let's make a real, fully-grown motor car of it!"

If this was their aim, they have undoubtedly succeeded. The extremely moderate price of the ordinary saloon model is £239, while the de luxe saloon, with more luxurious equipment, is by no means expensive at £255.

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High Power With Docility

The Studebaker "State Commander"

By
The Earl
of
Cardigan

OF the various cars which come to us from across the Atlantic, there can be very few which are consistently so welcome as the Studebaker. Other makes are apt to wax and wane in popularity from year to year—whereas it is hard to recall a season when the current Studebaker model has not had a good reception from at least a section of English motorists.

The reason for this, I think, is that a Studebaker always seems to have certain English characteristics. While being primarily an American car—with all that that implies in the way of roomy coachwork, reasonable price and fine performance—it still is able to satisfy the critical type of driver in such matters as accurate steering, good road-holding and "control-ability" in general.

This is certainly the case with the 1939 model. Taking the "American" features first, the "State Commander" engine is of really generous size. Of six-cylinder type, it is rated at 27 h.p. and is truly remarkable for its flexibility. It is the sort of engine which virtually cannot be stalled. If one is so careless as to start the car in top instead of first gear, it merely hesitates for an instant and then pulls away quite steadily, as if this unfair treatment was almost a normal happening. (I should add that the clutch is an outstandingly good one.)

Acceleration is exceptionally rapid. When the traffic lights change to green, this Studebaker can get away from any average car, and can continue to accelerate through a surprising range of speed. Thanks to the over-drive in the transmission, as much as 60 m.p.h. can be reached in second gear, while in top gear the maximum is round about 80 m.p.h.

The gearbox is of an extremely interesting type. It is controlled by a lever giving a "gate" change; but this lever projects horizontally from the steering column instead of vertically from the floorboards. When one is accustomed to it, the new mode of operation proves most handy.

There is a free-wheel, which, of course, makes all gear changes entirely foolproof when it is in action. There is also the over drive which comes into play at about 30 m.p.h., raising the top gear ratio from 4½ to 3¼ to 1 and the second gear ratio in the same proportion. The effect of this is most delightful—for, of course, it means that high speeds can be reached without the necessity for excessive engine "revs." A point which most drivers will appreciate is that, at the higher speeds, freewheeling is prevented. Thus the brakes are not overtaxed if one has to pull up from 60 or 80 m.p.h. Again, it is always possible, when cruising in overdrive top gear, to get back instantly into normal top gear, supposing that maximum acceleration should suddenly be called for. In other words, the ability to stop or start quickly is never forfeited.

THE coachwork is magnificently roomy, although not every one will subscribe to the description in the catalogue of the car's general lines as being "breathlessly beautiful." In fact, opinion will probably be divided as to whether the very considerable front overhang can be considered æsthetically attractive. "Impressive" it certainly is.

The fact remains that, with the engine placed well forward, the amount of interior space is positively lavish. The saloon body will accommodate six people very easily indeed, having a bench-type front seat on which three can comfortably sit abreast. There is ample leg room, elbow room, and head room for every one, with good luggage accommodation in addition.

The "State Commander" Studebaker in brief

Engine: Six cylinders with side valves; 27 h.p.
Transmission: Three-speed gearbox, controlled from steering column; controllable free wheel and over drive gear.
Performance: Second gear 60 m.p.h.; top gear 80 m.p.h.
Steering: Good, self-centres well.
Springing: Independent in front; good road-holding.
Brakes: Efficient, hydraulic.
Coachwork: Exceptionally roomy; seats six.
Price: Saloon, £398.

Turning now to features which will be welcomed by English motorists in particular, the steering is extremely pleasant. It is quite light, and yet not geared unreasonably low. It is also highly accurate and self-centring, so that although the car is a big one, and neither of its front wings would be visible to a driver of small build, it can be handled in dense traffic with every confidence.

Road-holding also is particularly good for a car of this type. Independent front springing is used, and I need hardly say that a very high degree of comfort is achieved. At the same time, there is sufficient firmness in the suspension to give the Studebaker real steadiness at high speeds, and to enable it to corner fast without any disagreeable "rolling." This is a great thing—especially in a car which lends itself so readily to high-speed driving.

The brakes, of hydraulic type, are all that could be wished for as regards power and smoothness. An attractive and seasonable "extra" on the car loaned to me should perhaps also be mentioned. This was a "central heating" device, controllable by the driver, and with a separate control for de-frosting the windscreen.

Altogether, the new Studebaker should appeal both to the lover of comfort and also to the driver who likes a car to handle "just so." The saloon model is priced at the extremely moderate figure of £398, and may be viewed at Henlys Ltd.

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W. O. BENTLEY'S MASTERPIECE

Illustrated is the Lagonda "Rapide" Coupé

Twelve Cylinder (10′ 4″ w.b. chassis)	£1,600
Six Cylinder (10′ 7½″ w.b. chassis)	£1,275

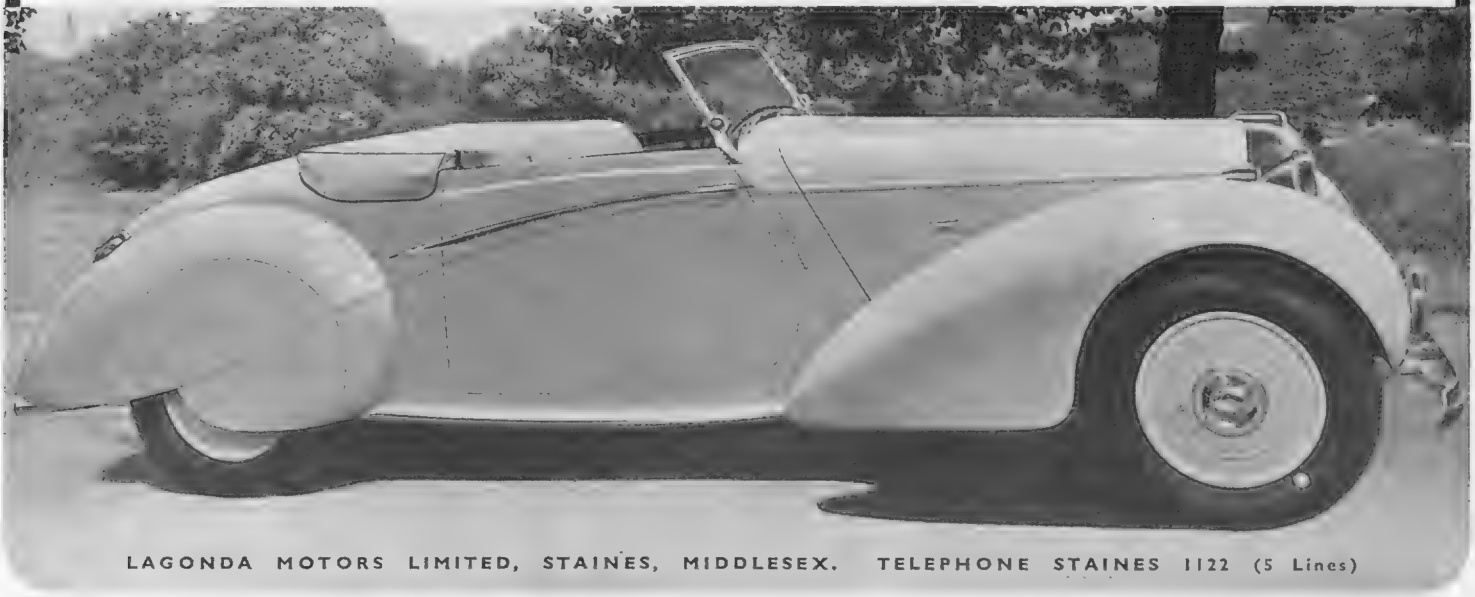
Reasonable Inference—A Standard 12-cyl. Saloon ran 101.5 miles (including 2⅜ minute tyre stop) in One Hour at Brooklands on October 10th, 1938. The "Rapide" Coupé, being somewhat lighter, is therefore capable of bettering this performance by some 5%—in identical comfort and silence.

There are motorists who consider that little else matters besides **comfort**, *others think of* **performance** *first and last. In the Twelve-cylinder Lagonda both sides—extremes—stand out predominantly . . .* **a more comfortable**, *and at the same time* **really stable car, has not yet been produced,** *taking into consideration all that its* 100 *m.p.h. performance requires.*"

"The Autocar" 7.10.38.

"*To find standards of comparison one has to consider the* **finest three or four cars produced at the present time,** *and even then the Lagonda remains, in some respects, unique, so successfully does it combine tremendous performance with* **smoothness**, *and* **quietness**, *and* **excellent roadholding** *with personal comfort.*"

"The Motor" 27.9.38.



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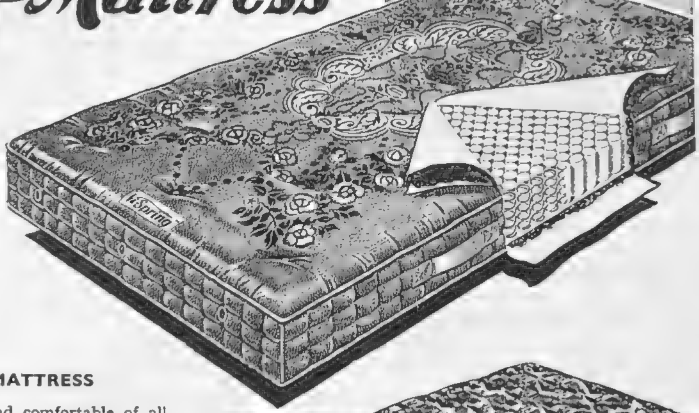

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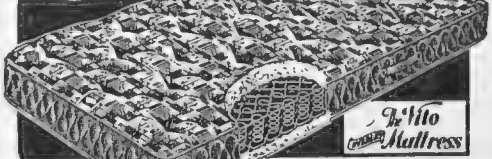

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Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 37)

Madame Balcke, who was in the service of Her Majesty, together with his favourite page. To his mind filled with suspicion it seemed that they were there on guard. Brushing past them, he proceeded to find himself in the presence of Mons and Catharine. Nothing in their attitudes betrayed anything unusual or guilty, but the mere fact that they were together, after the hell that he had bottled up for weeks, was enough to blind him to anything.

He had a cane in his hand, and in the first burst of rage, he struck Catharine with it across the shoulder. Then controlling himself with an effort, his pride making him refrain from any further noise, without a word he turned on his heel and strode quickly away.

There was no evidence to justify any accusation of infidelity, but the incident was strong enough to terrorise every one.

But Peter was not Henry VIII, he disliked scandals, and without a single word being uttered against Catharine, Mons was arrested, accused of bribery and embezzlement, tried and sentenced to death. Another pretext caused the beautiful shoulders of Madame Balcke to be slashed ten times with a knout. Afterwards she was banished to Siberia. The young page, too, had his share of punishment, for in spite of being the son of a nobleman, he was lowered to the status of a private soldier and sent far away from Moscow.

A few hours after the execution of Mons, Peter ordered a carriage to take Catharine for a drive. Since the scene in the garden a tragic silence had sprung up between them, and was increasing the intolerable suspense in Catharine's mind, and she was sure that it was for some special reason that the carriage had been ordered. In fact they soon passed before the gibbet where the bloodless head of Mons was exposed to the public gaze. Peter eagerly watched her face, to see what effect it would have, but she retained her composure, and in a tone of complete indifference remarked "It is a pity that courtiers are so corrupt."

FROM that time, the serenity of the Imperial couple was not disturbed, but the mischief was already done, for there is no love, however strong, that can fight successfully against even a slight doubt. It is a poison that burns everything that it touches, and as long as there is life, the scar remains.

Peter was not destined to live to a great age. Only a short time after this tragic affair he caught a severe chill that in a few days ended his life. He died on January 28, 1725.

HERE should finish also the story of Catharine, for when she was left alone and proclaimed Tsarina of Russia, someone who had wisely kept out of the way for many years, again came to the court, and with all the

(*Continued on page* 86)

Manufacturers Are Asking

(*Continued from page* 79)

sadly emasculated version of "the real thing?"

What actually happened is now common knowledge. The public suddenly decided that, although for the previous twenty years it had liked its sports cars to be noisy, such a preference had all along been entirely wrong and mistaken. Within a matter of perhaps twelve months, opinion on this point was totally reversed!

It is not often, however, that a new idea finds such ready acceptance. More commonly, the public proves almost hide-bound in its conservatism. For quite thirty years, for instance, designers have known that it is technically wrong to build cars with long bonnets, and to seat the most important passengers over the rear axle. On paper, it has been proved beyond dispute that all the passengers should be located near the centre of the wheelbase, that the long frontal bonnet should be abandoned, and that the engine should be tucked away, either at the back or in some other inconspicuous place.

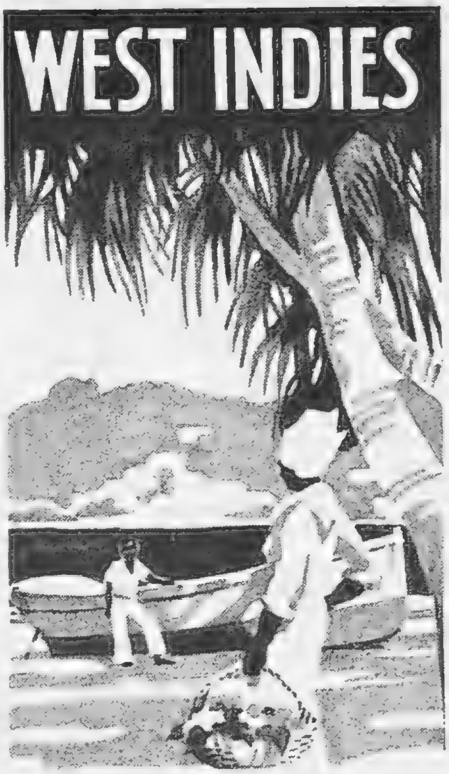
If this were done, there would be an enormous gain in comfort. Owners of luxury cars would, for perhaps the first time in their lives, enjoy really good springing, the full benefit of which is at present known only to their chauffeurs.

This is a reform, unfortunately, against which the public has firmly set its face. It was discovered, in the very early years of this century, that the price at which a motor car can be sold (assuming it to be of something like average efficiency), is directly affected by the distance between its windscreen and its radiator cowling. Absurd though this may seem, it remains approximately true to-day.

It forms a confusing picture, does it not—this survey of a few of the likes and dislikes of the motoring public? Sometimes we see quick acceptance and appreciation of a mechanical improvement—at other times a tendency to cling to some familiar feature of design for which there is no common-sense justification. We must conclude, I think, that the manufacturer who really knows, all the time, just "what the public wants" is a shrewd man, and one who well deserves the dividends he earns.

END

MRS. E. L. Payton, wife of the Deputy Chairman of The Austin Motor Company Ltd. with her new Rolls-Royce "Wraith" Saloon, recently supplied by the The Car Mart Ltd.



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influence of an ex-lover, Prince Menshikov gained the complete upper hand, and was soon practically reigning in her name.

Menshikov did not discourage Catharine from a deadly vice that she was indulging with growing eagerness. She had become accustomed to drinking strong spirits and Tokay wine, and in order to counteract the heat that rose to her head, she used to spend whole nights in the open air.

Thus the girl, who once was the personification of youth and joy, became a tragic lonely figure, wandering alone through the snow-covered Imperial park.

She survived Peter by two years only. Historians sometimes want to give good advice at any cost, and it is often said that she died as the result of her excesses, but in reality it was a disease that even to-day is classified incurable.

Left alone, without her mate, she lost courage, closed her eyes and drifted. She should have been a rocket, whose ascending splendour should have finished when high up in the sky, instead the rocket returned to the ground

In all but the closing phase of her life the parallel with Semiramis is quite extraordinary.

Like Semiramis, Catharine was rescued when an abandoned child, the former by Sammis the shepherd, the latter by another kind of shepherd, the Reverend Gluck. Semiramis first attracted the attention of Onnes and eventually was claimed by Ninus the king of Assyria. These two may easily prove a parallel with Menshikov and Peter the Great of Russia.

The first couple built Nineveh, the second St. Petersburg. Both women took over the supreme power in widowhood, but unlike the legend of Semiramis, the dove did not fly away to heaven with the soul of the good-hearted Catharine.

END

The Women I Meet *(Continued from page 29)*

from the Sledmere Stud is in full swing. Lady Antrim will tell you that that industry was started with two "throw out" mares. But she is forced to admit that every foal in the last two years has been sold and that "one day" they are fairly sure there is going to be "the one" which they will keep for themselves.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Lady Antrim spends six months of the year in Ireland and that though you may see her in London, it is unlikely that it will be at a party!

ANOTHER woman who has little leisure at her disposal, although her interests are very different, is MRS. ORMOND LAWSON JOHNSON, just due back from a quick Christmas visit to her mother in New York. One of London's most popular hostesses, in the six years she has lived here she has won every one's heart. She has, of course, a captivating manner; little and blonde, her hair brushed up crisply above her piquant face, her chic and gaiety give the perfect impression of traditional social success. But that success is not due to wealth and the friendship of Royalty. There is character beneath the charm—and something more.

You cannot be in her company without absorbing a sense of stimulating vitality. She wears ruby and diamond ear-rings of faun-like sleekness which seem to sparkle on her more than they would on any one else. The big cabochon ruby on her expressive hand seems to glow with an added life. Her voice, which, incidentally, was trained by Jean de Reske to sing, has still a trace of the lilt of the Southern States and it is very convincing—it has, in fact, charmed and convinced a hundred thousand pounds out of private pockets to charities, which includes the St. George's Hospital of which she is a Governor.

Such a record means hard work, but "Betty" Lawson Johnson is not afraid of hard work for any cause to which she so willingly gives herself. She keeps going, she says, by avoiding alcohol as far as social conventions permit—a principle reversed by most. She does not diet rigidly but she eats and rests with discipline.

Only during the Season does she succumb to late hours, for the promotion of Anglo-American friendship is very dear to her, and she has done much towards it. Then her hospitality permits any demands made on her time and her strength.

For her own pleasure and her delight in her friends she likes her small, intimate luncheons and dinners in her quiet house in "the Cadogans" off Sloane Street. There pitch pine panelling, Empire furniture and gentle colouring is a fitting frame for a woman giving much of herself to her world, preparing, as her unaggressively though strongly-held views force her, to give more.

For she loves the country in which she has come to live. She is not only anxious but determined to serve it. The demon Fear, she says, is mankind's greatest enemy and it is uppermost in all the present unrest. She holds strongly that there is the need for civilian organisation and longs for the mental and physical relief of preparing for a future which she will not admit may hold aggression but must need the security of defence.

Listening to her as she speaks of what she has seen in Europe, studying it as she has done for sixteen years, you become amazed at such accuracy and force emanating from apparent frailness. And then, suddenly, you do not feel surprised that the suggestion has been made to her that she should take a further step and offer herself as a Conservative member. You see as yet the diffidence, charming in her—"But I'm an American . . . you can't want me. . ."—which has so far caused her refusal, but you feel too that her value to the community must expand further and that she in her heart knows it.

ANOTHER whose abilities and energies will not be without a wider outlet is the LADY MARY LYGON, youngest daughter of the late Earl Beauchamp. To the world's casual eyes she has been seen mostly as if in a series of exquisite pictures: in the silks and satins of her Court gowns, on the racecourse in mink, lunching at the Ritz, smiling at a reception, clear-eyed in the hunting field. Always the rose and gold English beauty, slimmed by exercise and care to willowy grace; always the smooth taste and grooming of her elegance, the good manners and poise, referred to by people to-day as being of a bygone age.

Obviously all the good fairies were at her christening and fell in love with her. And they must have been proud when, as her father's hostess, she passed through the wonderful candlelit ballroom of Halkin House and a hundred and more guests stood speechless at her loveliness.

But her birthday gifts were more than glamour and the shimmer of fairy-tale fortune. For she has had need of ability and competence. It is not simple to run a vast town house and as well, preserve the traditional hospitality of a wonderful country home such as is Madresfield with its almost historic collections and treasure. There has been much responsibility on those young shoulders during the latter years of her father's life.

She has needed organising power, patience and the utmost in social tact; her life has been fitted to a routine as rigid in obligation as pleasurable in semblance; now she is free of her duties to make of her life what she desires.

"But I'm going to do something . . . something useful," says Lady Mary, and the blue eyes are very earnest.

There is the same determination in them as when she puts her horse at a stiff fence. And courage also, for it is only the courageous who can stand on the sill of a new doorway in life with eagerness.

THAT same quality of courage is in that dynamic personality, AURIOL LEE. London as well as every other city knows and adores her. She is about five foot three, quick as a shadow, restless as the wind and as illusive. Vivid charm, the gift of inspiration, a wit as darting as a humming-bird, added to her artistic talent have made her famous from London to Hollywood, New York to Paris, Capetown to Cairo.

She has been so many things—a stockbroker, an actress, a dramatic and theatrical agent. She was the first woman to travel by air to Africa; she has produced plays and players, she has acted on the cinematograph screen, coached stars into their best. She plunges into one career after another with the same avidity. That is why she is a real citizen of the world and to my way of thinking one of the lucky ones of the world.

Which does not mean that she is rich, for usually, she moans, comically, over the disappearance of her "pennies"; she is not maddeningly beautiful nor youthful, but she gets the utmost out of life in giving the utmost of herself to life.

She looks at you through horn-rimmed tinted spectacles, because, she says, she can't really see because they ought to have slit her eyes wider when she was a baby. Personally I feel, sight such as hers is in itself a gift, for you cannot persuade me that there is anything she does not see and see, as well, with insight.

And she applies her enriched experience, for to be "seen" by Auriol Lee may well mean to be seen by the world later, as Madeleine Carrol, Kay Hammond—so many of those whose names are household words—would be the first to agree.

Her legions of friends tell stories of her as she maddens them with a charm the worse for its apparent vagueness. She will ask you to lunch, they say, every Thursday for *life* . . . you can barely wait for Thursday and she's gone off—into the blue once again? Who can tell?

But two years later, there's a phone call. "It's Thursday . . . where shall we lunch?"

And you go—so gladly!

There are some, to-day, who feel that modern life is converting human beings into seeming ghosts. The fear of yesterday, the dread of a hurt to-morrow blinds them in introspection. They know their fellows as a sea of faces, blank as so many moons; they suffer intolerable loneliness as they fear to reach for the warmth of a human hand.

That agony of spirit will never touch Auriol Lee. She is one with modernity. She is alive and so human in her aliveness that she will always stay alive.

SO must, in all her exquisiteness, Madame BERTHE ZUCKERKANDL-SZEPS, who is visiting London from her home in Paris.

The nearest our stiff English tongues can come to the pronunciation of her name, is, I suppose, "Sugar Candle," the Polish Szeps being her maiden name.

But Madame Zuckerkandl has had her finger on the pulse of Europe since—well, her earliest youth. Whom has she not known—what has she not seen, what secrets is she not still keeping?

One of her first recollections was her meeting Disraeli at Bismarck's World Congress in Berlin. She was eight years old then and she found him a little frightening but he complimented her on her looks.

By the time she was seventeen she was her father's secretary, he having founded the foremost newspaper of Vienna, her home. Politics was then her world. If she wishes, she can show you a very different aspect of the Crown Prince Rudolph than that in which we consider him, remembering only in indubitable misunderstanding, the tragedy of Mayerling.

She will tell you of a man harassed by his fears for Austria's future, in opposition to a policy which has so bitterly ended; spied on, yet insistent. She will speak of the only person he trusted

(Continued on page 88)

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The Women I Meet

in his need to inform himself of world affairs, of the old butler who came in secret at seven o'clock each morning, and the desk at which she worked then, in consequence of his call.

Listen to her graceful voice and mark the names which run through what she says as if they were jewels on a necklace. Georges Clemenceau; his brother married her sister, in his friendship for her he opened her eyes to the Art World. He trained her knowledge of Chinese and Japanese art, he gave her the understanding of Post Impressionism. Rodin, Eugene Carrière who painted her, she has known them all—Gambetta . . . the list seems endless.

One of her best friends was Johann Strauss. He would hear melodies in his head but if he did not write them down immediately, they were lost. Even by the side of his bed there was always a pencil. One night a famous pianist dined at his house. To Strauss came recollection.

"Fetch the sheet from my bed," he ordered. Alas, it had been sent to the laundry and a melody which might have been his best gift to a world he held enchanted, was irretrievably lost in soapsuds.

So much can Madame Zuckerkandl tell you of, if she will. Only of Vienna she does not care to speak. The city of her life is like a flower pinned on her heart and it was she who went, as unofficial ambassadress to win food for its starvation from a less hungry world and was successful.

What a life she has had! For her work in the cause of democracy she has had almost a price on her head; for her value to French literature the writers of France petitioned that she should wear the scarlet ribbon of the Légion d'honneur.

And she is lovely. How I as a woman pay envious homage! Her hair is set in its delicate white curls, her eyes are bright and watchful. Her hands, you see, are still owed the courtesy which has always bowed over the tips of their beautiful shell-pink nails.

She does not belong in our age and the grace and the fragrance which is wafted with her of the past is enraging, for it is so vivid a symbol of that which has gone from the world as we can know it.

But it has been hers. It still is hers. No one can take it from her. When you read her book, published this month, "My Life and Memories," you will probably think as I do, that though almost all in a material sense has been taken from her, fugitive, almost as she might be considered, and certainly an exile, she is still one of the richest and most fortunate women in the world. The sadness is that she is so fleeting an adornment to London.

End

Husband and Wife

(*Continued from page 51*)

Mrs. Hobson, I think you'll have to let me give you a lift."

She considered, masking her hesitation by drinking the coffee. She did not in the least wish to go to Gibraltar with him. Still, there didn't seem any reasonable alternative.

"You're being very kind to me," she said. "I accept, with thanks."

He smiled that same disconcerting smile. "I'm sure your husband would do the same for me if we happened to meet," he said.

"I wonder," said Isabel.

They got up and he offered her his arm as far as the hotel, on the plea that her foot must be painful.

"I'll just try the bike," he said, when they arrived. "It wasn't running any too sweetly before lunch."

He kicked the starter repeatedly. Nothing happened. The usual Spanish crowd, waking from its siesta, gathered round and observed him silently. Nobody offered to help.

"It's no use," he said at last, "I'll have to take it to a garage. Will you wait for me here?"

She had been sitting for a quarter of an hour in the hotel lounge, dodging the insinuating glances of a half-dozen toothpick-plying locals, when he returned. She saw from his face that something was wrong.

"Nothing doing, I'm afraid," he explained. "Part of the magneto must have dropped off. The garage has telephoned to Gib. for a spare part, but it can't possibly get here till the morning. I'm afraid that we're stuck here for to-night."

Isabel looked at him searchingly, but he met her glance without flinching.

"Hadn't I better book you a room in the hotel?" he asked.

"So long as you stay somewhere else," she said. "My husband wouldn't like you to stay here, I think. Not that I can't look after myself, but it might look odd, if anybody saw us."

"Leave that to me," he replied. "I understand."

She went upstairs with the porter to her room. Ten minutes later she found him, still in the lounge.

"I thought you might like to see this," she said, handing him a photograph.

"What jolly kids!"

"Yes, aren't they? They're mine."

"Your children? Really?"

"Oh yes," she said. "The boy's eight and the girl's six. They make a good photograph, don't they?"

"I couldn't have believed it," he said, laying the photograph reverently in her hand. "You really don't look as if you could be their mother."

"Can't you see the resemblance?" she asked.

"I suppose I can," he said. "But it's a lot to believe."

She laughed and put the photograph in her pocket.

They went for a walk round the town and along the palm-shaded avenue which bordered the sea. At a café a mile away they drank orange juice and watched the sun sinking slowly over the mountains.

He ordered their dinner at the hotel an hour before the dining-room opened. They drank sherry while it was cooking. Their menu was far better, she noticed, than their neighbours'.

They dined well and cheerfully, but he never lost his reserve, and she hardly needed to mention her husband or her children during the meal. Indeed, he seemed so quiet and worried that she asked him if anything was troubling him. Ought he to have been back at Gibraltar that night?

"It isn't that at all," he answered. "It's something I hardly like to ask you. I don't want to offend you."

She was on the defensive at once. "What is it?" she asked coldly.

"I want to ask you a favour. You see, Mrs. Hobson, this is the only decent hotel in Malaga. Do you mind very much if I stay here too?" He interrupted her objection. "But there's nobody here to see us, and, anyhow, where's the harm? I'm sure your husband would understand. He'd hardly want me to have to sleep, or try to sleep, in some vermin-ridden hole just because we happen to have met on the road."

She had to admit to herself that this was reasonable.

"Very well," she said at last. "I—I can't ask you to suffer discomfort on my account, seeing that I'm already in your debt."

"That's awfully decent of you. Thanks awfully. I'll go and fix up a room."

He went out and, when he returned a few minutes later, he suggested that they should go to a cinema.

"What? At this hour?" she cried. "It's past ten."

"That's early for Spain," he said.

The cinema was crowded and enthusiastic. The programme consisted of an old American comedy, with Spanish sub-titles painted on the film, and of a new Spanish talkie, which revolved round the life of bullfighter. Isabel shuddered at some of the bullfighting scenes, but found herself thrilled despite her horror.

THEY breakfasted together.

Isabel could scarcely understand how it had happened. Despite her insistent watchfulness of the previous day and her constant reminders to him that she was a wife and a mother—despite all this, she had surrendered to him like any foolish girl. She loved Younger as she had never thought she could love any man, as she never had loved any other man, as she would never be able to love another man. She knew that her fate had been decided on that lonely mountain pass high over the Malagan shore.

They exchanged soft, intimate smiles as they sat down to their coffee and hot butter-rolls, but they were silent till the waiter went away and left them alone.

"Darling, I've something to tell you," she said at last, bringing out the words with difficulty.

"So have I, Isabel. I love you, adore you!" he said.

"I love you too," she said, "but I must tell you something."

"Let me guess! You don't want me to run into your husband at Gib. Is that it? Or the children, either."

"You won't," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because they're not there. I've been deceiving you."

He waved his hand. "All the better," he laughed. "Where are they? In England?"

"No. I've been lying to you, darling. I'm so ashamed. I'm not married at all."

"Not married!" he cried. "But the children? The photograph?"

She flushed. "They aren't mine at all. They're my sister's. She sent me the photograph in a letter, and I kept it. Yesterday I didn't—I didn't want you to make love to me, as every Spaniard tries to do; and I tried to deceive you with the photograph, and with talking about my husband. I'm only going to Gibraltar to catch a boat for home; I've nobody waiting for me there."

Her eyes had dropped while she spoke but, in the silence that followed, she felt compelled to look across at him in order to see how he would take this revelation. To her relief he was smiling, but it was the queer, sidelong smile which had rather frightened her the previous afternoon.

"It's my turn to confess something," he said. "My motor bike hadn't anything the matter with it yesterday."

She stared at him in dismay.

"You—you guessed what would happen?"

He did not answer her directly.

"My darling, I only hoped," he murmured. "You see, I never quite believed in that husband of yours. You're not a good liar, you know, dear."

He bent over and kissed her hand.

"We needn't be frightened about going to Gibraltar now, darling," she said, "since my husband isn't waiting there for me."

"Your husband mayn't be there," he said grimly. "But my wife is."

"Your wife!"

He picked up the milk-jug that she had knocked over as she withdrew her hand from his, and nodded.

"But you didn't tell me you were married!" she gasped.

"You didn't ask me," he retorted. "I'd have told you if you had. And anyhow, you invented a sham husband; why should I make things more difficult by mentioning a real wife?"

Isabel rested her face in her hands, staring across the room at the opposite wall when Younger went out to the hall of the hotel. He paid both bills and sent up the porter for his scanty luggage.

"Oh, by the way, porter," he said as he went out towards the garage, "you might tell the English lady that the motor bus for Gibraltar leaves at ten. It's running as usual, I suppose?"

End

The ties of matrimony

The little woman—and how much she is—can always be relied upon in an emergency. The other day he ran out of Wills's Gold Flake. What a tragedy! But never mind, she produced some of her own. She's smoking Gold Flake now, you see, because she too appreciates really fine Virginia tobaccos. Yes, they're a happy pair. The matrimonial knot is firmly tied—and sealed by their mutual affection for Gold Flake.

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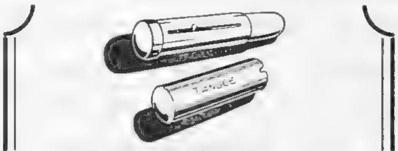

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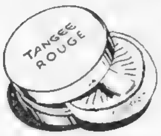

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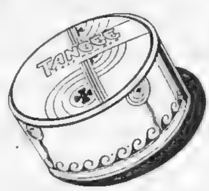

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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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The Master's Touch

(Continued from page 45)

arrogantly. "I do not conspire against him. Others do that. I am merely guaranteed to step into his place when he is gone, restore the liberties of Florence, rebuild the free republic he has destroyed!"

CELLINI caught the cold chill back of those eyes and read the man in a glance. Shrewd, ambitious, unscrupulous, bitterly, icily powerful—restore the republic, indeed! Not a chance of it, with this prince of the Medici.

"Benvenuto, I don't want you to join any intrigue," spoke up Beatrice. "I merely want you to make a certain kind of poniard no one else could make."

"Oh!" said Cellini. He could not credit her words. Such a woman virtually offering herself to him for a dagger—why, it was absurd! Yet her loveliness stirred his senses afresh, as he looked at her. "Then your talk of tempting was mere talk?"

"It was not," she replied calmly. "What shall I pay for your help? Name any price."

"I'll believe you," he said, "for one kiss on the lips."

Without a word she came to him, took his arm, and kissed him full on the lips; a slow, deliberate, unevasive kiss in full measure. Yet, for some reason, it chilled him.

"Have I earned your belief, your help?" She looked into his eyes, offering him even more, as it were. Cosimo de Medici watched them, his unemotional features rather sardonic.

"Madonna, you have earned all my heart and soul and art can give in return," he said with grave courtesy. "Tell me what I am to do."

"Presently."

She turned to Cosimo, who then came to Cellini, and touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Your safe conduct and pardon will come from Rome," he said, "and will be in your hands the moment you finish this little task. Also, silence is golden, my friend. And any lack of discretion—let us say, too powerful a feeling of gratitude toward our good duke—will bring very swift and eternal silence. I think you understand?"

The flash in the cold eyes sent the blood ebbing from Cellini's face. He bowed in assent. Cosimo, having thus returned to a threat and effectually answered the braggart artist, went out and the door slammed.

Beatrice seated herself again. Cellini followed suit, reached for his wine cup, and emptied it at a gulp.

"You find it singular that you should be trusted so far, Benvenuto?"

"Eh? No, no!" Cellini broke into an uneasy laugh, for she had read his thoughts. "Not a bit singular, not a bit, madonna!"

"Well, you should. Until to-night, only two people in the world knew of this matter. Neither of them will speak. You are now the third."

These words sent a queer prickle up his spine. So it was no general conspiracy of the exiled families! Just something that she knew and Cosimo knew—and now he, too, knew. God help him if one word escaped his lips! That young devil Cosimo could find a hundred assassins in five minutes.

"Benvenuto, you're an intelligent man; too intelligent, perhaps." She was studying him with a composure that he found very disconcerting. He found her words more so. "Your gratitude toward the duke does you credit, but I doubt its depth. I don't think anything lies very deep with you, except your art. You're passionate, headstrong, self-centred."

The penetrating truth of this appraisal took Cellini aback.

"Perhaps, perhaps," he assented vaguely. Once more her loveliness was stirring all his senses. So he tried to break down her pride and conceal his own fear with rough eager words. "God, how lovely you are! To touch you is to touch heaven itself!"

"There's nothing you may not ask of me," she replied quietly, "providing you do the one thing I ask of you. Come, and I'll show you what it is."

His pulses were hammering again, as he followed her into the adjoining room. Nothing, eh? By God, there was plain enough speech! But what kind of conspiracy was this, when only two people had known of it?

Candles burned on a table, which was littered with a number of poniards of various sizes and kinds. Upon a wooden block was draped a shirt of Milanese steel links, so fine-meshed that it could be crumpled in the palm of one's hand. At sight of it, Cellini stopped short. Beneath his doublet he wore the mate of this shirt. And Duke Alessandro wore one of the same, both day and night, according to report.

Beatrice picked up one of the daggers. She drove a short, sharp, powerful thrust at the wooden block; the blade glanced from the fine steel.

"You see?" She gestured. "I want you to make a dagger with which I can pierce this mailshirt—unfailingly. It is said to be impossible, but I believe that you can do it."

"It is only the impossible that interests me," Cellini vaunted, with some truth. He examined the daggers, picked out one, tested it:

"This blade will do, but not now," he exclaimed. "You see how fine are those steel links? Even the point of the average weapon would touch more than one; and their united strength resists the blow. You must have, first, a true stiletto tapering to a point precisely as fine as that of a needle so it will pass between the links and force them apart, rather than crush through them Second, the blade must be large enough to take the life of the man inside the steel shirt Correct?"

"Naturally," she assented.

"The problem doesn't end there," he went on. "Are you to strike the blow?"

"I am." Her composure was unbroken Cellini frowned at the blade in his hand.

"Ha! Fine steel in this blade; it can be ground to the right shape. Even so, with this light wooden haft it would fail, in your hand. What is needed is a haft whose solid weight will help to drive home that blow—a haft of iron. Hm! Like those Turkish poniards I got in Rome—an iron haft, heightened with gold and thereby increasing the weight. The blade must have a point that'll not break off. A needle point, quickly becoming four-sided for strength, two of the sides passing into the shank of the blade—yes, yes, exactly like the Corsican stiletto in the duke's wardrobe. I must examine it to-morrow and get the dimensions exact. Then for the grinding."

"When can you have it done?" she demanded.

"The blade? Oh, by to-morrow night," said Cellini. "I'm to see the duke in the morning, and I'll examine that stiletto then. The haft will take longer. That's the important thing. I must design on—ah! ah! The very thing! Here, look at this!"

He seized one of the candles, pinched out the flame, and with the poniard stabbed it into pieces. One of these he warmed above the wick of another candle. His fingers, strong and slim and deft beyond belief, began to pinch and mould it.

As by magic the wax took on shape. It became the figure of a woman, clad only in her long flowing hair.

"Look!" blared his eager voice. "You see how the hand will fit around this figure? It's perfect, as a dagger hilt! It will be a trifle longer than the blade. The woman's hair deeply graven, the lines filled with gold—admirable!" He swung around at Beatrice commandingly. "I'll have the blade done to-morrow night. Then for the haft. You shall pose for it, day after to-morrow;

come to my lodgings. I'll make the model directly from the life in wax, then——"

He checked himself abruptly before the startled look in her face.

"I? Pose for—for that?" she said in a low voice. "It's not necessary. Model any sort of figure you like. It's of no importance."

"No importance? Whatever I touch is important. I'm not interested in making clumsy toys. What I make must be perfect, exquisite, divine! You cannot refuse. You promised anything I might ask?"

"If I must, I'll do it," she said gently. "After all, it's a mere trifle compared with what else I must do. I'll come to your lodgings day after to-morrow."

He stared at her for a moment, his gaze kindling. The stir of passion, the creative fire, the consciousness of her beauty, the recollection of all she offered, swept all else away. He caught hold of her, drew her to him, kissed her hungrily, crushed her against him, then held her at arm's length and stared again.

"I don't understand you!" he broke out. "You refuse nothing——"

"Nothing," she said as he paused. His black brows drew down.

"Yet you seem so distant! It is as though you were kissing some other man."

"Quite true," she said quietly. "There's one other man whom I desire to kiss, Benvenuto, only one. Why complain? I give you what you demand. All my emotion, all passion, is reserved for him. An emotion that kills every other feeling in me—emotion for my family and friends in exile, passion for liberty, for Florence! This body of mine is less than nothing. This city, my city; this people, my people—all my emotion is in that thought."

"God save me from a woman who has a cause!" he cried savagely. "Who's this other man you want to kiss?"

She looked into his eyes with her faint, composed smile.

"Duke Alessandro."

Cellini scarcely realised how he left her. When he reached his own lodgings, he paced up and down the room, fingering the dagger he had brought home.

"So that's her intent!" he said, with an oath. "The duke's well guarded; no dagger can reach him except by night, in a woman's hand. She wants the duke to know she's here, to see her, to lust after her! And he certainly will. When she's ready, says she; that is, when the poniard's ready. Jael and Sisera! Judith of Bethulia—ah, what a scene it would make! What a statue! This lovely creature thrusting the besotted fool through and through as he embraces her. . . ."

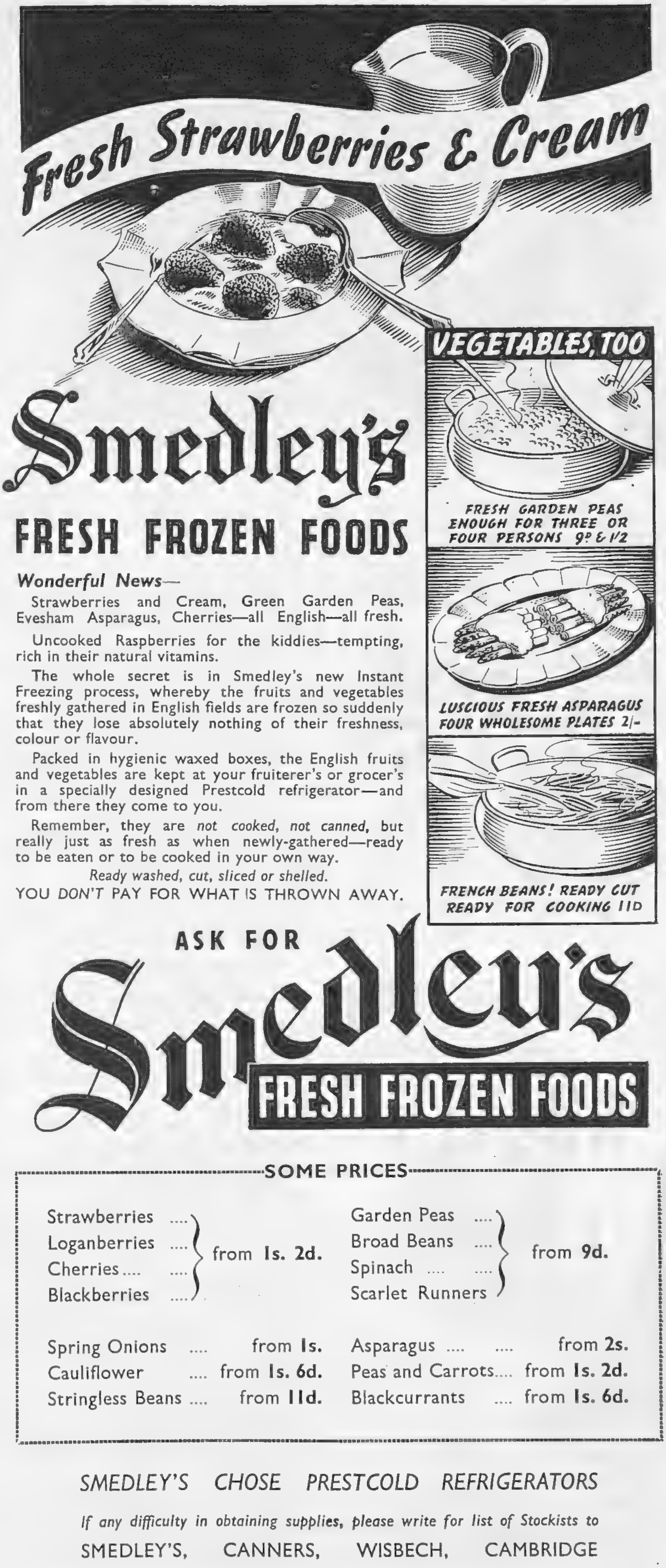
He suddenly shivered, cast a quick, frightened glance around, and extinguished his light.

NEXT day Cellini worked with concentrated fury, like a man distraught. He went in the morning to the palace and found the duke in bed, heavy lidded from the previous night's debauch. A powerful man, this last of the old Medici, not yet weakened by the furious pace of his dissolute and evil existence. Cellini showed him the dies for new coins he was making, then went into the wardrobe, with its keeper dangling the heavy keys.

This little room, prettily painted and panelled, had nothing to do with clothes; it was where the finer weapons, money, plate and small treasures were kept. To-day it is called the treasury. Presently, Cellini had his hands on the Corsican stiletto, a fine piece of work with a gold wrought haft. It was the blade that interested him; after studying this carefully, he departed.

All that day and far into the dark hours, he laboured at his grinding. When he finished, it was midnight; or by Florentine reckoning, the fifth hour of the day. Razor edge and needle point, perfect in each tiny detail! He had repeatedly tested it on his own steel-mesh shirt. Now he tried it again. Yes! The needle point slid in between the meshes perfectly, beautifully.

He tossed the (Continued on page 92)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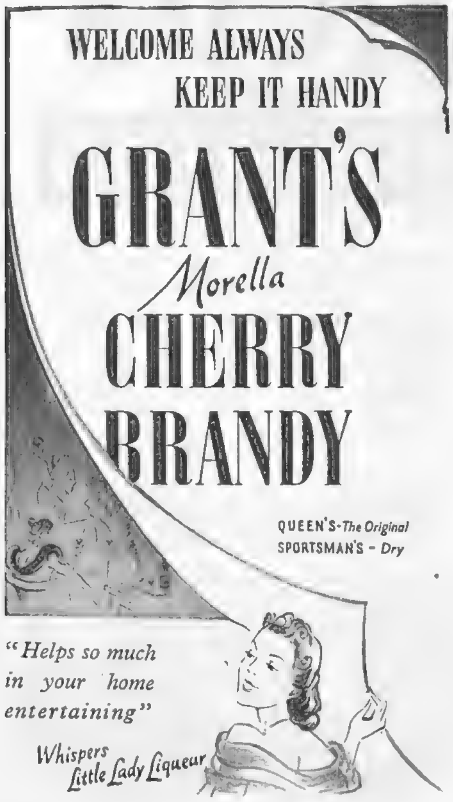

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ringing blade on the table and sat staring at it. His frenzy of work had left him weary; now he could face chill realities without illusion. This glamorous woman meant to kill the duke—give herself to him, sacrifice him and herself together, for the sake of Florence and liberty. "This body of mine," she had said, "is less than nothing."

Cosimo de Medici knew of this. Beatrice must have gone about the scheme with his help, having implicit confidence that he would assume the power, restore the republic and its liberties, bring back the exiled families. No doubt he had sworn great oaths, and she believed him.

"But I'd not believe him on any oath!" he muttered. "He's entirely willing to take advantage of her sacrifice. He knows that I know about all this. Hm! Cold, fish-hearted man; he'll rise higher than any of the Medici before him. But what about me?"

His own calculations were cold enough. Cellini thought his problem out here and now, well aware that he could not do so under the spell of Beatrice.

Duke Alessandro had welcomed him, protected him, enriched him; did duty demand that he warn the duke? No. His only duty was to his art. The tyrant was doomed, sooner or later; Cosimo was the rising star. "Silence is golden," Cosimo had promised him meaningly. Keep the friendship of Cosimo by all means!"

On the other hand, safety urged that he go to Rome before the duke was killed. In the heat of things, Cosimo might be apt at suspicion, might think best to get rid of anyone who knew too much. When all had calmed down, would be time enough to return here.

So, with a deep breath of decision, Cellini pinched out the candle and dropped on his couch.

On the morrow, his pulses began to hammer again, and he was no longer capable of clear and coherent thought. She came, as she had promised. She looked at the steel blade in its temporary wooden handle. Cellini spread his own steel shirt on a chair and bade her try the blade—not too hard, however, lest the delicate point break.

She tested it, and caught her breath. It passed into and through the steel mesh. A hard stroke would have driven it clear through.

"Don't take any chances of breaking this needle-point. Without it, the poniard is useless for your purpose. Now, shall we get to work?"

"If I must," she assented quietly.

Clear-eyed, aloof, lovely, she posed as he demanded, the masses of golden hair cloaking her nearly to the knees. Cellini worked like a madman with his modelling wax, with his crayon. His feverish energy, his heart-hurried enthusiasm, left him exhausted.

"Is it done, then?" she demanded, when she had returned clad for the street, to look at his labours.

"No!" he exclaimed. "To-morrow—we must finish with it to-morrow!"

"If I must," she said again, and departed. He stooped his lips to her fingers as she left, and had a smile for his reward.

He had lied; the work was done. Yet he could not deny himself the further ecstasy of working from her chaste loveliness; the artist in him—and perhaps not the artist alone—cried out for it.

So he lied to her, on the morrow, and lied again the day after. And, pretending to work on the wax model, in secret he was making sketches, plans, designs for a Judith of Bethulia that would startle the world.

Then, on the third morning, something happened.

He dismissed her from the pose and then came swiftly to her, caught the golden hair in his fingers, looked into her face with hungry, passionate eyes. She flinched slightly, but returned his look, unafraid.

"The duke knows I am here," she said calmly. "I am to sup with him to-morrow night. I must have the dagger before then. Can you not finish quickly?"

"You shall have it in the morning, early," he exclaimed. "My pardon from Rome?"

"It is here. I have it—a safe conduct from the Pope himself."

"Good!" An ardent, reckless impetuosity seized him, carried him away. "To-morrow night is the end, then? Beatrice, I cannot let you go like this! I can't! You must dine with me to-night—you must come here—you must!"

She did not move, but the growing scorn in her eyes made him take a step back.

"If I must," she said again, "then I shall do so. I keep my word, Benvenuto. But no matter what you seek from me, you can find only one thing in my heart, remember."

"What is it, then?" he asked, smiling. It was his last smile at her.

"Contempt. Absolute contempt for a man who has so ignoble a mind, so pitiful a spirit. Contempt for an artist who is so magnificent in tiny things, so despicable in great things—the things of the soul, the things eternal! Do you think I'm here because I admire you? God forbid! I despise you so utterly, so thoroughly, that I'll pay your price as I'd toss a giulio to a faceless leper at the church door, and hasten on past the loathsome creature in order that I may more quickly fasten my eyes upon the white purity and glory of the Christ inside!"

The slow, calm words had terrible force. Her frightful composure heightened the still, relentless truth of those words. Cellini's features were suffused with blood as he listened. Then he turned away, gripping his palms.

"You need not come to-night," he said in a choked voice. "I'll bring the poniard in the morning and get the pardon."

She dressed and departed without another word or look.

For a space Cellini stood quite immobile, silent. His slowly gathering emotion erupted in a storm of oaths, followed by an emotional access to which his Italian nature was susceptible. He strode up and down, swearing in gusty rage, brandishing his sword, finally flinging it into a corner and dropping into a chair.

Those words of hers had planted a quivering barb in the tenderest spot of his whole nature—his vanity, his self-esteem as an artist, as a man, was hurt. What redoubled his impotent fury was their absolute truth. He sat there gasping, exhausted, wrung to the very depths.

Breathing hard, he caught sight of the poniard with its wooden handle. He seized it, lifted it as though to hurl it away—then checked himself. He lowered the weapon, tossed it aside.

He was actually writhing physically as well as mentally; his slender, powerful hands clenched and unclenched. He could sense the noble, the almost unearthly qualities of this woman, but he could not comprehend them. Now, as always, up sprang the one thought that comes to an ignoble soul lashed by the scorn of a greater spirit—revenge.

He picked up the dagger again, tore loose the blade from its wooden haft, and studied it. Suddenly a hoarse, croaking laugh burst from him. He leaped to his feet and rushed to his work bench in the next room.

In the morning, after labouring until the very dawn, he went to the little bare house where Beatrice Nardi dwelt. He was haggard, dishevelled, almost incoherent. Cool and composed as always, Beatrice received him as though nothing whatever had happened. He thrust the poniard at her.

"Take it," he said hoarsely. "Remember, it's only good for one or two strokes! Take no chance of breaking the point beforehand."

"One stroke only will be needed," she rejoined. "Or perhaps—two."

Cellini went away, clutching at his safe-conduct with the heavy lead seals of the Pope. Later that morning, when he was packed and ready, he went to call on the duke.

Alessandro was, as usual, recovering from a debauch, but received Cellini with great amiability. Vainly he tried to dissuade the artist from going to Rome; no promise of money, work, position, would stay Cellini.

He remained obdurate to all advances.

"You'll not even stay to sup with me to-night?" said the duke, chuckling. "A most charming lady, my Benvenuto. I might find a companion for you——"

Cellini would stop for nothing, and stopped for nothing. In another hour he was out of the city and spurring for Rome with the devil in his heart.

And there was all the story, as Parton related it to me, wheezing, excited in his words and manner. There was the dagger on the desk before me. Once more I examined it curiously. I looked at Parton, who sat mopping his great moon face.

"But surely that's not all the story?"

"Well, no," he said. "You've got to picture that girl sacrificing herself to save Florence—another Charlotte Corday, or more exactly, another Judith. One who never reached the page of history. You've got to picture her, going that evening to sup with the duke, this very poniard hidden somewhere about her person."

He paused, blinking. I shook my head.

"I don't get it, Parton. As I recall, Duke Alessandro was not killed by a woman. He was murdered some months later by another of the family. Cosimo promptly stepped in and became the first Grand Duke of Tuscany."

"Right," said Parton. "Right. That's the very thing to remember. He was not killed by a woman. And why not? Because this artist Cellini was indeed supreme in little things, such as only his little soul could comprehend. There he was a master. Now let me explain the master's touch. Take up the poniard and hit me with it, hard."

He moved closer, baring his expansive shirt front.

"Don't be a fool," I said. "That thing is sharp as the devil."

"All right, all right," he took a magazine from the desk and held it across his chest. "Now hit out with it—hard! Try to imagine that you're a girl, sacrificing herself for liberty, in the very arms of a drunken tyrant. You slip the poniard out and plunge it into him—do it, do it!"

I did it, rather gingerly.

For one instant, my heart actually stopped with a cold shock of fear. The point of the blade struck on the magazine, then the iron haft thudded against it. Only when the booming laugh of Parton reassured me, did I see that he was quite safe—and why.

With the impact, a spring had been released; the blade simply slid up into the haft.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, in widening comprehension. "Then—then——"

"I know," Parton nodded grimly. "But the manuscript doesn't say what became of her."

END

Wings Over the Pacific

(*Continued from page* 9)

equipment, that they receive no direct subsidy, income being derived from mail contracts of which the American Government recovers sixty-five per cent from mail revenue. Letter air mail for the entire Trans-Pacific stretch costs seventy cents per half ounce, that is more than three shillings; parcels more than six shillings a pound; passenger transport about £190 for the single trip and some £340 for a return ticket. Ten or twelve paying passengers have made three or four flights, and at least thirty, two or more. As all the company's employees on Wake and Midland Islands have to travel by air, I make the difference between the travelling staff and paying passengers. Of those who brave the Pacific by air, some forty per cent are women. The richest girl in the world, Doris Duke, now Mrs. Cromwell, who is building a dream palace in Hawaii, has entrusted

(*Continued on page* 94)

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herself six times to the *Clippers* on the longest and most dangerous lap, the 2,404 miles between San Francisco and Honolulu. Her husband's record exceeds even that.

As I am the only woman who has ever flown the Pacific in a dirigible, the good old *Graf Zeppelin* on the Round-the-World flight in 1929, I am often asked to compare the two long transocean flights. I still have no hesitation in declaring myself in favour of lighter-than-air for such voyages, and maintain my earliest views that the dirigible for commercial freight and passenger purposes is the steamship of the air for long-distance transocean travel, while the heavier-than-air *in its present state of development*, should remain the aerial express train overland, or transport for shorter oversea hops. There is no comparison when it comes to comfort, feeling of security, lack of fatigue and heavy or bulky freight-carrying capacity. In the *Graf Zeppelin* we flew the Pacific in some sixty-six hours, of which more than half were in the well-known Pacific fog, without visibility. When the navigator was able to check his course, he found his error to be less than ten miles. In the meantime we were flying in comparative silence, confident of staying aloft for an almost indefinite period, enjoying space for freedom of movement, comfortable cabins, practically no motion, a stimulating but not trying altitude, and carrying all the baggage, typewriters, cameras, etc., we needed. The time element was fairly compensated by the fact that dirigibles fly day and night. In any case, my most recent experience of American airlines is that they exaggerate in sacrificing comfort to speed.

Dirigibles stay aloft in spite of possible engine difficulties which can be remedied in the air by an engineer in the motor gondola. On a flying boat of the type in use at present, the engines are inaccessible for repair. One of the most striking features of the Dornier twelve-motored *DO.X.* to which I was assigned for months during its first flights, was the fact that any one of the twelve motors were at least partially accessible in flight by means of an enclosed turret from the engine-room to the engine. From authoritative sources I have confirmed that no flying boat, civil or military, exists to-day with such facilities, although the new Boeing, under construction, will offer similar or modified security.

Some contrasts between this, and the flight I made in the Glen-Martin lie in the facts that for one thing the interior was far from comfortable. I understand the company had to scrap their originally planned luxurious upholstery on account of weight, and the substitute is not easy on the passengers confined to sitting position for hours—a whole day. They admit difficulties with their ventilation system, and after two years have not succeeded better than to install ventilators which make such an infernal noise that one cannot talk except by getting so close to the ear of one's listener that it is embarrassing between strangers, and it distracts even from reading. Free baggage is allowed up to fifty-five pounds, which may sound plenty but is little enough when it includes a twelve-pound typewriter, camera, clothing for quick transfer from the tropical Far East to the sophisticated United States. Over and above, the excess rate is one per cent of the fare per kilo, working out at roughly one pound sterling per pound weight. Freight, personal or commercial on the *Graf Zeppelin* during her many transocean flights to South America included aeroplanes, motor cars and cargo normally carried by ocean liners, for which there is no space, even if money enough, to carry on any heavier-than-air machine to date.

The optimum altitude of the modern supercharged engine is high, and even below 10,000 feet can be trying for the aged, infirm or those with weak hearts. I did not see, and have confirmed, that there is no oxygen available for passenger use on the Pan-American Trans-Pacific Airways, although the German Lufthansa and the Dutch K.L.M. are equipped with oxygen tubes immediately available to each and every passenger in his seat. From lay passengers of considerable commercial flying experience, I heard criticism of the attitude of the crew towards them. The basis for this I well understand. The commander and crew, with possibly the exception of the steward, are naval men, fairly fresh from the service atmosphere of resentment against, tinged with slight contempt, for the mere civilian on what they consider to be their terrain. I recall, during the very first flights of the *Graf Zeppelin* manned by war-time commanders and crew, that they had difficulty in disguising a distaste for passengers. Freight and mail they did not mind. But it took Doctor Eckener, Captains Lehmann, Flemming and von Schiller a little while to adapt themselves to general passenger traffic, and to realise that they were attempting to inaugurate a service more or less in competition with the amenities of luxury trans-Atlantic travel. I was not surprised. They had been soldiers of the air. Quite soon, however, they relaxed to be their natural comradely, genial selves, and this pleasant atmosphere was praised to me by word and letters from dozens of Zeppelin travellers during the regular trans-Atlantic flights. The Zeppelin commanders and officers had their "fans," just as have the chief pilots of the Imperial Airways, the K.L.M., the Italian, the Lufthansa and other European airways. It is good for trade. I know of many men who send their families, even small children unaccompanied, for long distances by air instead of sea, just because they know that Pilot So-and-So is in charge.

The Dutch are past-masters in the art of handling passengers. I have watched the officers draw out a reserved, timid or morose passenger till he comes back from a visit to the cockpit glowing with the idea that he himself is a part of the great adventure. On most European air lines, maps are available to passengers, and from time to time the navigator will send back a note of the position, speed, altitude and any information calculated to interest the passenger in the flight in the plane. Nothing like that on Pan-American. Not even an altimeter in the passenger cabin. Flying at speed from east to west or vice versa, the time changes with relative rapidity, but the clock for passenger use was not kept adjusted. The officers sedulously avoided any contact with the passengers as they passed through the cabin, and at the overnight stopping places. One international air traveller, holding a ticket for over 30,000 miles, from Hong Kong right through their South American route, was particularly resentful of being treated like a mail sack or freight. This attitude, although I believed to understand the mentality dictating it, so intrigued me, that I asked one of the airport managers to explain it, and came up against the same psychology—he too, was a navy man—and he said they did not want passengers to form attachments for any one commander or plane, but that if everything remained strictly impersonal it would be better for business. I could hardly agree. After all, they are Americans, catering mainly for their own people. But the Europeans, accustomed to the "personal contact" attentions of the British, Dutch, Italian and German air-services during flight, held other opinions.

The undeniable tedium of the long day's flight from Manila to Guam was broken by very good meals. The Pan-American ground service is unquestionable. Guam, discovered by Magellan, 1521, captured by the United States, 1898, is a single mountain island about thirty miles long by seven miles wide, and an important U.S. naval base under a naval governor. Guam (Chamarro) boys staff the hotels of Wake and Midway Islands. Mixture of Indonesian stock, Philippine Tagals and Spanish, they have inherited native dignity, courtesy and South Sea charm, making excellent servants.

I left Guam for Wake Island with more than the usual thrill because I had planned to stay a week there. A week which extended to two weeks, even then I was reluctant to depart.

Magnificent navigation brought us after dark, over a few flickering lights. The flying boat circled, finally landing as gently as a feather just in the right channel of a circular lagoon. Not until the next day did I fully realise what a feat the navigation and landing had been.

I knew there were only forty-four inhabitants, including servants, on the island, and most of them turned out to greet the *Philippine Clipper*. One lone lady was amongst them, Mrs. Jenkins, wife of the hotel manager, and the only woman allowed to live on the island, although no objection is raised to women visitors for short periods. Mrs. Jenkins accompanied me to the hotel, where I was dazzled by lights and life.

The hotel is a bungalow building of the most modern type, with two residential wings branching off at angles from a main hall, dining-room and lounge. Entrances to the whole building, windows and verandas, are finely screened against the rats and insects. I was astonished at the luxury of the bedrooms, each with bathroom and shower, fine linen, lights, ample clothes accommodation. A smiling Chamarro boy expertly pressed my creased dresses in record time, brought a long cooling drink tinkling with ice, announcing the time for dinner. The catering is a miracle in itself, considering that the tiny one mile long and quarter of a mile wide coral atoll is barren of all resources except the fish in the sea.

Meanwhile, Mr. Jenkins has to rely on the visit of a supply ship once in six months to furnish some 4,200 meals a month for the island staff, the crew and passengers of the *Clippers* in transit. He gave me an idea of his "shopping list" for six months. It includes 10,000 pounds of frozen meat, kept in large cold-storage rooms, and takes twenty-four to thirty-six hours to thaw out before cooking. Two thousand frozen chickens; 1,840 tins of cheese, fish and meat; nearly 2,000 cans of jellies, preserves and fruits; about 1,500 cans of vegetables; more than 4,500 pounds of flour, cereals and biscuits; 2,150 pounds of sugar; 500 pounds of coffee; 100 pounds of tea; and last but not least 12,000 bottles of beer.

My first meal on Wake was dinner the evening I arrived, and this is what we had—celery, sour pickles, green olives, fruit cocktail, tomato soup, green salad, sirloin steak, potatoes, carrots in butter, green peas, corn-meal muffins, huckleberry pie with ice-cream, mixed nuts, wafers, tea or coffee—all out of Mr. Jenkins's storerooms. For breakfast next morning I was offered a choice of tomato juice, pineapple juice, four different cereals, waffles and hot cakes with honey, grilled bacon, jelly omelette, shirred, boiled, fried or scrambled eggs, toast, orange marmalade, strawberry jam, coffee, tea or Postum. Luncheon was on the same basis, and every meal I had during the two weeks' stay was excellent, varied and well served.

In the early hours, the passengers continuing their flight with the *Clipper*, made a noisy departure, and soon after I was up and out, impatient with eagerness to explore the island. The three little islands, Wake, Wilkes and Peale Islands, are set within a ring-shaped coral reef enclosing the lagoon—an atoll. The dark, deep Pacific ocean beats and churns against the reef. If the persistent waves could vanquish this protecting barrier, the islands would be no more, for the "mountain" is less than fifteen feet high, and the general level lower. The air base, hotel and workshops are on tiny Peale Island. Wake and Wilkes Islands have never been inhabited and are still uninhabited. The total land area of all three is about 2,600 acres.

As I mentioned above, there is no soil, only loose coral ground on the surface as fine as sand, making the beach glitter with dazzling whiteness. In spite of this and the lack of water, the islands are green and beautiful with trees, shrubs and flowers tolerant of salt. The dominant tree on all three islands is the "tree heliotrope," which rarely exceeds twenty feet high, and has small white flowers.

No horse, mule, donkey, cat or dog. The first three would be useless, and the latter are not allowed because it is a bird sanctuary. The little rats are probably

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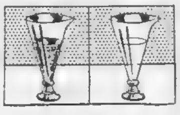

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C.F.H.

descendants from some off a ship. The first colonists found the island overrun with them, and as they are very mischievous and destructive, one of the first tasks of the pioneers was to get them under control, but the place seemed to me still to be full of them.

The bird colony is on the southern end of Peale Island, terns, black and white, booby birds, absurd-looking with big beaks and red webbed feet, bosun birds, the frigate birds, males of which have a red pouch in front, and flightless rails with no air-bearing wings, which run along the ground, comically like a well-trained motorist indicating his direction by extension of the appropriate wing.

There was one glass-bottomed boat available, just an ordinary rowing boat, with a glass bottom instead of wood, in which I could paddle about the mirror-clear lagoon and watch the fishes darting round the coral under the water. Such fishes too! Never, except in a well-stocked aquarium have I seen such exotic butterflies of the sea. Big and little, of all hues of the rainbow, scintillating with the reflection of the sun, some transparent, some opalescent, others with flowing veil-like tails. They looked more like elusive jewel arrangements than fish.

Fish are so plentiful that it seems a crime to catch them. You can be sure of a bite within a few seconds of throwing the line.

There is only one "antique" on the atoll. That is the rusty anchor of the old German sailing barque *Libelle*. Mr. G. W. Bicknell, Wake's first airport manager, discovered a rusty old anchor half-buried on one of the reefs. In vain he queried Lloyd's Bureau, and only recently found the solution in an ancient pamphlet amongst the musty territorial archives in Honolulu.

The *Libelle*, nearly a hundred years ago, arrived in Honolulu around Cape Horn from the Atlantic with cargo worth a third of a million dollars, and twenty passengers bound for the Far East. Following departure she disappeared completely, was registered "Lost at sea."

The facts are that the *Libelle* caught in a sudden Pacific gale, was cast away on "an uninhabited and dangerous reef known as Wake Island." The ship, held fast on the coral barrier, with a raging sea breaking over her decks, held together through the night. With daylight and a lessening of the storm's fury, all aboard made shore through the mountainous surf. Finding no water, they salvaged what they could of the ship's stores, buried the treasure in the sands, recovered two of the ship's boats and set out for Guam 1,500 miles away. "Twenty-two persons in open boats but twenty-two feet in length, with makeshift sails, spindly masts and oars with men too weak to man them—the prey of storms, breathless calms, blazing tropical sun, through an unknown ocean. The first mate was in charge of the ship's long-boat. Captain Tobias, with eight others set sail behind them in the captain's gig. They became separated. The captain was never seen again. For years stories came from other islands deep in the West Pacific, of haggard, bearded men cast up on lonely beaches, but none were ever verified." The survivors in the other boat reached Guam after indescribable hardships. The treasure was eventually recovered.

Modern romance, for me, lay in the experiments of Lamory Laumeister making "the desert bloom." Pupil of Professor W. F. Gericke of the University of California, he was on Wake Island growing vegetables and flowers with water and chemicals. This is known as hydroponics, which is Professor Gericke's own word. It means "labour of water." He coined it in contrast to "geoponics"—labour of earth. Professor Gericke's experiments date back no farther than 1929, and nine years later on this soilless mid-Pacific coral atoll I helped Mr. Laumeister to pick ten pounds of succulent scarlet tomatoes (and helped eat them too!), also several juicy cucumbers garnished with green salad. Recently he wrote me from Wake that he had harvested another hundred pounds of tomatoes.

Most people ask me how I managed to fill in my time for two weeks on Wake Island! The two weeks were not nearly enough. I had stayed over in the first place to write myself out over China and the Far East, so did not feel free till about four o'clock, when I would swim or explore the islands. Lunch was between eleven and twelve, dinner between six and seven. The island staff began their day at six, so no one wanted late nights. After dinner they might play tennis by electric light, or listen to the radio.

There were two *Clipper* arrivals a week, one eastbound, the other westbound: if the passenger list was a full one, the crew and the transients almost doubled the population of the little place. Once during my stay, two *Clippers* arrived within an hour of each other. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins had their hands full to lodge and cater for the overnight "crowd." As far as I remember Mr. Jenkins said that the maximum number of people who had ever been on the islands at the same time, was around eighty.

The transients generally had an hour or so of daylight remaining after arrival. They generally made straight for the tempting warm, blue water, afterwards going round the island to see the tens of thousands of hermit crabs crawling the sands. Some as tiny as fleas, others quite large. These crabs spend their lives from infancy in shells belonging to other creatures, which they eject. As the crabs grow, they continue to find bigger and bigger shells for themselves to fit their size. Another oddity of the sands is the number of green glass balls washed up by the tide. They are Japanese fishing-net balls, some small as apples, others much larger than a basket-net ball. A certain current of the ocean floats them all the way down the Pacific from Japan.

The highlight of the week is Thursday, which, since a *Clipper* arrives on Sunday, is regarded as the rest day. Once a week new films arrive, and a show is given on Thursday evening. They have all the installation for modern sound and pictures. Every one participated, down to the smallest kitchen boy. The island staff are not allowed to remain longer than six months at a stretch, then are transferred to Manila, Honolulu or San Francisco for another period, before returning to Wake or Midway Island. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins are permanent there. It says a great deal for the real charm of the place that they have not made any requests for a change.

END

Australia Is Like This

(Continued from page 11)

These things the Duke and Duchess of Kent may or may not learn, or if they do, agree with. The King's No. 1 representative in Australia, approachable though he is, has little opportunity to get behind the scenes, really, genuinely. Usually he meets the people on their best manners. Those who go to Government House are carefully vetted by the Permanent Secretary who keeps the lists of the previous governor, and it has happened that personal friendship with this Secretary is the open door to Government House. Driving along populace-lined streets, opening homes, Parliament, bazaars, does not permit the G. G. to learn what the ordinary Australian is thinking. The talk at his dinner parties is with leaders in Government, business, society, who are just about as far from the millions as are the rulers in this old country. Particularly in Melbourne of whose "social" suburb a famous author said truly: "There is more snobbery in Toorak than in the rest of the British Empire."

There is so much that is admirable in the Australian character, social legislation and values that one dreads the outcome of the curious desire to copy which hampers to-day the development of arts and traits which particularise the Commonwealth. In the big cities it is becoming less and less "done" to use Australian slang. In Melbourne you talk about "going to the country" not "to the bush." I remember a fond Sydney mother showing how well her child spoke by making it say "O.K. Big Boy." Any one who blew into the bar of the South Australian Hotel in Adelaide in a big hat and with rolled-up sleeves would be a spectacle for a press photographer. I did once, after an expedition, and was refused a room. If a man wears whites during the heat of summer in Perth, the odds are some little beast will call out "Ice cream-oh." In Brisbane you will notice "through" spelt "thru." The cult of wanting everything (supposed to be any good) branded "Imported" extends to clothing, musicians, fashions. And this at the expense of those who strive to develop taste for the fine local products which this young country possesses abundantly in the soil and in the mind.

If, therefore, the Duke curbs the desire to Americanise or Anglicise and at the same time stimulates the fit and proper distinction which we expect of Australians, then the service will be great and welcome. It will give them back that confidence in themselves which slips away to-day, and is expressed by an irritating superiority some exhibit when Australia is out of sight.

During his term of office the G. G. has his principal house in Canberra, the Federal capital city corresponding with Washington, U.S.A. He is allowed a salary of £10,000 per year by the Commonwealth Government, and on top of this another £24,000 was given to him in 1936–7. Yet such are the expenses of entertaining, upkeep and so forth that without a private income no G. G. could accept the post. As well as the Canberra house, there is Admiralty House, on the shore of Sydney Harbour where the famed bridge stands high above. This *pied-à-terre* is used frequently by the G. G., for the Federal Capital, if exclusive, is inconvenient, being about 250 miles away by road. Fine though the inland climate is, grand though the hills are about the plain whereon is being built the new city, there are times in summer when surf and beaches mean more than seclusion.

When the G. G. travels, his special car is attached to the train. When he motors, a gold and red crown on a black plate in front and behind the car gives him sanctuary from speed cops, privilege in traffic and a happy issue from mistakes. His *aides* also find this convenient if late for a party.

Apart from the general duties connected with Parliament, speeches and openings, there are several annual events at which vice-royalty are expected. Sydney has its huge spring meeting at Randwick Racecourse, and on the first Tuesday in October, Melbourne has its world-renowned Cup Meeting. It is customary for the G. G. to drive to the course in an open carriage drawn by four horses. An escort of lancers, with pennants streaming in the breeze, line up as special guard when the viceregal party, men in morning dress, ladies in their best frocks, steps down to go to the special box. It is the antipodean Ascot.

Till a year or two ago the Governor-General used to live at Federal Government House in Melbourne, an imposing double-storied place surrounded by parklands and flower gardens. The environs of the River Yarra, which bisects the city, are famous for them. As one sweeps along St. Kilda Road, with its fast and slow lines of motor traffic, its trams and its shrubberies, one passes close to this building which is now the home of the State Governor. He, when the G. G. comes to Melbourne, is his host, for Stonnington, which was His Excellency's residence out Toorak-way, is now a girls' school. There is Government Cottage also, at Mount Macedon, some forty miles out of the city. There it is cool in summer and snow falls later in the year.

Yet with these special houses for them, I am sure the Duke and Duchess will see as much of the real Australians and the heart of the country as they can. Cities, except in setting, resembling each other so much the

"My eyes are giving me away, Jane Seymour!"

" I'm not thirty yet," said a young woman who came to my Salon, " but I've been particularly conscious lately of lines and bagginess under my eyes."

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" I'd love to hear about it," she said.

" Take off your make-up," I said, " and give your eyes an eye bath in Eye Lotion and water. It will take away all strain and preserve your sight. Then pat Anti-Wrinkle Cream all round your eyes. Soak Eye Pads in hot water, wring them out and put them on your eyes and rest. Repeat that several times. Give your eyes another bath and then remove the Anti-Wrinkle Cream with Juniper Skin Tonic. If you want to keep the whites camellia-clear—complete the treatment with my Eye Drops.

" Give yourself this treatment every time you've got half an hour to spare," I continued. " Remember, it's keeping on that brings results."

Well, she was evidently worried enough to do as I suggested, for some time later she came in to show me my advice has done all and more than I promised to make her ' eyes right.'

Do get my book ' Speaking Frankly ' from any shop that sells my preparations, or direct from me: Jane Seymour Ltd., 21-22 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 3712. Salon, Extension 3.

Trade Mark

Jane Seymour

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world over, they will be keen to get together with the men who grow the wool and wheat, dig the gold and shoot the buffalo which make possible the seaboard communities. Between the city Australian and the man on the land there is indeed a difference; particularly amongst the men if less amongst the women. The way they live, how they express themselves, doubtless will hold the interest of our King's brother and his wife. If he can travel as much as I am sure he will desire, he will be able to join in the winter sports in the Australian Alps at Mount Kosciusko; he will be able to shoot the great rollers of the Pacific as they pound upon the shores of New South Wales. The station owners will saddle horses for a kangaroo hunt over the plains of Riverina—west of Canberra. And if he could arrange to go even part of the way down the Murray River he would see the greatest dried fruits industry in the Empire, as well as vineyards which help to swell the Commonwealth production of 16½ million gallons a year—all because an American called Chaffey had the enterprise to irrigate from this Mississippi of Australia.

Further afield he may be able to go right into Central Australia, as other Governors have done. Like Lord and Lady Stradbroke, who motored from Adelaide north across the continent before the railway was extended in 1929, from Oodnadatta for another 300 miles to Alice Springs. There in the very centre of the land he will be able to meet men fresh from sights and experiences as exciting as anywhere in the Empire. He could meet Will Fox who married an aboriginal woman, and claimed thereby he had become king of Central Australia. For his wife was the daughter of the king of the tribe and thus he argued he had become heir-apparent to the territory in which he lived. So that when the aged black fellow died, Will put in a claim to the Commonwealth Government for his "rights." These being not acknowledged as he desired, one night after a rather long sitting at the Stuart Arms he decided on power politics to bring attention to his minority. Just in time the police found him in the garden of the Government Resident with a case of gelignite, detonators in place and fuses attached. His practical joke conceived in a drunkenly playful mood might have had disastrous consequences for all the township of Alice Springs (himself included), had the match he proposed to put to the fuses been applied. Oh, shades of the Fifth of November!

I do hope our new G. G. will be able to get off the beaten track, even to make contact with the roaming black fellows on the Centre. They are an extraordinarily interesting folk, primitive, lawless, cunning in their natural state; a poor imitation of the white man when one tries to civilise them, but rather grand in their wild state where they walk about naked with keen, piercing eyes and muscles that ripple. Nature's closest approach to the perfect gentleman, they make no habitation, grow no crops, fashion not a thing except the wooden spears and simple tools they need.

Not the least wonderful of their accomplishments is the ability to send messages over huge distances with almost incredible rapidity, and often, not briefly. Like the time when Tom Laurie was attacked by blacks at a lonely Central Australian goldfield in 1923.

Alone, after the rest had quit, Tom hung on trying to find the reef which had "pinched" or faded out in a fashion which suggested it would "make" again—if someone could find where. Tom had a native woman called Ruby working for him. But she ran away and did not return for ten days. When she did it was to tell him:

"Bugagee black feller sit down close up. Look out longa you. Properly sulky. Got 'em spear. Got 'em boomerang. Look out, Tom." So Laurie got a rifle and sat down on a box to wait for the savages. They had come from Bugagee, sixty miles south-east; their name for a heap of granite boulders which the whites called "The Granites." As Ruby had told that they were hidden in the bush watching him "sulkily" or with bad intentions, and armed, Tom stopped work to accept the challenge. His nearest neighbour was almost 150 miles away and Laurie was blind in one eye—but not afraid.

Six strapping young bucks appeared out of the bush. Cockalilli led them, a notorious trouble maker whose tremendously big feet leave a track every white and black about Tanami knows.

Fully armed with several spears apiece, two or three boomerangs stuck in hair-string belts round their tummies, and painted grotesquely with red and white ochre, the naked warriors came slowly towards Tom Laurie. At sixty yards Tom halted them—spear range is at least eighty yards.

Ruby began to plead.

"Him finish sulky. Him orright. Nothing want'em kill'em you, Tom. Might'em you shoot, you shoot'em me first time." Ruby suited the action to the words and placed herself between Laurie and the blacks.

So the white man got six sticks of tobacco out of his tent, as peace offering.

"Nothing want'em tobacco," Ruby sang out. "Want'em nappa." Lauria motioned the warriors to the "nappa," or water, where he had built a trough out of a hollow log for his horses.

At sundown the spearmen were still hanging about, so, rifle over arm, Laurie came out of the tent, walked towards them and ordered them to "walk away."

Ruby was out of sight—because she was behind the white man, sneaking towards him. She still wore the wide shapeless red smock which Laurie had given her. And, crouching low behind, one of the fighters was using this cover to reach the unsuspecting white man.

The first thing Tom knew was his rifle being seized. Reaching over Ruby's shoulder, the buck grabbed the muzzle of the Winchester. He snapped it out of Tom's hands.

The other bucks immediately war-whooped, snatched boomerangs from their belts and rushed in to finish off the luckless white. There was a devil of a scrimmage. The first blow at his head Tom warded off with a hand—and had all the fingers broken. He kicked one black in the stomach. And then, falling in holds with another, he managed to free an arm, and lay him out with a right to the jaw. Which was lucky as you can't generally hurt a black fellow's face. Before the blacks realised it, Tom had broken away and was rushing to his tent. He got another rifle, flung in a cartridge,and, even with an arm partly paralysed by the boomerang blow, he began to shoot.

He got one buck in the shoulder. That was enough. They bolted.

But next morning, long before daylight, the police at Newcastle Water, 300 miles north-east, knew all about the fight. There are no telegraphs at Tanami (the loneliest goldfield in Australia), it is no man's land between there and Newcastle Water, where only a few wild blacks roam; for it is desert. Yet word got through to bush blacks camped near the police. They called to the police trackers who took word to the sergeant and the trooper. "Just another bush telegraph" they thought, but months later they found they were wrong. For Tom Laurie reached Soakage Creek cattle station more dead than alive after several days hard and painful riding. And so in due course his story reached Newcastle Waters and confirmedthe substance of the "mulga wire" from the blacks.

Now—how do the blacks send gossip about the bush? Smoke signals undoubtedly play a large part in sending messages. Until you become familiar with them, it is eerie to see columns of smoke ascending to the skies one, five, ten, even fifty miles away when you have not cast eyes upon a black fellow for days, perhaps weeks.

Often I have tried to get blacks to tell me something about their methods of smoke signalling. But never successfully.

More intriguing even than smoke signals is the belief held by many bushmen that blacks use mental telepathy to get their message over the desert. I think this is so. Otherwise I cannot explain the rapidity of transmission and the volume of information which scurries through the bush when big things are to do.

The transmitter sends up his personal call-smoke till he gets the reply from the man or tribe he wants. The effect of this is to say "I am about to think something to you," and the other end sends back, "I am waiting to take in your thought."

Concentrated thus upon each other's mentality, the two "stations" communicate.

Such an explanation of "mulga wires" is not fantastic. Experienced bushmen subscribe to it, and phenomena investigators do not dismiss the possibility that the art is practised. For I know of an instance where a goldfields friend, out gold-hunting 200 miles north-east of Kalgoorlie, had one of his "boys" injured. He took him to the rail, 100 miles away and sent him to the hospital in Kalgoorlie. He then returned to his camp and carried on with one boy only. He had no wireless, no communication with the outside world, and yet at noon a week later the boy put his ear to the ground—and burst into tears.

"What name, you, silly feller you?" the gold-hunter asked.

"Dick bin die. Me sorry feller," the black replied.

And when he went for his mail the prospector learnt that Dick had died at noon that day. Can you laugh that off?

END

Treat Your Body Right

(Continued from page 64)

To return to the feet. There should be no protuberance at the big-toe joint, which should be on a straight line with the heel. On this alinement perfect body balance depends. If the big toe curves in and the joint shoots out, it will affect blood circulation to the brain.

There is a relation between the extremities, between your main toe tip and the tip of your head.

To straighten the left big toe if it is badly curved in, force a space between it and the other toes and slip in the right heel. Similarly with the other foot. This can be done in bed.

A game to be played after the bath is to practise moving the big toe in towards the other toes and out, with the foot flat on the ground. This is not simple, but it rectifies protruding joints, and the movement can be achieved.

See to it also that every one of your toes is properly extended and that none are drawn up so as to form hammer joints. Any such drawing up immediately impairs stance, breathing, circulation and balance.

Footgear can be so well-fitted these days, and X-ray machines for shoes and feet are so generally in use, that it is up to you to see that your shoes yield perfect comfort and support. There are special soles for weak insteps.

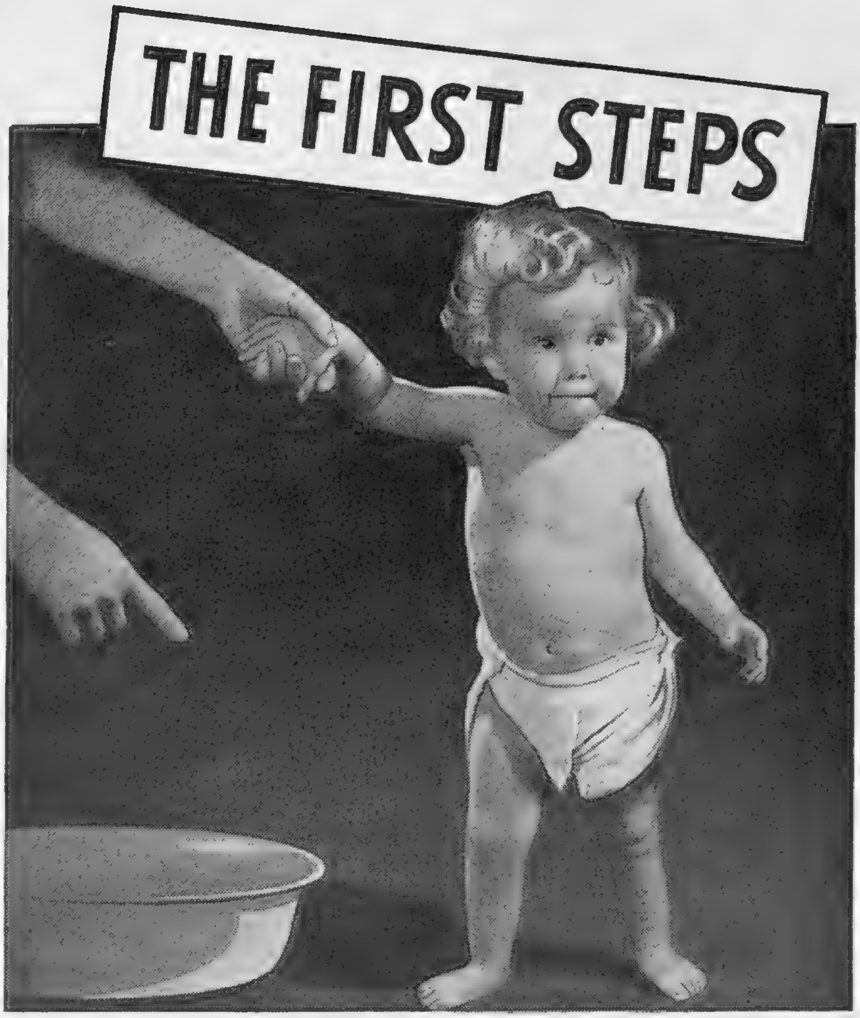
The best exercise to strengthen your arches is to sit barefoot with crossed knees, and point and force the toes of the foot that is uppermost, downwards, without touching the ground. This straightway pulls up the instep.

An arched instep is another aid to alinement and balance. You can strengthen your arches still further, by pointing and forcing your toes round as though to meet the heels, and then walking on a given line on the outer sides of your feet, while they are still in this curved position.

It goes without saying that you should hold your head and shoulders up. It is part of the position you acquired against the door. If you want good work to be done while you sleep, you will continue to breathe in rhythm and verify this before you settle down to sleep.

One last tip, see to it that your bed runs from north to south, with the head to the north. That way flow the magnetic currents from the Pole, in this hemisphere, and it is best to have them coursing through you, so that your body lies in a stream of co-ordination, while you sleep.

END



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Books

(*Continued from page* 38)

through these pages. Freuchen's very unconventionality of style enhances all his effects.

Above all, he possesses in full measure the enviable ability to enjoy a laugh at his own expense. Consequently he is deliciously readable when writing of the eel farm he nearly took on; the absurd adventures amongst Germany's pre-Nazi film folk; the cellar full of dead cats which he mistook for babies in Leningrad and such trivial matters as the bear he let loose in the market square and the starving alligator he went to feed.

The book, which is splendidly illustrated, runs to 488 pages and contains 488 thrills and 488 laughs.

ONE sometimes feels that Peter Freuchen makes his own adventures—I do not say the feeling is justified—but one could not suppose for one instant that the adventures recounted in *Tin Can Island*, by Charles Stuart Ramsay and Charles P. Plumb (Hurst and Blackett, 15s.) were anything but natural hazards.

This is not just another book about the South Sea Islands. It is the true yet dramatic story of life on Niua Fo'ou, an island of the Tongan group.

As a young man, Ramsay went South and there he found it possible to combine the work of copra trading with an ascetic appreciation of the beauty that was all around him.

A copra trader's is a hard life but a good one. The natives are friendly and intelligent and far from being the languorous degenerates many people suppose them to be.

When he discovered that few ships called with mail because of the treacherous shores, Ramsay arranged to swim out a mile or more to meet them, night or day.

Thus was originated that now almost legendary figure, the Swimming Mail Man of the South Seas.

The island mail was flung overboard in a sealed tin can and many thousands of letters have been delivered in this way. This is why Niua Fo'ou is now known throughout the Southern Hemisphere as "Tin Can Island."

To read this book is to become possessed by a persistent urge to visit this haunt of serenity, while the seventy-seven photographs and maps with which the book is illustrated only further this desire.

Ramsay has had adventures—plenty of them—and his accounts have the simple ring of truth.

FROM the unsophisticated beauty of an unspoilt island, let us turn for a moment to its exact antithesis, New York—and *Cecil Beaton's New York* (Batsford, 10s. 6d.) at that.

To view a bright young city through the bright young eyes of a bright young man, is a strangely enervating experience.

The photographs with which Mr. Cecil Beaton, society photographer, bestrews the pages of his book are first class.

The drawings with which Mr. Cecil Beaton, Society artist, bestrews the pages of his book are most diverting.

The descriptive phrases with which Mr. Cecil Beaton, bright young author, bestrews the pages of his book are sometimes more young than bright and other times more bright than young.

Nevertheless, the book exudes a remarkable zest. Mr. Beaton sees all and says even more, and there is absolutely no side of New York life omitted from this bright young book.

To repeat that it is a Batsford book is to hall-mark it as a beautifully produced volume.

NOW from the breathless life of a modern high-pressure city let us turn back to age-old dignity of the East.

No one can imitate Mr. H. V. Morton's charming way of conducting his spell-bound readers personally through lands near and far.

In his new book, *Through the Lands of the Bible*, (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) Mr. Morton describes a journey from the Euphrates to the Nile and thence to the Tiber, by a traveller interested in the early history of the Christian Faith.

In the course of his journey, the author visits Babylon, Ur of the Chaldees, the Oasis of Siwa, the Coptic Monasteries of the Wadi Natrun, The Monastery of St. Anthony in the Arabian Desert and The Monastery of Mount Sinai.

The Egypt described is not the well-known Egypt of the Pharaohs, but the little-known Egypt of St. Mark.

The book ends with a description of churches in Rome. A large number of exceptionally beautiful photographs further distinguish this delightful work.

A*LL the way Round*, is the unusual title of Miss C. Fox Smith's book about Africa, concerned primarily with the African seaboard. (Michael Joseph, 15s.)

African ports and harbours, their past, present and future are the author's preoccupations and these lead her to discourse on the African seaboard's discoverers and circumnavigators, its legends and traditions, its shipwrecks, its sunken treasure and last but not least its native craft, among the oldest and most interesting in the world.

The general reader may think "There is little here for me," yet how wrong is this view, for the book abounds in general interest of a high order, and I recommend it unreservedly as a book which will not fail to grip YOU.

THERE have been many books written about adventures in the Antarctic, but I have never read any which captured the imagination to the same extent as *The Saga of the Discovery*, by L. C. Bernacchi, O.B.E. (Milit.) (Blackie, 10s. 6d.).

The stirring achievements of Capt. Scott himself are well known, but here the saga of his famous ship *Discovery* is told for the first time, and behind her wooden walls is a great story of adventure.

Strangely enough, all her major exploits were in the Antarctic. She was built at Dundee in 1900 for Scott's first expedition, on which she proved her worth to the full, weathering two of the severest winters ever known, held fast in the ice.

Now in her old age, she has found a haven alongside the Thames Embankment in the possession of the Boy Scouts—to whom, incidentally, the present volume is dedicated.

Lieutenant-Commander Bernacchi is a scientist and explorer whose first expedition was in the *Southern Cross* in 1898. He went as physicist to Scott's first expedition, and thus writes with intimate knowledge both of *Discovery* herself and of Antarctic conditions.

The books abounds with maps and photographic illustrations.

LAST of the books, this month, with an "overseas" flavour is *I married a German*, by Madeleine Kent. (George Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.).

Madeleine Kent is the maiden name of an Englishwoman who fell in love with a young German she met after the War on an ordinary holiday.

They married and she went to live as a *hausfrau* in a small German town.

The book has moments of humour, moments of horror and moments of pathos—the only thing it has not got, in fact, is one single moment of dullness.

The author takes a lively and intensely intelligent interest in all she sees and hears, and she has a lucid way of conveying to the reader the impressions she has formed. The result is a book of first-rate importance to those who want to learn the ordinary German resident's reactions to recent events in that preoccupying country.

HEATH ROBINSON is a national institution. His particular style of humour epitomises the British love of "watching the wheels go round" without having to take the trouble to become conversant with authentic technicalities.

The attitude of the man-in-the-street to politics is really typical of this, when you come to think of it!

It follows, therefore, that the publication of W. Heath Robinson's autobiography, *My Line of Life* (Blackie, 15s.) is in the nature of a national event.

Heath Robinson, for all his muddly bits of knotted string and incredibly rickety mechanical devices, really possesses a notably orderly mind. Consequently his book reviews his career in a most readable way.

It goes without saying that the innumerable illustrations are a sheer delight, but they are more than this, they are an autobiography in themselves, showing us as they do both the serious artist and the comic artist which are Heath Robinson.

Heath Robinson, however, has seldom mingled the serious with the comic, and to his lasting credit, he has achieved the ultimate pinnacle of fame in both spheres.

THERE is, of course, an infinite affinity between Music and Ballet, and so it is interesting to find in my batch of books this month Sir Henry Wood's long-awaited autobiography *My Life of Music* (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), and Anton Dolin's *Ballet Go Round* (Michael Joseph, 15s.).

To take them separately (despite their affinity) Sir Henry Wood's book makes me frankly envious. What a full life he has led—and is leading!

Surrounded by friends and admirers, supreme maestro of the baton, that rarity and most-to-be-envied of men, an artist honoured for his art in his own life-time, Sir Henry indeed has stirring memories to give us and he gives them to us in full measure.

Starting, as all good autobiographers should, at his earliest memory, we are taken in this instance right back to 1869 and through the succeeding years, we watch the boy having his first music lessons, giving his first public organ recital, working with Sir Arthur Sullivan and gradually attaining eminence until we find him as he is to-day—enthroned securely in the hearts of every lover of music.

If I were asked to say how Sir Henry Wood had achieved so much where others have failed I would answer, "Through an abiding Faith."

Surely no better answer could be given than that afforded by his own dedication, for his book is "dedicated to those who feel about music as I have always felt, that it is a benediction put within the reach of human nature. Commercialism should never touch its *heart* (tho' sometimes it must affect its exterior presentment). But if we care intensely enough about that part—the inner indestructible part—a concession here or there with the changing years should not, and need not, obscure the chief point—that its care is a sacred thing."

In that we see the very spirit of Sir Henry Wood's greatness.

As Sir Hugh Allen says in his preface to this book: "More than most he has come into close touch with our music-making in every part of the kingdom and has always stimulated it."

Of Anton Dolin's autobiography it may be said at once that, as a success-graph its curve is not so steadily ascendant as that of Sir Henry Wood.

Consequently the story it tells is not wholly devoid of bitterness.

Anton Dolin tells us on several occasions that he could have told us more.

On several other occasions we could wish that he had told us less.

Nevertheless, the book is full of interest for lovers of ballet, and not the least readable part is that which describes Dolin's recent visit to Nijinsky, in Switzerland, and Diaghileff's last resting-place in Venice.

END

BUTTER AT ITS VERY BEST

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THE WELL BALANCED LIQUEUR

How A Radio Play Is Born

(*Continued from page 17*)

in broadcast drama, is entirely one of sound; nothing visual enters into it.

Even so, you would be mystified, often enough. To begin with, you can only be in one place at a time, and the play is by no means confined to one studio. Three or four are quite common. They are part of a suite and lie close to one another, but you have to pull swing doors and allow for the time wasted in mistakenly pushing them instead. As Jerome once said, people generally push for three minutes at a door labelled *Pull*—and then go in.

THE reason so many studios are requisitioned for a play is a very good reason. As I have said, you yourself hear the play as a whole. If, as a good example, the play is supposed (like *Lost Horizon*) to contain two main scenes (to put it simply) in which one depicts two people talking over what happened, and the other is to represent what actually did happen, both sets of actors may not be in the same studio. Otherwise, how will it be possible to fade one lot out and the other lot in?

What actually happens is that the whole suite of studios is connected electrically to a dramatic control panel situated some distance away—on another floor, probably. There sits the producer who hears whatever is spoken in all those studios through his own loudspeaker. By means of controls—very similar to those on your set—he can bring up or fade away any one of them. Another name for this panel is the mixing unit, which term exactly conveys the whole idea. You get the result of the mixing. So that, if two people are supposed to be rowing on a river and discussing their surroundings, you can hear the noise of the oars in the rowlocks and possibly that of, say, a band playing in the distance. As gulls sometimes come up a river you can have them, too, and yet hear every word of the dialogue.

What is actually happening is something rather less attractive. The speakers are probably seated at a table with a microphone hanging above them. They may even remark upon the band, and one of them may say, "Look at those gulls!" but they *see* nothing and they certainly *hear* nothing. The people down in the effects room—floors away from the studios—have copies of the script before them. The producer signals to them by a light and the records are spun. All they themselves can hear is the scratching noise associated with the pick-up form of playing a record, but the full sound of (1) the band, (2) the gulls, goes straight up, by different channels, to the panel and can be dealt with by the producer as he thinks fit. If he wants the gulls louder than the band for a moment, he knows what to do—turn up one and turn down the other. But he will keep the actors' dialogue well up so that nothing is missed.

The rowlock is genuine enough. There is a toy rowlock, complete with oar, fixed above a tank of water in the effects room. The official in charge of it possesses a script, and has been given a light for his cue. *His* noise, also, goes up separately to the panel *You* get the treated result of the whole thing, and can easily visualise the scene in consequence.

In every studio there are two important things: a microphone and a loudspeaker. When their loudspeaker is going, the cast can either listen to another part of the play as acted in a neighbouring studio—or they can talk. That is, so long as they keep an eye on their scripts. As their "entry" approaches, they take their places before the microphone in the absence of wings of an ordinary stage. A few seconds before they are due to begin their own dialogue, their loudspeaker shuts off with a disturbing snap—and all goes quiet. Their microphone is alive and they wait in silence. Instantly their cue arrives a green light shows on the wall. Then the first speaker begins. By this time the other studios have reversed their mechanism, and those in them can hear what is going on in *this* studio through their own loudspeakers. Outside there is a little room where everyone may smoke and listen to the whole thing, if they themselves are no longer required "on stage."

SO far as production in these plays go do not be misled. A man once told me he thought the term "production" an absurdity.

"What nonsense!" he said. "There is no production about it. Everybody reads from script. Nobody can possibly go wrong."

All I can say in answer to that is, that if you hold similar views, the best thing you can do is to try your hand at it. You will be amazed at what you can do. You imagine you can read; and that is just what you will find you are unable to do. You can fluff—far worse than on the stage where you would be saying everything from memory and acting at the same time; you can twist sentences in the most distressing fashion; you can cut in upon your opposite number and completely confound him; and you can make a mess of inflection you have most carefully marked to such a degree as to convey entirely the wrong meaning. I have seen it done—done it myself, for that matter.

Yet, as a radio dramatist, I find the fact a great guide in writing. It is a real joy to me to evolve a series of sentences that can only admit one sensible inflection and cannot therefore be misunderstood. On the other hand, I have written passages I should have thought nobody could have ruined—and have been asked by an actor if he could alter this word or that because he finds the sentence, as it is, so difficult to deliver. I have written scenes that have thrilled me at the time of writing, only to feel like bursting into tears when I have heard them in rehearsal; at other times I have written a scene quickly and without much thought, and have found it a tremendous success. There was one in *Sir Christopher Wren*—my first radio play. It was where John Evelyn interviewed King Charles the Second. I certainly knew what really took place at that interview, but I adapted it a good deal. And it went like fire!

It is a great thrill—this hearing of your own words—words over which you have spilled your life-blood, very near. And, more thrilling still, is to watch a really fine actor delivering them for you. By the final rehearsal he knows what you have written practically by heart, but he has his script there for safety. He may not alter his stance before the microphone for fear of altering the level of his voice, but he may gesticulate with his right hand while he holds his script in his left, bending adroitly when he turns over so that the sound of the script shall not get through the microphone. If he shouts in his rage, he must turn sideways, or the result will be incoherence; if he has a tender passage to deliver he may advance close to the microphone and use his fingers as a baffle to prevent what is so aptly termed *blasting*.

It is a queer game, but fascinating. The shock comes, however, when the actor hears his own performance played back on a recording machine. He quickly comes to a conclusion: namely, that he must possess three voices. (1) that which he hears in his own head; (2) that which other people hear when he speaks normally; (3) the voice by which he is known to millions by wireless.

"So *that* is how I sound?" he says.

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W. E. Chadwick Advertising

Dropping To Earth

(*Continued from page* 39)

in the air is becoming the biggest and least calculable danger in aviation and that after a collision only a parachute will save you. I talked of fire in the air, structural failure, engine failure over rough country.

But then, why make delayed jumps?

Again, I could give him good enough reasons. How in war you might want to get down and out of shooting range in a hurry; how after a collision the wreckage sometimes falls almost as fast as the pilot, necessitating long delays in order to clear it. And how, anyway, if you use life-saving equipment, you might as well be wholly familiar with it and learn to use it coolly.

The real reason, of course, he would not understand, nor would his readers; least of all, would the farmer understand it into whose field, in case of mishap, the final mess would burst. The real reason was that a man likes to test his nerve and to get closer and closer and still closer to the edge of life.

THEY were now wheeling the aeroplane out of the hangar. Time to get ready. Around and around in my head went a song I had once heard somewhere about "A Little Home in Mayfair." That was what I wanted just then, a little house and a complacent wife and never again any nerve testing. I had had enough of that.

The worst moment of a parachute jump comes when they dress you up and strap the parachutes on you.

Moriturus—one who is about to die. That was my role as far as the crowd on the aerodrome was concerned. They stood and gaped only because they thought that they might see me die. And I felt a little solemn myself. I might die; yet I probably would not die. As a matter of fact, I had a date in town for that afternoon; but just now my plans for more than a quarter of an hour ahead were somewhat tentative and strangely uninteresting.

The rigger and his assistant brought out the parachutes. They had adjusted the harness. This time it gripped me tight around the legs and around the chest and over the shoulders. It almost hurt, but the feeling was good; it pulled you together.

On top of that they hung the heavy back pack. Then the chest pack, for emergencies, buckled on in front. Heavy armour. It set you apart from the crowd, and marked you for a strange man on a strange adventure.

It struck me that nobody wanted to talk to me. The men just stood around, watching. Beyond them, the aeroplane was now noisily warming up its engine.

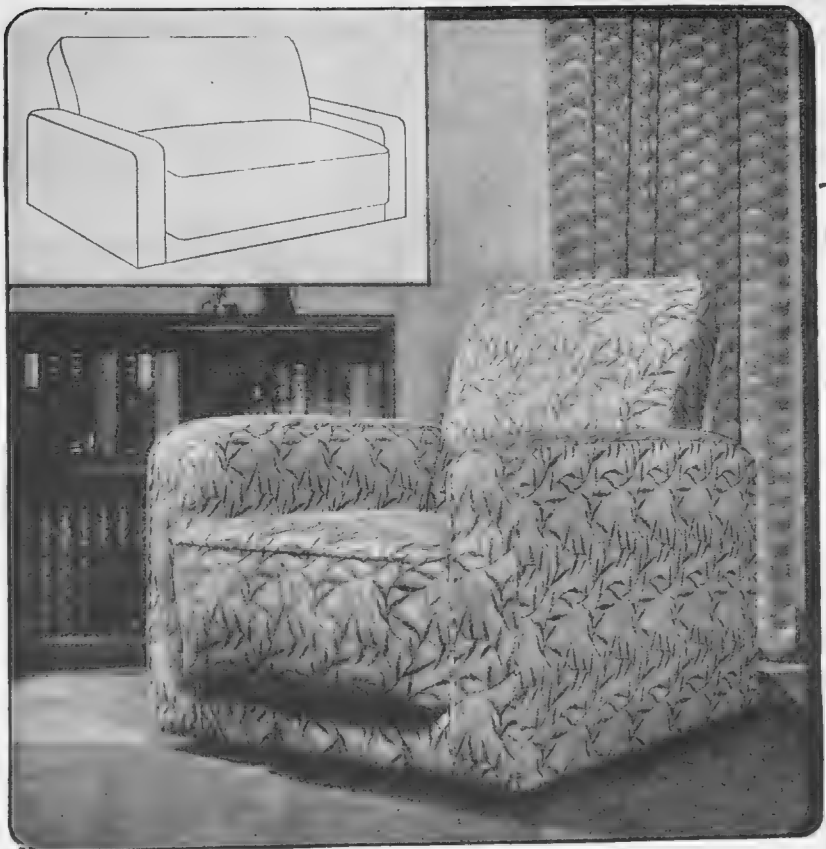
Again I could feel—by what little signs I could not tell—how some of the crowd were pulling for me, but most of them against me. The aerodrome manager and the pilots and the flying students were for me, not because they liked me, not because they didn't think I was a fool, doing this without getting paid for it, but because they liked to think that parachutes always work. The rest were against me because they wanted a thrill; the reporter particularly was smelling blood.

They put the flying helmet on me and fastened the chin strap, damping out the voices, shutting me off still further from the crowd. Then the goggles.

Only a few more minutes now. The pilot was climbing into the aeroplane.

One girl was standing there among the men around me, the airport typist or something like that. She alone now came through to me sharply, body and soul. For a moment, I had an experience not given to many men in times of peace, thinking that she might be the last woman I should ever see. She was blonde and good looking. She was talking to a man while looking at me. But I could not make out whether she was pulling for me or against.

THE aeroplane was ready. There was nothing more to discuss, nothing more to wait for, and I might as well go. It was clumsy walking with all that weight on me, and the rigger (*Continued on page* 104)



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had to help me lower myself and my chest pack and my back pack into the front cockpit. Then he said : "O.K.?" and stood back. We took off.

At three thousand five hundred feet, ready to take the jump, I stood outboard on one of the wings on the trailing edge, facing the tail. It had been a job to climb out with all that bulk strapped to me, and now I had to hold on with both hands to the fuselage, not to be blown off.

With the pilot I was almost face to face as he sat in his cockpit, looking forward, and I stood beside it, looking rearwards. Close enough, but I felt alone. He was busy, scowling at his instruments, at the horizon, at the ground. He was trying to manœuvre into a position that would land me—maybe—on the aerodrome. He didn't look at me, he didn't smile. There was no comradeship with him, merely the feeling of a job to be done. The job was to get away from each other smoothly. He hoped I would take a determined jump away from the plane and that I would not pull prematurely and be blown into the tail and kill both of us. I hoped that he would give a well-timed kick on the rudder, the moment of jumping, to swing the tail out of my way. After that, it would be each man for himself.

Around me was the empty world of the flier, the grey sky, the sad horizon. From the aerodrome they were now probably watching breathlessly, but the aerodrome was small and far away; it was hard to distinguish among the farms. The town was small and far away, too. The news of my jump was spread, and people were probably watching in the streets, but I was up here alone, shivering in the propeller wash, and all that didn't help me.

Below me was the depth.

There was plenty of time to look down and to face it. Now, I would crash through the roof into a farm wife's soup; now, I would be impaled on a telegraph pole; now, a little wood, much more inviting—the tree tops looked soft and bouncy.

Nervously, I went over the top. I wanted to jump. Not much fear was left. My nerves themselves at last remembered again the experience of the first jump; the big fall that had not ended in a catastrophic hit, but in that wide, joyous rip across my chest; the opening shock that had jerked me all over heaven; and, after that, the comfortable sensation as I floated down. Some animal fear of falling might indeed spring up again the moment of actually stepping off, but the thing to do against that was to concentrate on the first few moments of falling, to control myself and not to pull the rip-cord.

The pilot throttled back the engine and went into a glide. He nodded.

It was up to me.

I let go with my hands. Immediately the air stream bowled me over. A cold shock; my right hand gripped frantically all over my left shoulder and chest for the rip-cord and couldn't grab it. Balance was already gone, there was no stopping. A quick look, and I found it. Then I kicked myself off, away from the plane.

Down I went, in a violent, breathless, silent tumble. The bottom dropped out from under me, from under my brains, my intestines. I couldn't see, I couldn't hear: I only felt I was going to smash.

Now was the time to hold it.

My hand was on the ring, but I must stand this until I could stand it absolutely no longer.

I must hold it still a little longer.

My head cleared, my breath came again, and I saw the ground. It was only a brief glimpse, but it was enough. I had won over the first confusion, I had not ripped, and now the ground was still far away and there was still plenty of time.

I was falling face downward.

The ground was steady. It was not rushing up to meet me, as water rushes up when you dive off a spring board. It didn't move at all. At this rate, I could keep falling for ever. I could see how I was losing height fast, for although the plane's nose was down and it was gliding it seemed to float upwards rapidly.

A new twist, and I lost sight of it.

I was picking up more speed every instant, and I could feel it in my inside. It was the law of gravitation at work on a falling body, and felt from the inside out. One moment it felt as if I had been merely loafing around and was only beginning to fall in earnest. A moment later I seemed to be dropping away like a stone.

Yet there was still no hurry. I could see the horizon, and by it could tell that I was still some way up.

It may have been three or four seconds after jumping, but it felt more like six or seven, when I first became conscious of thickness of the air. There was a new sensation. I was no longer dropping through a void.

A bottom was back under things, a soft but firm bottom of air rushing up against me from underneath. I could feel my back lying on it, the calves of my legs and my arm and hand. It took all the fright out of falling.

The tumbling began again. My head was heavier than the rest of me, and sank faster. I felt myself sliding off my air mattress backwards, head first. A glimpse of my own legs, flailing against the clouds. Overhead, which was now below, a flash of green ground. Then the legs fell over in a nasty backwards somersault. It didn't feel safe at all. I almost let her rip.

Somehow, I got stabilised again, falling face downward, lying flat on the airstream, lying comfortably, with face, chest, legs, arm, fingers, on a solid transparent nothing, and looking down through it, too. I fell steadily now, not speeding up any more. I had reached terminal velocity, one hundred and twenty miles per hour or thereabouts, and it felt fine. I had worried about it, and about the sharp timing that would be required. But now it wasn't like falling at all; more like flying and I was quite relaxed. The ground was coming up, but only slowly.

Then the airstream gave me a new twist. I began to roll over sideways, and my head sank away again. I began to wonder if I hadn't better pull now, while the parachute could still string out away from my body. I might be all the way down before I would be again in a favourable position. I was still wondering when the farm suddenly took a lunge, blew up and exploded in my face.

I was THERE!

I managed to pull the rip-cord quite slowly, deliberately, with no particular force. So much had the feel of the airstream taken the catastrophe out of falling. I could feel the latch pins snap open; the rip-cord, a little farther out, was getting stuck; for safety's sake I gave it another easy pull and got it all the way out.

There was again that ugly split second when you have shot your bolt; you have a piece of slack wire rope in your hand, you can do no more with it, and nothing happens.

Then the big jerk, vicious, quite unelastic. I might as well have lassoed a locomotive.

There was no time to enjoy the floating down. I was drifting on to a telephone line—or was it high tension? I grabbed two of the shrouds above me and pulled on them, side-slipping the parachute into an open field. It was dark bare earth, with yesterday's rain still on it in pools. The slip made me swing viciously, pendulum fashion. I was worried about the landing, but there was no time left to steady myself. I was falling through fast. I went limp, and hit.

This time I hit very lightly; it must have been because of the cool, heavy air. I sat down, but only because I was limp. I could have taken it standing. The canopy was still open and tugged in the wind. I pulled on one shroud until it collapsed. I got up and looked around for someone to come and greet me and help me. I had landed far from the flying field. I was alone except for some cows. The aeroplane was gone from the sky.

I unbuckled the harness and rolled up the silk. Still nobody was in sight, and I loaded my seventy pounds of parachute on my shoulders and started walking, ankle deep in black, soft soil. W. L.

END

Captain Flint and the Spanish Jade

(*Continued from page* 15)

the excited man around and gave him a violent push. "Head them off, you crimson fool!" he cried. "Quick!"

Sparks scuttled back to his cabin, and with fury in his eye the captain marched to the bar. It was tolerably full.

"Some scoundrel," began the captain, "doped the wireless operator with drink and sent out a message for help. If I——"

Johnny Custance, polo player extraordinary, interrupted with vigour. "No scoundrels here," he said firmly. "Ladies an' gentlemen. If you're seeking scoundrels go elsewhere an' fare better. That's Shakespeare."

The captain glared at Johnny. "I say that someone flashed that we were sinking!" he snapped.

"Sinkin' drinks," said Lon Townsend.

"Was it you?" demanded the captain.

Lon Townsend was coldly indignant. "Never asked for help in my life," he snapped. "Not physical help. Moral help in finishing a bottle or——"

"If I knew who it was I'd chuck him in the brig!" cried the captain. "A thing like that——"

"Speaking of help," said Lon Townsend, interrupting the captain and addressing the bar, "the most affectin' instansh I ever heard of wash connected with my grand aunt, Mrs. Aubrey Nesbitt, of Chester. Very ole lady. Been in habit o' takin' carrots to fire horses at stashun. One day horshes gone. Jolly ole engine in stashun. Grand aunt, very nearly blind, couldn't see a thing. Firemen, good fellersh, see her comin'. Got currycombs——"

"Look here," said the captain. "I want to tell you crowd that if anything like this occurs again there'll be trouble!"

Stephen Corrie was enjoying himself. "The Spanish Jade" had a husky appreciative voice. He never knew anyone who could put so many thrills into his name. When she said "Steve" in her husky drawl he got thrills down to his toes.

"It's great, Steve," she whispered. "Never thought there was so much fun in the world."

THE temper shown by Captain Howard was responsible for the after-dinner action of the wanderers. The conquistadores and conquistadoresses decided to tell the captain where he got off. Billy Watson suggested that they should exercise their prerogative regarding ports of call. A good fellow was Billy Watson. Heart of gold. Platinum perhaps.

"This boat is headin' for Nassau," said Billy. "That's where's she's headin', but did anyone ask specially for Nassau?"

The crowd put Nassau to the vote. It was blackballed with vigour. *A bas Nassau.* A message was sent to the bridge to inform the captain that the passengers knew the Bahamas from Little Abaco to Rum Cay.

Only one voyager voted for Nassau. Johnny Custance. "Good wine grown there," muttered Johnny. "Johannisberger, Marcobrunner, Assmannshäuser."

"But this is Nassau in the Bahamas," explained Billy Watson. "You're thinking of Nassau in Germany."

Johnny apologised. "Got a mind beautifully gindexed," he explained to Stephen Corrie and Alice Geddes.

"Steve, I've never laughed so much in my life," whispered "The Spanish Jade."

"You're the prettiest girl on the boat," he told her.

"Oh, Steve!" she protested. "There's a hundred prettier."

"You've got 'em beat, Spaniard," said Stephen. "You'd outsail them and scuttle them before they had their guns loaded. Here's to Machynlleth! Listen to me pronounce it correctly."

The captain sent his compliments. The *Zaramondo* was calling at Nassau.

At this open

(*Continued on page* 106)

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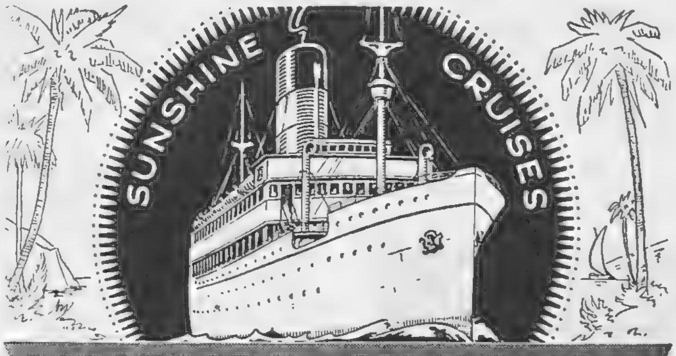

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defiance of passenger wishes Peter Clayton II climbed upon a table.

"We wish," said Peter, "to see places that we have never seen. Isles that have never been kissed. Virginal sands that have never felt the imprint of a foot. What says our sugary prospectus? 'Isles more wonderful than those of Circe and Calypso.' Well, we want them."

Mr. Rollins visited the chief engineer to inform him of the dispute between the passengers and the bridge. He found a relationship between the situation and his own hair-raising voyage with the cargo of orang-outangs. "The bridge is the brain of a ship," he asserted. "Those orangs knew that. They thought if they could get hold of the wheel they could turn the steamer round and go back to Borneo."

"Losh, it's a marvel the intelligence that the good Lord has endowed the beasties with," said McNab. "Myself once, in Glasgie, owned a wee doggie that—Fosh! Listen to the row they're making! You'd think Old Scratch himself was in the bar."

The uproar was caused by the purser announcing that the captain on reflection could not accede to the wishes of the passengers, and in spite of their protests the ship would call at Nassau. A solemn youth from Warwick had invented a strange concoction called "Weasel's Folly," and the purser was foolish enough to accept one. He took another, then a third. With stammering phrases he tried to expose the difficulties of landing at places that they showed him on the chart. There were no harbours, there were sandbanks, coral reefs—*dientes de perro*—and a thousand other reasons.

"Stan' outside an' let us swim in," said the inventor of the "Weasel's Folly." "Have 'nother, Mr. Trimble."

Powerful was that drink. It had a base of vodka on which was poured Benedictine and white of egg beaten to a froth. Slowly Mr. Trimble became a convert to the wishes of the passengers. He admitted that Nassau, to those who had already seen it, was nothing great. Nodding his head he approved of their wish to cut out Havana also.

He took another "Weasel" and started to rhyme off the streets of Havana. "Obispo, O'Reilly, O'Flanagan," he muttered. "Prado, Morro, no to-morrow. *Manyana.*" He laughed wildly at his idiotic joke.

"*A bas Havana!*" shouted the crowd.

"Kingshun too," muttered Mr. Trimble. "Been a thousan' times Kingshun. Lousy place. No fun, Kingshun."

"*A bas Kingston!*" cried the bar chorus.

"'Nother drink, Mr. Trimble," said the Warwick youth. "Now go an' tell ole cap'tin we're goin' lil' islands. Fairy lands forlorn. Cashements lookin' out uncharted seas. Lil' isles, Mr. Purser."

"Lil' isles," muttered the purser as he staggered out to report to the captain. "Lil' isles. Fairy lands f'lorn."

Johnny Custance sang a scrap of a nigger melody:

"We're ole black cats wit our bellies in de dust,
We're gwin' where we're gwinnin' an' gwin' we must."

Stephen Corrie sat with Alice Geddes. "Oh, Steve," she breathed, "won't it be splendid if we go to all the little places?"

"You'd like the little places, Spaniard?" asked Corrie.

"Why, Steve, I'd go crazy over them!" she whispered.

That settled it. What was the use of having millions if you couldn't give a girl you loved all that she wished for. Stephen Corrie excused himself for a few minutes and sent a wireless to a man in London.

This man in London picked up his telephone and spoke to the Carib-Cartagena Transport Company. He offered to buy the ships of the company on behalf of Stephen Corrie then aboard the *Zaramondo* heading for Nassau. If they wouldn't sell they might send a sharp message to their captain to avoid trouble.

The captain got that wireless as he was retiring. It ran:

"Take them any place this side of hell that they wish to go to!"

Tired and angry the captain did something that he had neglected to do for thirty years. He said his prayers. . . .

On the boat deck Alice Geddes sat close to Stephen Corrie. Away to the west, sitting in the darkness, were a thousand rosy nipples of volcanic breasts thrust up when the world was in torment.

"Oh, Steve," said the girl, "one of the boys says that a passenger has bought the steamer. That's why we can go where we like. He must be rich. Are you rich, Steve?"

"I'll have a hundred pounds or so when I get back," said Stephen Corrie. That was no lie.

"And what will you do then, Steve?"

"We might run some sort of a show, Spaniard," he said, gaily.

"We might," she cried. "Oh, Steve, look at the big red star! What's its name?"

"That's Betelgeuse," said Stephen Corrie, who knew nothing of stars.

"Blushing because it's looking down at this old boat," came a whisper out of the darkness. Little winds from the west brought whiffs of heady perfumes to the *Zaramondo*.

THERE are, floating around the beaches of the Caribbean, ten thousand stories of the S.S. *Zaramondo* and her company of Youth. Stories told on lost beaches and in little villages by timid frightened folk who saw Youth pass by, and who forever will remember the passing.

A tamed captain brought the *Zaramondo* to anchorages off nameless villages where the beast of life had slowed till it was scarcely audible.

And on these God-forgotten spots descended Youth. The wonder of it. From the *Zaramondo* came five hundred amazing creatures who brought with them the throb of life immortal. Rush your mind to the Caribbean and picture their landing. Picture the astonishment of the sleepy villagers.

They danced around the passengers of the *Zaramondo*. They begged them to enter their little white-washed houses. They brought them sweet drinks, baskets of oranges, guavas, limes, mangoes, and anonas. They decorated the young ladies with flowers; they organized *fiestas;* they washed their faded rags and put on bits of ribbon that had been stored for long years; they rang sweet-toned bells and sang pathetic little melodies.

That slim, satanic Peter Clayton II proposed the "Friends of the Spanish Main Fund." Peter led off with a gift of one hundred pounds. The same sum came from "Glasgow Emma," "Jean Lafitte," "Billy Bones," "Blackbeard," "Captain Kidd," and "Plymouth Polly." Gifts of fifties from a score of others; lesser sums running down to five pounds. "Captain Flint" was in this five pound list, but Peter Clayton, after reading the names of the contributors, announced that a gentleman who didn't wish his piratical cognomen to be made public for the time being had gallantly forked out a thousand.

"Oh, Steve, that must be the man who bought the steamer!" cried Alice Geddes.

"Mebbe," said Stephen Corrie. "Mebbe, Spaniard."

Mr. Rollins informed the chief engineer of the fund and its purposes. Mr. McNab was touched. "The puir infants have kind hearts," he said.

"But they're wild," said Mr. Rollins. "They're as wild as those devils of orang-outangs that I struggled with out in the China Sea. Listen to them now."

The *Zaramondo* was off Angel Cay. A youth from Bristol who had taken to himself the name of Long John Silver, was a poet and musician.

He had recently discovered that Angel Cay had received its name from the lovely *Senorita Inocenta* who, after living for years a life of extreme holiness, fled to sea with the notorious Captain Swan. "Long John" had put words and music to the story and the bar roared the song:

"*La Senorita Inocenta*
Before whom always went a
Holy, holy guardian with a sword;
So no man could address her,
Or to his bosom press her,
Or whisper in her little ear a word."

Mr. McNab and Mr. Rollins stood together and listened to four hundred voices shouting the final verse of the song. It appeared that *La Senorita Inocenta* had grown tired of this heavenly guardian, and one morning the sword bearer was found dead on the beach of Angel Cay. The verse explained the happening:

"In his back was a stiletto,
With his blood it was all wetto,
And to everyone upon the Cay 'twas plain;
La Senorita Inocenta
Had knifed her bloomin' mentor
And fled to join a pirate on the Main."

The people of Angel Cay were taught the song. The tourists gathered the young, middle-aged, and old together on the beach and sang it to them. Large prizes were offered for the best singers. The Cay folk thought it was the visitors' national anthem.

"Like to live here all my life," whispered "The Spanish Jade." She wore at the moment a wisp of silk and a *bandeau*. The folk on Angel Cay were getting a glimpse of modern life.

The name of *La Senorita Inocenta* was pinned to the youngest of the hostesses. She objected. She didn't like guardians with swords. Bashfully she admitted a secret engagement with the head barman.

The admission brought into being a blackboard with the heading: "Engagements." It was hung in the bar. The first announcements read:

"*La Senorita Inocenta* to "The Devil's Pharmacist."
"Billy Bones" to "Glasgow Emma." (God help you, Emma!)
"Red-Skull Brown" and "Plymouth Polly." (Polly's mother to be heard on this.)

"It reminds me," said Mr. McNab, "of a happening at my own town, Auchtertyre, on the road to Kyle of Lochalsh. Eleven young men and ten young women went from the village and walked to Stromeferry where there was a fair. They came back engaged."

"But there was an odd man," protested Mr. Rollins.

"There was," said Mr. McNab, "but he made arrangement with the group that he was to get the first widow."

OFF Los Hermanos on a glorious morning the bar spoke to the bridge. They wished the *Zaramondo* to halt for a few minutes. Captain Howard questioned the reason. He was told that his passengers wished to drop a wreath on the very spot where Don Juan de Ribagorza, called "*El Bravo*," had ended his life.

Don Juan de Ribagorza, according to the parchment, was a pirate. Obsessed with the belief that the ghosts of the thousands he had killed were swimming astern his ship, the *Santa Cecilia*, he stood on the poop one moonlit night and challenged them. "You of the dead!" cried old Don Juan. "Is there one amongst you with courage enough to come aboard and cross swords with me?"

The officers and crew of the *Santa Cecilia* later gave sworn evidence at Port Royal as to what happened. There was an instant's silence after the pirate had delivered his challenge, then out of the Spanish Main came the response of the murdered ones. A thousand voices speaking as one. "We are the challenged and you the challenger," came the terrifying shout. "We have the choice of the field. Come here to us!"

No coward was Don Juan de Ribagorza. He put his sword between his teeth and leapt overboard where the shelf of the Lesser Antilles makes a bed for sleeping sharks, lying fin to fin and elbowing each other in the hot nights. . . .

Mr. McNab stopped his engines and the huge wreath was put overboard. The toast to "*El Bravo*" was drunk with honours. It was repeated so often that when the night came the Bristol

(*Continued on page* 108)

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poet saw the dead of the Caribbean swimming after the *Zaramondo*.

Stephen Corrie and Alice Geddes saw no spectres. They sat together on the boat deck and talked in whispers. Stephen Corrie was in love.

"I'll never forget this, Steve," murmured the girl. "Something to dream about when I grow old."

"You'll never grow old, Spaniard," said Stephen. "See you in fancy at sixty, seventy, ninety."

"Fat, beringed, triple-chinned," laughed the girl. "Sitting in the cash desk of my own show. The Alice Geddes' Combination. Wild animals and snakes. Admission one shilling children half price. Now and then I'll think of the Spanish Main and 'Captain Flint.'"

They were shouting a chorus in the smoking-room. It swirled out on the soft night and came up to the ears of the two. It was the work of the Bristol poet.

> "Oh, love, if I must leave you——
> In lonely dreams I'll see
> A thousand little islands
> Down in the Spanish Sea.
> And every isle parading
> Will bring to life with pain
> The memories never fading
> Of the far-off Spanish Main."

THE little isles, so lonely, so sweet. Small morsels dropped from the shovel of the Lord when he was building great continents. Romantic, colourful, enticing; their green palms waving in salute to the *Zaramondo*. Through the Dragon's Mouth to the Gulf of Paria! Beneath them in the clear waters were sunken galleons filled with silver plate and gold. Doubloons and moidores and fat *louis d'or* with which the mermaids gambled, piling their winnings in yellow pyramids in rose-coral caverns.

To Nombre de Dios came the *Zaramondo* on the twenty-sixth day of her cruise. It was her last halt. From there she would turn eastward for home.

A tiny, frightened cluster of houses this village of Nombre de Dios. A world apart. It was fearful of strangers. It was ruled by three sorcerers whose word was law. The sorcerers, so it appeared, had foretold the arrival of the *Zaramondo*, and the folk of Nombre de Dios were on the beach awaiting the boats that carried the visitors from the steamer to the shore.

The natives were polite. They presented fruit and flowers, they ran around the visitors, showed the interiors of their little cabins, then, at a word from the super sorcerer they begged the English visitors to form a ring so that the sorcerer could show his powers.

Smiling the wanderers obeyed. Nombre de Dios had upon it an air of mystery; a strange, secretive air that suggested the occult. Behind the little village was an unexplored hinterland in which devils might dwell.

The head sorcerer was a thin tall man with dark eyes that had a curious reptilian glitter. His movements were slow and impressive. In a silence broken only by a suppressed laugh from one of the girls, he placed on the ground immediately in front of Johnny Custance a large bean of the type known as the Mexican jumping-bean, but ten times larger. It remained immovable in the dust, and the sorcerer by signs indicated that if Johnny wished to know what girl in the circle loved him truly he had only to question the bean.

Johnny put the question. The sorcerer spoke to the bean. The thing started to hop around the circle. To the gay squeals of delight and the laughter of the Britishers it halted at the feet of "Ann of Aberdeen." "Ann of Aberdeen" was beautiful in her blushes.

Now that was a game! A great game. How it was done none could tell, but the folk from the *Zaramondo* went for it headlong. This blind bean had a power of divination that thrilled them! At the word of the sorcerer it found for man or woman the heart that beat in unison with that of the inquirer!

Excitement ran high. "Sir Henry Morgan," son of a Cabinet Minister, begged the bean to find him a sweetheart. The bean followed the line of the circle and stopped before "The Weeping Creole." "Sir Henry" was so delighted at finding his wish to be true that he nearly trampled the divining bean in the sand in his rush to embrace the girl he loved.

The sorcerer was in the way to make a small fortune. The poetical youth from Bristol, who had written the verses about *La Senorita Inocenta*, found that a blushing sweet thing from Kent thought that he was everything a man should be.

Someone dragged Mr. McNab, the Chief Engineer, into the circle. McNab didn't understand the meaning of the game. The sorcerer put the bean in front of the square-toed shoes of the chief and gave it an order. The bean refused to move. He repeated his command. The bean remained quiet. McNab, informed of the mystical powers of the bean, unloosed a hoot of contempt. "An' why should it move?" he cried. "I'm a married man for twenty-odd years."

Mr. Trimble, the purser, found that he had an admirer in the eldest of the hostesses. A boy from Birmingham threw a somersault on the sands when the bean marked "The Portuguese Pet" as his spiritual sweetheart. He was a modest boy and he was afraid she didn't like him.

Stephen Corrie was the last to trouble the sorcerer. The glittering eyes of the fellow were upon Stephen as he stooped to place the bean at his feet. Corrie tried to keep his thoughts from Alice Geddes who was standing at the opposite side of the ring.

The sorcerer clucked to the bean, and the bean gave a startling hop. Never during the long afternoon had it shown such speed. Hopping like the mischief it reached the little shoes of Alice Geddes and danced up and down in a merry fandango of its own to show that there was no mistake in its choice. A crazy bean if ever there was one.

That evening the "Engagement Board" had twenty-seven announcements. The last read:

"Captain Steve Flint" and "The Spanish Jade." (Best guess of the Mystery Bean of Nombre de Dios.)

Stephen Corrie and Alice Geddes sat together in the shadows. The *Zaramondo* was speeding eastward. Captain Howard was soothed by the thought that he would be in Southampton in five days.

"What will we do, Spaniard?" asked Corrie. "I mean when we are married?"

"You said we might run some sort of a show," whispered the girl.

"P'raps," said Stephen Corrie, "you'd like to run a big show? The Olympic Circus oufit or something like that?"

"Oh, Steve," she whispered. "How funny you are!"

"It might be done," said Corrie. "You never can tell when a circus is in the market. I'll send a wireless and find out."

"Steve, you're crazy!" cried "The Spanish Jade."

"Stay here a minute," said Corrie. "I'm going up to the wireless cabin."

When he told her that he had sent an inquiry she asked him if he felt quite well.

"Listen, girlie," said Stephen Corrie, quietly. "I've got enough to buy the outfit. It's a fact. If they say they'll sell and you say that you'd like it, why, we'll buy it."

"But you—but you said you'd have a hundred pounds or so when you got back to London!"

"Quite true," said Stephen Corrie. "I will have the hundred all right, but there'll be a million pounds or so besides."

Hours later, as they still sat there planning the future, there came a reply to Corrie's inquiry. It was from a light-hearted friend, and it was a little puzzling. It read: "Circus not for sale, but can put you on to a small flea show. Awfully sorry for you, Steve." Corrie wondered what the fellow was sorry about.

They were still sitting there when Peter Clayton stopped before them and spoke to Stephen Corrie. Peter Clayton's words explained the answer to the circus inquiry.

"Hope it's none of your people," said Peter. "Wireless from London had it first as Currie, but now they've corrected it to Corrie."

"What are you talking about?" asked Corrie.

"Crash," said Peter. "The Corrie Company, wholesale folk. Bungo! Hope it isn't——"

"It is," said Stephen Corrie. "Excuse me, I'll go down and look."

He returned in a few minutes, his face grave. "Our firm is wiped out," he said. "Funny, isn't it. Now we might—we might have to take the flea circus."

Alice Geddes comforted him. "What matter," she whispered. "To me it's—it's nothing because I didn't think you had any money, but, Steve, dear, I'd—I'd jump overboard if I could get the money back for you."

"I know you would, Spaniard," said Corrie. "Let's have a drink. We'll toast old Machynlleth."

On a wonder morning the S.S. *Zaramondo* came up Southampton Water. Men and women looked out at her and wondered dully why the steamer brought dreams.

Bustle and commotion aboard. Off Lymington a launch had swung alongside and a white-haired man had boarded the steamer. He sought Stephen Corrie. Stephen Corrie was standing beside Alice Geddes.

The white-haired man delivered his message. Stephen Corrie turned to his sweetheart.

"It's not so bad as I feared," he said. "Mr. Hoyt tells me I'll have about three thousand."

"Oh, Steve, I'm glad!" cried the girl. "We can—we can do wonders on three thousand pounds a year!"

"It's three thousand pounds a month, Spaniard!" cried Corrie. "Come along now. You and I have got to lead the procession of the engaged couples."

London was startled by that procession when it reached town. Thirty-seven taxicabs each containing a youth and a maiden heading for registry offices. Hurrying to fulfil the vows made after the clever work of the magic bean of Nombre de Dios. You may have heard them singing on that bright morning. It was a song that London heard for the first time:

"Oh, the Spanish Main holds treasure
That none can ever see,
But nothing there lies buried
Like what it brought to me.
The mermaids play with doubloons
And glistening moidores
But Cupid plays a game of love
On diamond-dusted shores."

Smiling policemen gave them the right-away. Pedestrians waved to them. The pulse of London quickened as they passed. Youth had returned.

End

London's Vanished Theatres

(*Continued from page* 31)

fate. Nothing has been heard of the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, since the death of Sir Nigel Playfair.

But it is in the West End that the changes have been most significant. Leicester Square has been completely transformed. Formerly the very centre of Theatreland, it now has not one (legitimate) theatre in it. In the theatrical sense this is indeed a case of "Farewell, Leicester Square." When Daly's went, following the Alhambra and the Empire, a few months ago, there went with it the last vestige of the days when Leicester Square was regarded as the innermost circle of riotous and roystering nights in the "naughty" West End. The splendacious and vast super-cinemas which have taken their place doubtless have joys of their own; but one does not royster in them or near them. Undergraduates in festive mood, drunk or pretending to be, are not slung from their doors on boat race or rugger nights. Such carousals are in themselves largely things of the past, and possibly the loss is not great. But for good or ill that corner of London lost its unique character when the last brick of Daly's was carted away. The ditty of the period, "Give my regards to Leicester Square" referred in the main to the Alhambra and the Empire, their bars and their promenades, where vice, if flamboyant, was at least regulated, and where the so-called gay ladies had to behave impeccably, to all outward appearance. The promenades in that sense inevitably vanished during the war period.

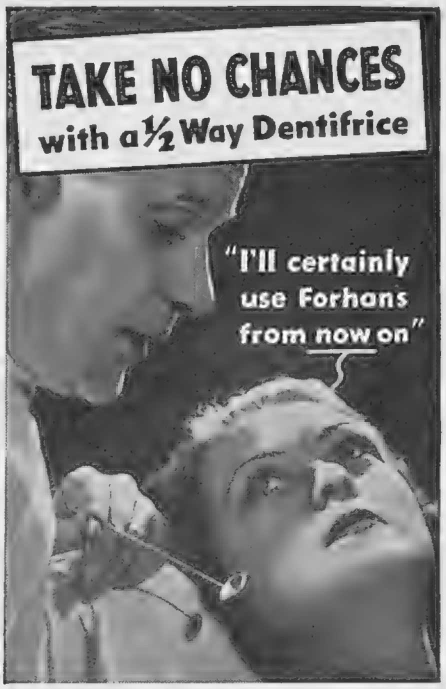
Of music-hall singers, the late Harry Randall was an Alhambra favourite. It was there that he sang his song, "Who Killed Cock Warren?" at the time of the "Jack the Ripper" murders, the reference being to the late Sir Charles Warren, Chief of Police, who was much criticised for the murderer not being discovered. King Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, was a frequent patron, particularly of Randall, until on one occasion a tactless conductor struck up "God Save the King" as he entered his box. The Prince was furious, left immediately, and never went to the place again.

Alhambra "characters" of the not so very long ago were Alfred Moul, the "boss," a rather gloomy man and a good musician; George Byng, the musical director; Alfred Forde-Piggott, the stage manager (father of that graceful actress and dancer, Mimi Crawford, now the Countess of Suffolk); John Ansell, a clever composer; white-moustached "George" probably the best-known stage-doorkeeper in London—he died not long ago—and Teddy Foster, a post-war manager, a Pickwickian figure and a good actor too. Among beautiful women who "starred" there I can picture the exquisite grace of La Belle Leonore and La Belle Otero (who still, I believe, runs a cocktail bar in Paris). Violet Loraine, the late Alfred Lester, and George Robey were the leading trio in that mighty success *The Bing Boys*. Harry Pelissier and his famous "Follies" ran a season there. And it was on the Alhambra stage, not long before his death, that I last saw the great Arthur Roberts. The occasion was a testimonial matinée, organised by the Eccentric Club, and at the end of it old Arthur was handed a huge bouquet. He made an eloquent and, apparently, serious speech and there were many moist eyes and lumpy throats. "I look on these lovely flowers" he concluded "roses, lilies, violets—all bringing back fond memories—but my favourite flower is missing—(sob)—hops!"

The Empire was the Alhambra's younger brother, as it were, and run on similar lines. There was a tradition, by the way, that never did the two theatres pay their way simultaneously; when one was making money, the other lost it. The theatre, on the exact site of the present cinema, which is a completely new building, was erected in the 'eighties and first devoted to comic opera, the late Hayden Coffin making an early appearance there. Burlesques, ballets, and variety "bills" soon followed, the ballets being a speciality. Adeline Genée and the lovely Lydia Kyasht were *premières danseuses* in their day and Phyllis Bedells made her début there as a small child in Colonel Newnham Davis's *A Day in Paris*. Fred Farren and Beatrice Collier drew all London with their "apache" dance. The Astaires appeared there in musical comedy, and another musical comedy post-war hit was *The Smith Family*, with Harry Tate and Connie Ediss. Towards the end there was even a Shakespeare season, Dame Sybil Thorndike appearing in *Henry VIII*.

The Empire was proud of calling itself "The Cosmopolitan Club of the World," and to some extent justified the claim, for it was a favourite place for a man, returned from a spell abroad, to "drop in" after dinner, when he could usually rely on finding a friend. The purple carpet and Buncle, the gigantic commissionaire (and "chucker-out") were famous; so was the quality of the cigars and the

(*Continued on page* 110)



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alcoholic drinks, which were not at all cheap.

Daly's, which survived the other two, and did not finally close its doors until September, 1937, was built by the American impresario, Augustin Daly. Shakespeare and classical comedy were written large on his banner, for he was above all things a showman. But musical comedy was to make it for forty-four years one of London's temples of female beauty, though Daly's name remained. After a few months as an opera house—Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel* had a successful run—there began a series of late-Victorian musical plays the names of which are still remembered and the music sometimes heard. There must, indeed, have been much merit in *The Geisha, An Artist's Model, A Greek Slave,* and *San Toy,* for them still to be known, at least by repute, when not five per cent of musical shows produced since have survived in any form. Daly's was not, of course, the only home of musical comedy in those days, for George Edwardes was running the Gaiety also, and Frank Curzon, the Prince of Wales, Daly's, however, was different. It had an "air." For the gilded youth of the time, dinner at the Café Royal or Romano's and a brace of stalls at Daly's was something of a ceremony, with a touch of solemnity about it. The plays did not, of course, lack humour—if they had they would never have run—but even in the profession the theatre was known as "the cathedral." Gaiety chorus girls were chosen for their looks. Daly's girls primarily for their voices and were considered, rightly or wrongly, a more serious-minded crew. Probably wrongly. But that was the tradition. A leading lady at Daly's without a fine singing voice would have been unthinkable. It was chiefly as a singer that Marie Tempest won her laurels there, and I still seem to hear the glorious full tones of Evie Greene, an idol of my schooldays, in *A Country Girl*. She died all too soon. Huntley Wright, inimitable as a comic stage Chinaman, was succeeded as chief comedian by George Graves, though the two appeared together in *The Little Michus*, the "Michus" being the late Adrienne Augarde and that sweet singer and vivacious actress, Mabel Green. George Graves invented in this play a new type of humour and could "gag" for ten minutes or so about odd animals he had invented, notably the Gazeka, which became a sort of Edwardian mascot.

When *The Merry Widow* was produced in 1907, Edwardes had but little faith in its drawing power and regarded it as merely a stop-gap. Rehearsals were stormy, and Lily Elsie little expected she would become the adored of all London; indeed, she expected failure. So I believe did Joe Coyne, for he was a Daly's hero without a vestige of a singing voice and the Lehar songs he had to sing were important. "Dear old Joe" wrote George Graves in his amusing reminiscences, "seemed to think that by assiduous practice, by keeping in a warm place, and by writing on one side of the paper only he might one day give forth to a semi-quaver or two." He never did. But he became the Robert Taylor or the Gary Cooper of his time and *The Merry Widow* coined its thousands and its tens of thousands.

Other successful musical plays followed, but the next peak achievement was *The Maid of the Mountains,* which gave José Collins, who had about the finest voice Daly's ever knew, her first chance in a leading part, although she had already made a hit there in *A Happy Day*. The history of "The Maid" is romantic enough. Edwardes was interned at Bad Nauheim at the outbreak of the war and came home to die in October, 1915. His estate was in a sorry mess, but Robert Evett, an executor, was determined that twenty shillings in the pound should be paid. And it was so. *The Maid of the Mountains* enabled this to be done—and to spare. Frederick Lonsdale had written the "book" with the title of *Teresa,* this being changed after consultation with Oscar Asche. An "all British" production was the aim, for those were patriotic times and German operetta was anathema. So Harold Fraser-Simson, a Scot, wrote the very tuneful music, and Merlin Morgan, a Welshman, conducted it. King George and Queen Mary paid a visit—Daly's by the way, was one of the few theatres with a special Royal entrance and reception-room. The run was 1,352 performances.

The golden harvest of *The Maid of the Mountains* tempted that adventurous financial spirit, the late James White, who bought the theatre for £200,000. He was shrewd enough to realise that here was a source of ready money if ever he was in a corner. Alas, he was proud of showing off his new toy to city friends and fellow financiers. And he had a curious streak of vanity in things theatrical. Looking at some volumes of past Daly's successes in his room at the theatre, he exclaimed to the manager "I could write all this rubbish myself in a couple of months." Ructions between White and José Collins, who, like all good artists, had a 'temperament, were frequent. "This is my theatre and I can do what I like in it," said James to her. "This is my dressing-room and I will only have people I like in it," was the reply.

Strange that the last production in a theatre for so long associated with feminine charms should have been an austere religious play without a woman in the cast at all. Strange, too, that the first and last leading ladies of such a characteristically British institution as this should have been American—Ada Rehan in 1893 and the glamorous Claire Luce in 1937.

The little Royalty Theatre had a longer but less glittering history. It was built in 1840 by a Miss Kelly, who had made her reputation in both comedy and melodrama at the Haymarket and Drury Lane. At first used largely for amateur theatricals, it became a "burlesque house." Miss Kelly lost over ten thousand pounds in her venture. After an unsuccessful trip with English grand opera, the theatre was re-built in 1861. Many years later the late Arthur Bourchier, took a lease of it and it came into considerable prominence just before the war, under the Vedrenne Eadie management, its biggest success being *Milestones.*

Gladys Cooper, having ceased to be merely a musical comedy beauty, first established herself as a serious actress at the Royalty. But of late years the theatre, though not without an occasional success, was considered unlucky. J. B. Priestley had a fairly long run there last year with his play *I Have Been Here Before,* but many productions, including an intimate revue, lasted a few nights only. A pity, for the Royalty was a pleasant and cosy spot. Two of its traditions were that the most difficult place to find in London was the Royalty stage door, and that the ghost of a young lady, dressed in eighteenth-century costume, used to visit the dressing-rooms corridors. It was said that she had been murdered in an adjacent house.

The Irving tradition at the Lyceum belongs to familiar theatrical history. It has never been excelled. Intellectually and socially the Lyceum audiences under Irving's regime represented all that was best in the nation—and Mr. Gladstone used to sit in the wings in an armchair. But the theatre which may soon go is not, save for the outside walls, the theatre of Irving. The interior was completely re-built when it was turned into a music-hall a few years after his death. Its later history is one of melodramas, of particularly merry pantomimes, of operatic seasons, and of a revival of *The Miracle.*

Several other old theatres have in fact gone, for new ones have arisen on their site with the same name; that is the case with, for instance, the Adelphi, the Vaudeville and the Savoy. Some have been re-named; the Globe was once the Hicks, the Strand the Waldorf, and the Kingsway, the Great Queen Street Theatre. Post-war theatre building has been satisfactorily brisk, although of the new theatres only the Phoenix preserves in its auditorium that picturesque atmosphere of the old-time playhouses—that is to say, it looks and *feels* like a theatre. The St. James's is a veteran. Drury Lane's shell is ancient, but the auditorium has been re-built since the war. Covent Garden remains one of the oldest—the beautiful auditorium, acoustically the most perfect in the world, has not been changed since the reconstruction after the fire in the 'fifties—the most dignified, and assuredly the loveliest. If it is a museum piece it is still a remarkably efficient one.

Theatrical architecture must—as indeed it does—move with the times. No theatre can expect to survive, however picturesque and however replete with interesting associations, if it is dingy and inconvenient and affording the patrons of its cheaper parts horrifying discomfort. The important point is not that this or that theatre should survive but that the Theatre should continue to thrive. *Stet fortuna domus.* The drama in whatever form it is housed, lives and will live.

END

Never Neglect Your Neck

(*Continued from page* 65)

then wipe away with skin-freshener tonic.

As this cream has also be treated with ultra-violet rays, it corrects acne and other skin disturbances and tends to banish broken veins from the surface of the cheeks. It should be applied all over the throat and face. Use twice a week.

An invigorating element is needed to uplift a sagging neck. This is supplied in a jar with full instructions about the treatment. I may not give the secrets away, but I can tell you that the course does for the muscles of your throat and face what half an hour's good gym does for the muscles of your arms and legs. *It pulls them up.* What is more, it keeps them up, too.

Follow it for twenty minutes twice a week. It is the latest Hollywood cure.

There is a fine plastic mask as well, to be given once a week, when you wish to look your very best or require "gypping up" after too many parties. It seems to absorb dead skin, reduce enlarged pores, eat up small wrinkles, smooth out the eye-wells—and, in fact, restore bud freshness to an overdone face.

Most faces look overdone in January; the grey light is so trying. It gives a pristine freshness to the neck which lifts the face into new bloom as nothing else will.

To reduce a double neck, throw your head right back and relax. Now open and close your mouth ten times. Turn your head over your right shoulder and throw back, open and close mouth as before. Repeat over left shoulder. Nothing is simpler and nothing so efficacious.

Regular feeding, as you know, is all-important. The best daily meal for the throat is one given as you undress for the night.

Cleanse throat and face with liquefying cream. Wash with warm water and soap. Dry with a light friction and, having *appetised,* satisfy the skin with a blend of equal parts of muscle oil and tissue cream mixed in the palm of the hand.

Leave on for as long as you can. Wipe away with Skin Freshening Tonic, and next morning your face and throat will be as grateful to you as if they had been dew-tended. Treat them as being one and indivisible, because they are.

Heroes of the Arctic Trawl

(*Continued from page* 23)

their ships. It was no fieldpath ramble, not on that desolate bit of the Arctic.

On the *Howe* they got sick of waiting, waiting, doing nothing. At midday, in the short twilight which passes for daylight in this northern latitude, Deckhand G. Harmer made two grim attempts to carry a line ashore through the surf and rocks, but had to be hauled back after narrowly escaping death.

Another day had passed. Any time now the ship might break up and her crew become a total loss. At daylight on the 21st, when wind and swell had dropped considerably, the *Imperialist* tried to manœuvre close enough to veer her boat to the *Howe*. She struck bottom and had to clear into deeper water.

Then another of the later arrivals, the Hull S.T. *Thomas Hardy*, had a go. Skipper R. Randall got his boat out with a Carley Float in tow, veered them to the *Imperialist* for more line, then close to the edge of the surf and anchored. Spare Hands E. Hunter and G. Smith from the two ships volunteered to man the float, which was veered into the breakers to within twenty yards of the wreck. Surf and rocks prevented further progress; both men were thrown into the icy water; Smith climbed back, but Hunter could only hold on while they were hauled back to the boat as he had injured his hand. His jersey had to be cut off him when his mates pulled him aboard. And that was the end of seaward operations.

THE great rescue was finally achieved from the shore by four men from *Pennine*, four from *Cape Spartivento*, and three from *Elf King*, led by the last-named's skipper, Drinkall, guided by Operator Johansen, now recovered from his first ordeal.

This time the party had proper equipment: boat's compass, electric dan lights, flares, haversacks of food. "The strongest," said the skipper, "must push on and not wait for the stragglers. The position of the *Howe's* crew must be desperate."

There was a 4.30 a.m. start from the bay for the wireless station, which they left at about seven o'clock, still in darkness. By eleven only four were forging ahead—skipper, operator, Third Hand G. Burrell, Trimmer F. Crawford. Guided by the *Imperialist's* siren and rockets fired by other ships, they reached the cliff close to the *Howe* about midday. Half an hour later a never-say-die solitary figure joined them: Spare Hand Rust.

The wreck was stem-on to the shore with a forty-five degree list to port. A buoy wire was lowered into the surf and grappled by the *Howe's* crew; a small anchor bent to the buoyline, hauled ashore, secured, and the wire hauled taut to the *Howe's* windlass. In about an hour all the crew were ashore by improvised breeches buoy.

Slow was the return of rescuers and rescued to wireless station and ships. Some of the *Howe's* men were suffering from exhaustion and exposure; two had to be carried over that harsh, toothed terrain. As they fell in with stragglers food was shared out to them.

The last stages of the journey resembled a gathering of the clans, for about seventy men from no less than twenty-five Hull and Grimsby trawlers which had responded to the general call came along in scattered groups to render whatever help they could. One of them, Trimmer C. Carle of the Hull S.T. *Lady Rosemary*, took off his seaboots and gave them to a *Howe* man who had lost his own. When the *Jason* salvage crew arrived all they could do was inspect the *Howe* and declare it a total loss.

For their gallantry the King awarded George Harmer, Ernest Hunter and George William Smith the Bronze Medal; the Board of Trade awarded pieces of silver plate to the two Norwegian wireless operators and Skipper Drinkall, a binocular glass to Skipper Worthington, and inscribed souvenirs to eighteen other men. Once more Hull and Grimsby could show pride in their sons of the northern trawl.

Sinister Bear Island was the scene of an infinitely worse disaster last September. On the 29th the Hull trawler *St. Sebastian* completed her fishing on the grounds to northward of the island, and Skipper T. Weightman set course for home. There was a strong westerly wind veering later to north-west, with a heavy sea. At 8.15 p.m. he was sending out by radio phone to all ships: "We've run ashore. Require immediate assistance." His ship had grounded on the north coast in a position exposed to wind and sea with a lee shore.

Four Hull and two Grimsby trawlers immediately steamed to the rescue. Radio voices tell the story of the ensuing drama:

8.51 p.m. Bear Island station tells the *St. Sebastian* that lifesaving apparatus is available, asks his position and distance from island; adds ten minutes later that if the worst happens the gear can reach 200 yards and there are plenty of rocks.

9.20 p.m. *St. Sebastian* reports "Ship bumping."

9.28 p.m. Hull trawler *Kingston Cairngorm* tells *St. Sebastian* "We can see you now." The trawlers close in; their skippers confer on best method of saving crew.

10.40 p.m. Trawlers decide they cannot approach near enough to help from seaward owing to strong wind, heavy sea and their deep draft. Hull S.T. *Davy* suggests steaming to the east coast to land rescue party; proceeds there with the *Cape Duner* and *Kingston Cairngorm* while *Loch Askaig* and Grimsby S.T. *Mildenhall* remain to guide shore party by signals.

12.19 a.m., the 30th. *St. Sebastian* reports: "We are afraid the seas will wash the bridge away." Then: "Lights are failing. Compasses are unreliable. Do not attempt to come in too near. Lifebelts on and men are preparing to leave."

12.52 a.m. "Lights have gone out." The *Davy* answers encouragingly: "We shall be with you in about an hour."

1.35 a.m. "Bridge threatens to come off."

1.55 a.m. "Have to leave chartroom. There is a foot of water in the room. Soon motor will be submerged and useless. The bridge is now broken in."

This was the doomed ship's last message. Under the handicaps of a primitive shore, darkness, and a strong tide the *Davy* and *Cape Duner* had tried to make a landing, but the latter's boat, unable to make headway, was lost. The *Kingston Cairngorm* picked up its crew, lent one of her boats to replace it.

After three foiled attempts at different places a landing was made at 1 p.m. by the skipper and five men from *Cape Duner* with the skipper and three men from the *Davy*. They made for the radio station, picked up one of the operators as guide, started for the wreck with lifesaving gear, while the trawlers still standing by fired rockets and sounded sirens to assist.

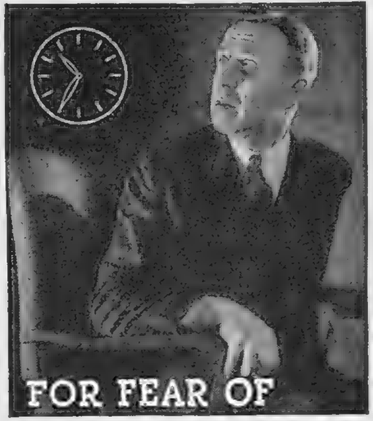
By 5.30 they had located her. Seas breaking over the whole length had broken her back. There was no sign of life on board. Shore and cliffs were searched without result. On that desolate shore, only a ghost ship swept by moaning seas, no human cry, darkness—the end of sixteen lives; a message for folk back in Hull: "Lost with all hands."

The rescue party divided into two groups, searched the island, found no one, returned to the radio station in the early morning of October 1st. They had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours and were exhausted, downcast by the tragedy. On the morning of the 2nd the salvage ship *Jason*, summoned from Norway, sent a motor boat to the wreck and recovered two bodies.

Four things stood out from that tragedy:

Skipper Weightman's courageous warning to other ships not (*Continued on page* 112)

Afraid to go to bed—



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to come nearer, when he knew his own was doomed, and the lives of himself and his men with her.

The coolness and devotion to duty of Wireless Operator F. W. Keates, a lad of nineteen on his third voyage, who stuck to his job under the shattered bridge until the water submerged his motor.

The stubborn determination of the skippers of the *Davy* and *Cape Duner* to save the crew of the *St. Sebastian* if it were humanly possible; J. Myers of the latter was only twenty-two, A. Wilson of the *Davy* an experienced man, but Myers showed resource and leadership beyond his years and did not shirk responsibility.

The grit of the landing party, who had a gruelling time carrying heavy lifesaving gear across the rocky, trackless island.

In January, 1929, the Hull trawler *Rudyard Kipling* played a gallant part in another island drama when she was sheltering from a gale and intense frost between Bolshi Oleni and the Russian mainland.

At 9.45 p.m. on the 15th she observed a rocket from the south-east side of this uninhabited island. It was impossible to do anything until daylight owing to fog and heavy seas. After much difficulty she located the German S.T. *Johs Thode* stranded on the south-east corner, anchored as near as possible, and launched a boat with volunteer crew: Mate Peter Dunbar, Boatswain Albert Allsopp, Third Hand A. E. Ball, Spare Hand J. Little.

A heavy black swell, a shore heaped with heavy loose stones, prevented access to the vessel. The boat, badly damaged, was recalled, and the *Rudyard Kipling* weighed and steamed to Porchnilha village on the mainland in the hope of getting a large surf boat with which to rescue the crew. Only a small skiff was obtainable; in this the mate, boatswain and third hand, with two Russians, were landed on the leeside of the island to make an attempt to reach the wreck with the aid of flares.

A blizzard was blowing. The intense frost was twenty degrees below zero. In that howling wilderness the party became lost, and one Russian, a young student, had the terrifying experience of finding himself alone. But he had the luck to run into the skipper of the German boat, who had got ashore with his crew with lines and was groping about in the dark shouting and looking for help. The two managed to reach the *Rudyard Kipling* shortly after midnight, when the others returned from their fruitless quest.

Again the trawler steamed for the village, and this time succeeded in getting a surf boat with six Russian helpers. It was towed under the lee of the island, near to the wreck, and the Russians landed and brought back three of the German crew in an exhausted condition. They had left behind a deck hand, dead from exposure.

On the 17th, after news of the wreck had been telegraphed along the coast, two small shore boats arrived with two more of the crew, one with a broken leg. The remaining six survivors were landed at a village on the mainland.

"All my crew volunteered to go in the boat on a lee shore through the surf to get to the ship," states Skipper F. V. H. Hahn, "and although the boat was damaged I had to recall them by whistle before they gave up the attempt. The three men who landed to search showed great courage and endurance in the fierce blizzard and did not return until they were exhausted. There was danger in searching in the dark as the island consists of deep rocky crevices and drifted snow. The Russian student showed amazing courage when separated from the search party, and kept on until he found the German skipper."

They will tell you at the Hull Fish Dock that few trawlermen learn to swim. If it's "coming to them" they want it to come quickly, not after a desperate fight for life in icy waters. They're fatalists.

There's a story about a fellow who went groping for'ard on a wreck when his mates were being taken off aft.

"Why did you do that when the ship might have gone down any minute?" he was asked.

"Oh," he replied casually, "I thought there might be some fags down there."

END

Champagne for the General

(*Continued from page* 21)

me a lift back," she said. "You did your duty in getting me away; I came back on my own responsibility. My duty is at the hospital."

Smithers looked worried. Maxwell frowned. He disliked her and she disliked him. They couldn't meet without quarrelling.

"And if anything happens to you, you get a martyr's crown, and Smithers gets it in the neck for not seeing you safely out of the place," he said. "That's a nice convenient arrangement for all concerned."

She looked at him. A touch of colour came into her face.

"I'm not interested in your opinion," she said.

Maxwell shrugged his shoulders and turned away from her. Duveen turned to her a little unsteadily.

"Have a glass of champagne Miss . . . er . . . Doctor Maitland?" he said affably "We're just celebrating."

"I don't drink, thank you," she interrupted curtly. "If I did, I shouldn't drink now.'

"Why not?" asked Maxwell.

The words were spoken carelessly, but offensively.

"Why not?" she said. "Because there are better things to do just now than drinking."

"Nothing's better than drinking," said Maxwell.

That statement was made merely to provoke an angry retort. Both Maxwell and Lonergan could drink as much as anybody; the fact remained that they seldom did They took their duties as flying instructors far too seriously.

"Not for you, perhaps," she said angrily "That's all you're fit for."

"That's all right then," said Maxwell "I'm doing the job I know best. Why interfere?"

The dislike flaring between these two was making everyone uncomfortable. Lonergan tried to create a slight diversion. He pushed forward a chair.

"Won't you sit down, anyway?" he said pleasantly.

"No thank you," she said. "I haven't come here to waste time sitting about."

"We have," said Duveen jovially. "Isn't that so, General?"

He smiled at the girl.

"Maxwell's just been made general commanding Pi-Yu's air force," he informed her "Won't you congratulate him?"

She turned to Maxwell.

"Is that true?" she asked.

"Quite true," said Maxwell.

"Then I suppose you'll be the first to go up this afternoon against the Japanese," she said.

"No," said Maxwell. "My job this afternoon will be to seek the security of the deepest dug-out."

"I thought so," she said contemptuously. 'You'll leave the fighting to the wretched men under you. It doesn't matter to you what they have to suffer so long as you can draw your blood money."

"You wouldn't like me to fight, would you?" said Maxwell. "I thought you were opposed to fighting. Where's all this pacifism you've always preached to me?"

"I do think fighting's wrong," she said hotly. "I think everyone ought to refuse to fight. You know that."

"Yes," said Maxwell. "And I am refusing. What's wrong with that?"

"You're not refusing because you think it's wrong. You're refusing because you're a coward," she said.

Maxwell laughed.

"Aren't you a bit inconsistent?" he asked. "For the last six months you've been preaching passive resistance to me and calling me a bloodstained mercenary. Now I'm going to practise a little passive resistance, you call me a coward."

"Passive resistance isn't making money out of war and letting other people fight for you," she said. "It's . . . oh, what's the good of talking to a man like you?"

She made a little half-pace towards him; for a moment it seemed that she was going to strike him.

"I came here to see if I could find any men," she said. "There'll be a lot to do at the hospital this afternoon if the Japanese come over, and we shall need all the help we can get. I'm sorry I came now. I ought to have known I shouldn't find any *men* here."

She turned abruptly and went out, slamming the door after her. There was a silence Then Duveen sighed.

"Most embarrassing," he said. "A pretty girl, but wearing—very wearing. She wants to reform things. Such a pity."

"She wants a good hard kick in the pants," said Maxwell.

"She's an idealist," said Smithers. "She knows her own opinions are right, and she believes that anyone who doesn't think as she does is not only wrong, but wicked. Personally, I rather like her. And there's no getting away from the fact that she and old doctor Wilson are doing good work up at the hospital."

He sighed.

"All the same, I wish she hadn't come back," he said. "If anything happens to her. . . ."

He was interrupted by a terrific hooting of sirens outside in the city. They hooted insistently, a shrill, alarming sound. Duveen gave a nervous laugh.

"Hell!" he said. "For a moment I thought the Japs were here early. Of course, it's midday. The ultimatum has expired. That's why they're hooting."

Sure enough the clock in the club lounge was pointing to exactly twelve. But Maxwell wasn't interested in that. He was leaning forward in an intent attitude, his eyes slightly narrowed, listening. Without speaking, he put down his glass, rose from his seat, and went quietly to the club door. There he stood for a moment in the doorway, gazing upwards. Then he turned back into the room.

"The Japs are here," he said.

There was a rush to join him at the door; the group of men stood there looking intently upwards. Away in the west, at a great height, was a collection of black dots approaching rapidly; from them came a harsh, droning sound. In a few seconds they would be over the city.

The four men looked at one another, as if each were trying to read the others' thoughts. Maxwell spoke quietly.

"I suppose we'd better get up to that blasted hospital," he said.

Lonergan nodded. Duveen turned back for a moment into the club.

"Boy," he called. "Look after that drink carefully. "Take it down into the cellar. We'll probably be thirsty this evening."

"I've got a car down the road," said Smithers.

They ran down the road towards Smithers' car. All round them was a scene of feverish activity. Curiously, conversation seemed to have stopped; the streets were full of jostling, hustling Chinese, feverishly anxious, it seemed, to get somewhere, but too preoccupied with their own affairs to explain where they were going.

Smithers started his engine, pressed his hand on the horn button, and set the car in motion. From down the street, behind them, came a lorry, its siren shrieking raucously; on it were half-a-dozen khaki clad Chinese soldiers surrounding a machine gun mounted on a tripod. In the midst of their pre-occupation the crowd had just enough sense to make way for the lorry. Smithers slipped his car into the gap behind the lorry and followed it to the outskirts of the town.

There he parted company from it, and took a narrow, bumpy track that led to the hospital, which was situated on a hillside about three-quarters of a mile from the town. It was a long, wooden building, with verandas round it. In a clear space outside the building two large marquees had been erected. Red crosses were vividly painted on the roofs and sides. A scene of intense activity was taking place at the hospital. This activity was being directed by a tall, gaunt man in a white linen suit; he had a patriarchal beard and wore glare glasses and a topee. Seeing their arrival, he came hurrying towards them.

"This is good of you, gentlemen," he said. "But I won't waste words thanking you; time is short. I'll explain our arrangements. I have three lorries which will be making journeys to the town to fetch away the injured. There will also, doubtless, be many injured who will be able to walk up here. The walking wounded will go into marquee number one to the left, over there; the head orderly will attend to them. Those with wounds, who are unable to walk, will go to marquee number two, on your right. The really serious cases will be taken into the hospital. Now, if I may give you some directions, Mr. Maxwell, will you take charge of the lorries? Mr. Smithers, perhaps you will help Doctor Maitland, inside the hospital. Mr. Lonergan and Mr. Duveen, I am going to leave it to you to sort out the wounded."

"Right," said Maxwell briefly.

The lorries were old Fords; each carried a driver and two coolies. Maxwell climbed in beside the driver of the leading one and gave the signal to start.

The Japanese machines were circling over the city now; their engines filled the air with a harsh volume of sound. Then the bombing began.

Outside a blazing house the lorry halted. In the middle of hell let loose, Maxwell and his men worked like furies. The lorries were piled with wounded, unceremoniously dumped on them. Laden with a groaning, bleeding jumble of humanity, they crawled back up the hillside to the hospital.

Maxwell lost count of time. He became grimy, dripping with perspiration, hoarse with shouting. His clothes were soaked in blood.

Then the Japanese began to bomb the hospital.

Maxwell had just arrived with a lorry load of wounded and was exchanging a word with Lonergan when the first bomb fell. With an appalling crash the long wooden building seemed to split open suddenly in the middle and rise skyward in flaming debris.

For a second he and Lonergan looked at one another. Then, without speaking, they both started for the hospital, running as hard as they could over the uneven ground.

Maxwell and Lonergan made for the operating theatre where Ruth Maitland and Dr. Wilson had been working. They scrambled frantically over piles of debris, tearing aside shattered woodwork, and literally fought their way to the door.

The whole place was completely wrecked. The operating table was overturned and lying beside it were the dead bodies of Smithers and the man on whom Dr. Wilson had been operating.

A wall, and a big portion of the roof had caved in. Ruth Maitland and a Chinese orderly were tugging frantically at a heavy baulk of timber which had fallen on Dr. Wilson, pinning him to the ground.

Between them Maxwell and Lonergan managed to raise the timber, while Ruth and the orderly drew Wilson's unconscious body from under it. An acrid smoke from burning woodwork was pouring into the operating theatre; it made them cough painfully

They fought their way through thickening smoke licked with tongues of flame out of the hospital. Maxwell laid Wilson gently down on the ground and turned to Ruth.

"Look after him," he said. "I'm going back in there."

She nodded without speaking.

Duveen joined them, his clothes in rags. His eyes were bloodshot and he swore continuously. He and Maxwell and Lonergan flung themselves into the work of rescue. Their efforts were frantic.

Somehow most of the wounded were got out before the whole building finally collapsed. Weary, filthy with sweat and grime, Maxwell returned to Ruth. She was bending over Wilson. She raised a despairing face to him.

"How is he?" said Maxwell. "Can he pull through?"

"He might—if he can get proper attention quickly," she said. "But I haven't got drugs, instruments—anything. They were all in there. All these other poor men need attention too. What am I to do? Oh, what can I do?"

"What's the nearest place where we can get drugs and instruments and doctors?" asked Maxwell curtly.

"Sinan hospital—that's nearly a hundred miles away," she answered. "My uncle, Dr. Maitland, is in charge there. If only I could get there . . . and get Dr. Wilson there."

"I'll get you there," said Maxwell briefly. "Have Wilson carried down to the flying field. I'll meet you there."

Without waiting for her answer he turned and walked away from her. Lonergan looked after him.

"That's the best guy that ever landed in China," he said. "Didn't you know that?"

She didn't answer for a moment. Her eyes had a wandering expression in them.

"Perhaps I . . . I didn't realise it," she said in a subdued voice.

Maxwell had a quick drink and wash at the club; he needed them. Then he went to the flying field. His machine had been pegged down in a corner and covered with branches to hide it from the raiders; two Chinese soldiers were guarding it. The raid was over now; the sound of gunfire had died away.

Maxwell superintended the removal of the camouflage and saw to it that the petrol and oil tanks were filled up. He tested the engine for revs. and taxied the machine out on to the flying field. There he waited.

This business of flying to Sinan hospital was simply another job he had to do. He didn't like it. If the Japanese guessed his intentions, or if by any chance he was intercepted by Japanese machines, his chances were that he would be shot down. Ruth would be shot down with him. He faced the facts grimly and calmly, and his manner was quiet and matter-of-fact when he went to meet the stretcher party who were carrying Wilson.

"It's going to be a bit awkward," he said "You'll have to strap him into the gunner's seat."

He turned to Ruth.

"You'll have to go in with him," he said. "There won't be an awful lot of room. If we're chased and I have to start throwing the machine about, mind you hang on tightly. Hold on to the machine gun mounting. You'll be all right then."

"I shall be all right," she said.

Once Wilson was strapped in, he wasted no more time. The mechanics withdrew the chocks away from under the wheels, and he pushed the throttle lever forward. He left the flying field in a sharp climbing turn and headed straight for Sinan.

The next ten minutes were uneventful. In front of him his motor roared steadily, drawing the machine forward at a constant air speed of about a hundred and fifty miles an hour.

It was just when he was congratulating himself that he was nicely clear of danger that he saw them. They appeared as three specks in the far distance, coming towards him from the east; he knew what they were at once. They were three Japanese pursuit planes, and they had not been sent

(Continued on page 114)

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out after him; they were returning from reconnaissance somewhere behind the Chinese lines. Maxwell's lips compressed slightly but he held steadily on his course. There was a chance they might take no notice of him. If he altered his course, they would certainly take some notice of him; they would think he was trying to get away from them.

As he watched they altered their course so as to cut in between him and his destination. Evidently they did not mean to let him go by without taking a good look at him. He didn't like that. Most of the Japanese pilots knew his machine by sight; and he had an idea that now that war had been declared, they might think it would be a good idea to shoot him down anyhow.

He eased his stick back slightly, climbing a little. The Japanese machines were in front of him, and approaching about a couple of hundred feet higher than he was at an angle of seventy degrees. He saw the nose of the leading machine go down. It dived at him abruptly, its machine gun spitting lead.

A slight, rather savage, smile came on his lips. The damned fool had given the game away; he had started firing too soon.

His control stick came over and back abruptly, and he thrust hard on the rudder, swinging the machine off its course in a vertical right-hand turn which made the Japanese machine miss its dive. From the corner of his eye he saw it flash down past him. At once he straightened out again and pulled the nose of the machine up hard. About thirty feet above him he could see the undercarriage and bottom of the fuselage of the second machine in the Japanese formation. His thumb pressed the button of the machine-gun control, and, as it passed over him, he raked it from nose to rudder with a long burst of lead. Smoke streamed out from behind the pilot's seat. The machine seemed to turn over in the air, and then went flaming downwards in wide circles.

Maxwell's movement had taken the Japanese momentarily by surprise. Before their other two pilots could recover from it he had put a distance of a quarter of a mile between himself and the nearest of them. But the flight was by no means over. He had shot down one Japanese machine; the other two would be after his blood. They had the legs of him; he could not hope to escape from them. All he had was a few seconds respite.

He turned briefly in his seat to look back at Ruth. She was standing up in the rear cockpit, clinging tightly with both hands to the circular machine gun mounting. Little tendrils of hair had escaped from under her flying helmet and were blowing in the wind. Her face was pale and set and behind her goggles her eyes were blazing with a light of cold fury. Maxwell didn't know whether she was angry with him or with the Japanese.

He hadn't any time to think about it either. The two remaining Japanese machines were returning to the attack. They had separated and were coming in, one on each side of him, overhauling him fast. Their strategy was obvious and effective. As soon as he turned to one side to engage one of them, the other would promptly fill him with lead from the rear.

He hadn't a hope, and he knew it. With a gunner in the rear cockpit to protect his tail, things might have been different. As they were the best he could expect was to bring down one of the Japs; the other was certain to get him. He swung the machine to the right to engage the nearer of them, his machine gun snarling.

The harsh rattle of machine-gun fire mingled with the loud roar of engines. The small windscreen in front of Maxwell's face splintered to fragments; he saw splinters fly from one of his struts. These things meant nothing to him. He ignored them. His whole consciousness was concentrated on one single object—to get the machine in front of him inside his right sight and blast hell out of it before he went down himself. He saw his bullets ripping into the fuselage; then it was gone. In front of him was only the blank sky. He had failed to bring it down.

Behind him the roar of machine-gun fire went on. But miraculously he was still alive. He did not understand it. The other Japanese machine ought to have filled him with lead seconds ago. Instinctively he put the machine into a spin, hoping in that way to throw off his pursuer's aim. As the machine started to spin, he looked back again.

Ruth was clinging on to the spade grips of the guns; her thumb was hard pressed on the trigger. The Jap behind was keeping at respectful distance; his bullets were going wide. Ruth was aiming at him carefully, turning the gun mounting to follow him wherever he manœuvred. The rattle of her twin machine guns was continuous.

Maxwell gave a loud yell, which was drowned by the roar of the engine, and turned to find the machine at which he himself had just been firing. It wasn't there. It was below him, gliding downwards, still under control, but with its engine stalled and silent. Maxwell's shooting had been pretty good after all.

The remaining Jap broke off the fight and followed his companion down. Maxwell headed for Sinan. They landed there just after two o'clock.

RUTH entered the room at the hospital where Maxwell was waiting.

"He'll live," she said quietly. "Thanks to you."

"Thanks to you," said Maxwell. "If you hadn't driven that Jap off my tail we'd all have been dead now. For a confirmed pacifist you're pretty handy with a machine gun."

He smiled at her, but his smile was friendly.

"You may not like me saying it, but you were grand," he went on.

She flushed.

"I . . . I'm glad," she said. "Because I thought you were grand too. This afternoon, at the hospital, and up there, in the air. I'm sorry about those things I said this morning."

"That's all right," said Maxwell. "You meant them. Why be sorry?"

"Yes, I meant them," she admitted gravely. "But . . . there's something wrong somewhere. You're not just a . . . a cut-throat, fighting for money. I know you're not."

Maxwell shrugged his shoulders.

"I didn't mean to fight in this war," he said. "But when it came to the point, I found I had to. I like Pi-Yu; I like all my flying pupils. In a way, I feel responsible for them. I couldn't stand by and watch the Japs knock hell out of them."

"Yes," she said quickly. "I know. I felt the same this afternoon, when the Japanese bombers came over. I saw that pacifism wouldn't do. There are some things one must fight against."

"There's something I've been fighting against ever since I first met you," said Maxwell. "You know. . . ."

He broke off. He didn't quite know how to go on. She held out her hand with a little impulsive movement.

"I know," she said. "I felt the same way. I tried not to think about you. But . . ."

Maxwell took her hand and drew her closer to him. She leaned against him with a sigh of content. He kissed her.

After a time he looked down at her smiling.

"When this trouble's over we're going to get married," he said. "We'll fight like hell I expect. What do you say, Ruth?"

"Yes," she said. "Suppose we do fight—who cares? We're allowed to fight if we want to, aren't we?"

The door opened and Doctor Maitland came in. Ruth and Maxwell separated hastily.

"I'm afraid we've been neglecting you a bit," Dr. Maitland said. "We've been very busy. They're loading medical supplies on your plane now, and Dr. Forrest will fly back with you. You'll stay and have a meal before you go, won't you?"

"No thanks," said Maxwell. "They need those supplies pretty badly. I'd like a drink and then I'll be on my way."

"A drink," said Ruth. "You like champagne, don't you? Is that all right, uncle?"

"Of course," said Dr. Maitland gravely. "An excellent stimulant. And equally suitable for drinking toasts. Are we going to drink a toast?"

He looked from Ruth to Maxwell; his eyes were twinkling. Ruth blushed.

"We're going to be married, if that's what you mean," she said.

The champagne was brought. She poured out a glass and handed it to Maxwell.

"Champagne," she said. "For the General."

END

All Star Cast

(*Continued from page 27*)

treat 'em, too!" He laughed cruelly. Marion felt frightened.

"Oh, Dick, you—you must keep calm. Supposing it fails? What are you going to feel like then? You'll——"

"Fail—fail! It *can't* fail. Oh, I know you're feeling jealous, Marion—only natural. Top-dog, breadwinner—all these years—loved it, haven't you? Suited you. The perfect part—on and off the stage. You loathe seeing me have my little bathe in the sun, don't you—loathe it?"

"Dick, if you only knew how pleased I am! Why, if every play I was in for the rest of my life failed I wouldn't mind—so long as yours didn't."

He smiled cynically.

"Wouldn't you, Marion, wouldn't you? Don't you kid yourself. You're a Woman-with-a-Career and you always have been."

She kept out of the flat as much as possible for the next few days.

He was, after all, still the same spoilt child. The swing from despair to possible stardom had been too much for him. Not until he had settled down again would he begin to recover that mixture of charm and weakness she had once fallen in love with.

Of course, the next few weeks were going to be difficult. It was only natural. A chance of success to Dick just now was like a heavy meal suddenly put before a starving man. She'd got to ignore his first reactions—and wait for the real Dick to return.

NOT till the day before *Murder for Two*'s first night did Gilbert, back from a Mediterranean cruise, drop in to see her at the theatre.

"Well, did you find that new niece?"

"I found three. The first one wanted your part in the next play. The second wanted a good spanking and disowned relationship as soon as I gave it to her. The third wanted two hundred pounds or threatened to tell the captain what sort of a man I was."

"Oh, Gilbert, you are absurd——"

"I'm going on for a rest-cure in the country, but I've had to spend a few days in town. A darned funny thing's happened. This show Aaronson's putting on——"

She tried hard to conceal her alarm. What on earth had Gilbert to do with Dick's play?

"You see, I wrote it," he chuckled.

"You—you wrote it?"

"Two or three years ago. It has a history that you might appreciate—especially seeing that Dick's got a part in it."

"*The* part in it," she said, desperately struggling to seem natural.

"Yes—Aaronson's got more brains than I thought any manager could have. That part—and the whole play, for that matter—was written for Dick. Funny, isn't it?"

"But, Gilbert, why has it——?"

"I told you it was three years ago, Marion. I had some ridiculous idea of pleasing you by helping Dick." He twisted his lips wryly.

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It's the amazing whitening properties that really won the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, but noticeably white teeth are a great asset to men, too. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended, ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

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"Sort of noble gesture. Anyway, I wrote it. I worked like a nigger creating a part that he couldn't possibly fail in. And then, when I'd done it, you went on that tour and—well, you know how he behaved. Hell, Marion, I couldn't lift a finger for him after that! So I just bunged any old name on it and sent it to some little agent to see what happened."

Gilbert Jones laughed excitedly.

"And now Aaronson's taken it, picked on Dick for the very part that was written specially for him—dammit, Marion, it's fantastic, isn't it?"

Marion steeled her voice. "What—what are you going to see Aaronson about?"

"Well, the usual racket, I suppose. If it flops, I lie low. If it succeeds, I come forward and give us all a nice extra drop of publicity by saying I wrote it."

"Gilbert, you can't do that—you mustn't!"

"But—but why?"

"Because I—because Aaronson won't let you. You'll ruin everything."

He stared at her in amazement.

"Look here, Marion, what's going on? I don't understand. Has *everybody* gone haywire?"

She turned away, stared into the dressing-table mirror.

"I've got to tell you. I didn't want to tell a soul in the world. If you repeat it, I'll never speak to you again. This play's a put-up job—for Dick! That's why you thought it was fantastic; you didn't know Aaronson had been looking for a play especially for Dick—at my request. We were bound to hit on your play."

She told him everything.

"That's why your name must be kept out, Gilbert," she concluded fiercely. "Because there'd be gossip at once. Can't you hear it? '*Of course, his wife got Gilbert Jones to write a play for him—that's how he pulled it off!*' I'm sorry, but—but you do understand, don't you?"

"My dear, there is nothing you could ask me that I would ever refuse," he said gravely.

"And you won't breathe a word?"

"Not even in my sleep."

"Gilbert, you're a dear—you never fail me."

The call-boy knocked.

"Three minutes, Miss Lee, three minutes."

MARION was unable to see the first night of *Murder for Two*—she had her own part to play in Gilbert's production. All she could do was to hurry round as soon as her last curtain-call had been disposed of.

As the taxi reached the Berkeley Theatre, the doors opened and the crowd began to emerge.

The taxi, held up by the congestion, gave her a grandstand view of the audience's reaction.

Face after face went by, face after face lit up with excitement and animation.

She paid the driver off and pushed her way to the stage door. The very fact that none of the crowd recognised her proved that *Murder for Two* was still holding them.

The doorkeeper beamed at her.

"Did it go over?"

"Go over? I'll say it did. If it don't run now, nothing will. Fifteen times we had to let the curtain up—fifteen times."

"Was—was Mr. Gerrard——?"

"Oh, they made a big fuss of him, like old times it was. Done well, he has, very well."

"Which is his dressing-room—number one?"

"That's right, Miss Lee. Same as *you* used to have. Down the steps, first on the right."

She hurried down the narrow concrete stairs. On the door of the dressing-room was the little typed card—Mr. Richard Gerrard. Room number one—the star's room!

Oh, he must return to his old normal self now—surely *this* must heal the damage of these last bitter years!

A woman's excited laugh burst out inside the dressing-room.

Marion knocked and opened the door.

A weak smile spread across Dick's face.

"Ah, my wife. *The* Miss Lee, you know. Marion, my dear, this is Roma—Roma, a—a friend of mine." He removed his arm from Roma's waist.

(*Continued on page* 116)

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Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee" c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope or a reply*.

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

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On page 80 of our issue for December 1938 there appeared an illustration of one of Price's Venetian candle sets, the price for which was quoted at 2/6 whereas this should have been only 1/6 for the set illustrated.

Messrs. Price's have a varied range of Candle Sets, as explained in their Brochure "Charm in Your Home," and a postcard to Dept. 3a. Price's Patent Candle Co. Ltd., London, S.W.11., will bring you this interesting booklet telling you all about Venetian Candles.

Marion stood still, struggled to keep calm. After all, it *was* a first night—it was the theatre. People did behave like that—some people.

"No," she said, "I don't think we have met, have we?"

Roma flushed. "Of course, I've—I've seen you act, Miss Lee. I can't say how——"

Dick spun round furiously.

"Then don't! My God, if you knew what I've suffered from those words. '*Of course, I've seen your wife act!*'" He poured himself some whisky. "Well, to-night, they've seen *me* act. Going to be funny, isn't it, Marion? People saying it to you for a change. '*Of course, I've seen your husband in "Murder for Two."*' Well, we'll see how you like it, my dear."

Marion made no reply. There was nothing she could say in front of Roma. Instead, she said: "I'll go down to the stage and wait. I suppose there is the usual celebration?"

He nodded casually. He began to remove his make-up and turned his back.

"I—I'll come too, Miss Lee," said Roma nervously.

Together they made their way to the stage.

"I hope you don't think badly of me, Miss Lee. You see, Dick and I——"

"My dear Roma, I haven't been in the theatre all these years without learning what first nights are. We all get carried away—we shouldn't be human if we didn't. Dick——"

"I don't think you quite understand."

Marion's voice hardened.

"I've been understanding my husband for a good many years now, if that's what you mean."

Roma assumed a sulky expression. "Well, I can't help it, can I then?"

"Help what?"

"Well—the way he behaves, if you like." She smiled maliciously. "You seem to think it's just because it's a first night. But——"

"But it isn't—I see. And as far as you're concerned, you don't intend it to be. I think I understand quite well, Roma. Quite well."

MARION walked away towards the crowd on the stage. Aaronson disentangled himself and came up to her.

"My word, Miss Lee, I'm an excited man. *Did* it go over with a bang? *Did* it knock 'em backwards off their seats? And that man of yours——!"

Somehow she managed a smile.

"And you won't do so bad yourself, eh?" he chuckled.

"Please, not a word. You know how people are for—for hearing things they shouldn't."

Fred Aaronson winked.

From behind a hand touched her arm gently. She turned round to find Gilbert Jones.

"Well, Marion—satisfied?"

"Did you see it?"

He nodded.

"Yes, I saw it. It went over all right. It's in for a long run."

"And—and Dick?"

He sighed. "Triumphant, my dear, triumphant." His voice was dull and toneless.

"I—I'm so glad. I'm sorry you've got to hide your part of the light under a bushel, Gilbert. I know it's galling."

"So long as you're pleased about it——" He broke off. "You *look* so pleased, don't you?"

She lied to hide the truth from him.

"I think I'm a bit jealous, Gilbert. I didn't expect him to—to make such a star of himself. I suppose I'm more temperamental than I thought." She laughed lightly.

There was a sudden burst of applause. The star—the new star—had arrived on the stage.

Aaronson panted up again, grasped her arm.

"Come along, Miss Lee. Come and park yourself at your husband's table. You've got to share in the honours——"

She shook her head.

"No, no. It's not *my* first night. Please—really, I—I'd much rather just take a back seat."

"But, Miss Lee——"

"I'd much rather, Mr. Aaronson."

Already she had seen Dick take Roma's arm and push her towards the chair on his right.

"I—I'll sit with you, Gilbert," she murmured. "Somewhere quiet."

THEY found two chairs at the farthest end of the stage. Corks popped, sandwiches circulated, chatter and laughter grew louder and louder . . . the usual riotous reaction after the strain of putting over a new show.

Desperately Marion struggled to keep a look of excited happiness on her face. No one must know, no one must realise—Gilbert especially. It was all part of the crisis she had got to fight.

There were calls for speeches.

Fred Aaronson said a few words congratulating every one who had helped to make the play a success.

All very conventional and just what was expected from the man making the profits. The party roared approval.

There were calls for the new star.

Unsteadily, flushed with his success, Dick rose to his feet.

"This is a great occasion in my life. A very great occasion—you don't know how great. I'm standing on my own feet. Not very well at the moment, I know. But tha-that's not what I mean, not what I mean at all. I mean, for the first time in my life I'm not just—just a sort of pet lap-dog."

He laughed thickly.

"This—this success to-night, it isn't a bone that's been chucked at me to keep me quiet. It's something I've fought for myself. And, believe me, that's a great feeling—to me. It's not for me to say what sort of feelings the theatre's given me before. Wouldn't do, would it? Wouldn't be nice? Leave it to you to imagine—see! You all know how I've been placed.

"From now on I'm standing on my own feet. May be a bit late to start, but what does that matter? Hell, not a bit—so long as it comes some time!

"From now on, allow me to introduce myself—*Mr. Richard Gerrard*—pleased to know you all, pleased to thank you for the way you've all helped. Ought to have thanked you before, but—but afraid I'm a bit carried away. Very big occasion. Like—like a man coming out after a long sentence, I'm still a bit dazed.

"So, once again, thank you all very much."

HE sat back heavily into his chair. Again they cheered and shouted. But heads were turning, especially women's heads, turning and snatching glances towards the opposite end of the stage . . . Marion could feel their eyes burning through her skin.

How *could* Dick have talked like that? However bitterly he felt, however success at the moment had bowled him over.

She looked up. His right arm was circled round Roma's shoulders, his left hand was holding a glass to her lips. The whole scene at his table was disgusting and blatant—like something out of Hollywood's back-yard. No, she couldn't go on with him now—it was too much!

She turned towards Gilbert.

"I—I——" The words died on her tongue. Gilbert's face was flaming red and he was staring ahead like a man about to charge over the top!

"Gilbert! You've been right about me, haven't you? I have been a fool."

He did not seem to hear her. . . .

People began calling for the author—the call was taken up by the whole party.

Fred Aaronson waved his hand negatively.

"No good," he shouted. "No good. The author's a mystery—like his play."

Marion heard Gilbert's chair push back savagely.

She caught his arm. "Gilbert, you daren't—you mustn't——!"

He pulled his arm free.

"This play you've seen to-night, ladies and gentlemen, was written by me—some three years ago."

He waited for the rattle of excitement to die down.

"It was written for one purpose. Because I wanted to do a good turn to someone who was going downhill—Miss Marion Lee's husband! That part he has played so well to-night was, in fact, created so as to—er—fit his particular kind of talent like a glove. Like a glove.

"Well, for certain reasons—no need to go into them, they can be left to your imagination, as other things have to-night—for certain reasons, I decided that what I had attempted to do was not worth doing. I'd finished the play, I liked it—but I didn't care any more about the—er—object for its existence. So I just sent the play round like any other play might go round—under some fake name.

"But there was someone else who still believed in Miss Marion Lee's husband. Someone else who wanted to do him a good turn—and secretly, too, so that it didn't hurt his feelings. You've heard to-night how—sensitive his feelings are.

"That person put up a large sum of money—personal savings—for a play to be found and produced, a play that would give him a big chance, big publicity. . . .

"Well, quite by luck, my play was picked upon and it has been produced to-night. I ask you all to congratulate Miss Marion Lee for the great confidence which she placed so—so bravely in her husband. Now, as you have heard, he is able to stand on his own feet!"

THERE was an agitated murmur, then a dutiful volley of applause.

Dick Gerrard leapt out of his chair, his face livid, his arms waving madly.

"Yes, believe it—that's right—believe it! He's been my wife's lover for years, hasn't he? Didn't know that, did you? Didn't know that's what I've been putting up with—didn't know——?"

His voice cracked into incoherence. He fell across the table half-tight, half-demented. . . .

Gilbert's hand grasped Marion's arm fiercely.

"Come along, Marion——"

"Don't talk to me, Gilbert. I'll never forgive you—never. You—you've——"

"I've what? Hit him when he's down? Or hit him when he's up?"

"I don't want to discuss it. Let go at once, please!"

She felt his grip grow tighter, more painful.

"You're coming right out of this dam' place *now*, Marion! For a change, somebody's telling *you* what to do—and maybe it'll be more successful."

"I—I never want to see you again."

He glanced towards Dick.

"I see. You prefer—that?"

She tried to speak, but her throat failed her.

"Do you think I was going to let him talk like that—to all this rabble—about *you*? Don't be a fool, Marion! You've sacrificed yourself for years—he's worthless, always has been."

He stood up, but he still held her arm. When he moved away from the table she moved with him. She had no resistance—none whatever. . . .

SHE had been in his car ten minutes before she asked where they were going.

He kept his eyes fixed on the road ahead.

"Near Sevenoaks. My cottage."

"But, Gilbert——!"

"You heard what he said—I'd been your lover for years. Well, I have—in my heart."

"But it's absurd."

He chuckled. "Don't worry. It will all be perfectly respectable. My sister's staying at the cottage." The car slowed down. "Marion, you know I can make you happy, don't you? You know you've been a fool—all these years—keeping me away while you've gone on pouring water into a sieve?"

"I know. But—but you've never taken charge of things before, Gilbert. To-night—to-night——"

She began to cry softly on his shoulder.

"Don't worry," he said. "It's all over now—bar the gossiping!"

The car accelerated.

END

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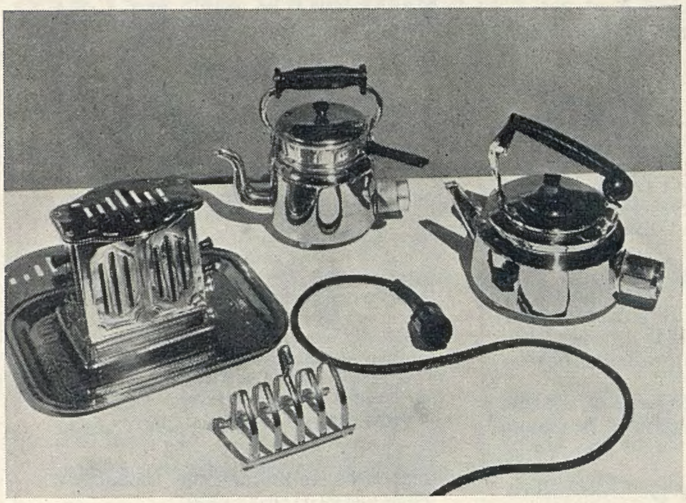
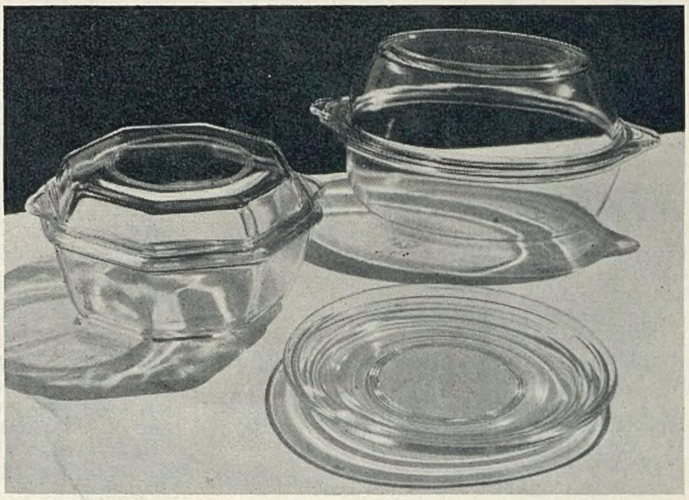


Aluminium toaster, tray and rack complete cost 27s. 6d. The pieces can be had separately. The combined saucepan and kettle in the centre costs from 27s. 0d. and the 3½-pint saucepan on the right is 37s. 0d. (Swan Aluminium)



Phoenix oven glass ware, is inexpensive. The reversible entrée dish on the left is 6s. 3d., the two-pint casserole 7s. 0d. and the nine-inch tart plate 1s. 3d.

In the last few years inventors have introduced a new psychology into inventing. The invention must be as pleasing in appearance as it is in actual use. With women the appeal to the eye is all important.

So we have utensils of the most practical kind that are really quite beautiful to look at. Their handling makes even lighter work of the tasks which they are primarily designed to simplify. The kitchen, through them, has become a more attractive place.

When buying kitchen utensils it is safe to say that the dearest is the cheapest in the end. This rule applies most particularly to saucepans and any other utensils in which food is prepared.

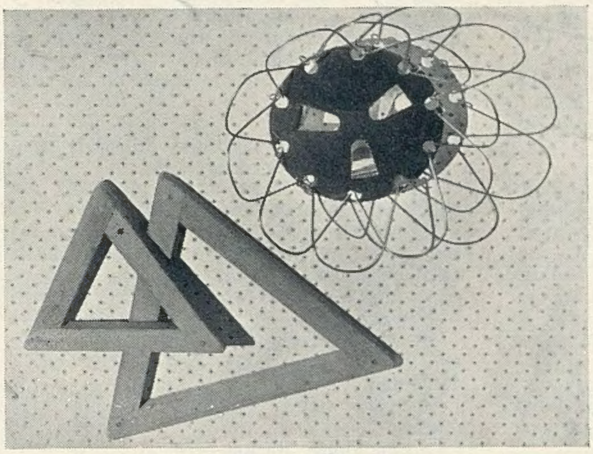
Saucepans of heavy quality prevent shrinkage of food, guard against scorching and vastly improve its flavour. You may pay more for a heavy aluminium saucepan but it will last a lifetime and, in the interim, saves you far more than the small extra initial cost.

Aluminium in its best form is a superlative material for kitchen utensils. One of the best ranges of kitchen equipment now made is the one of which some examples are shown at the top of this page.

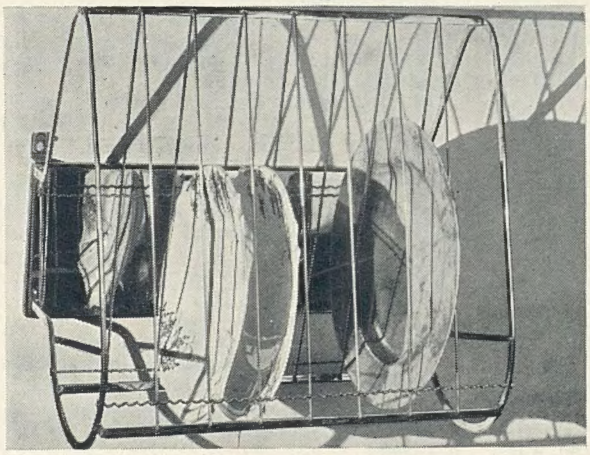
So solid and brilliant in appearance is this aluminium ware that it can be brought to table with as much confidence as silver.

A new kind of utensil, specially worth noticing is the combined kettle and saucepan shown in the centre of the group. This combination piece can be had in aluminium, copper, nickel and copper or chromium.

Fireproof glass is an investment that no housewife can afford to ignore. Food cooked in this way is more nourishing, not only do these glass dishes retain the valuable meat and vegetable juices which would otherwise escape in the oven, but they also eliminate much of the cleaning which is associated with older types of saucepans.

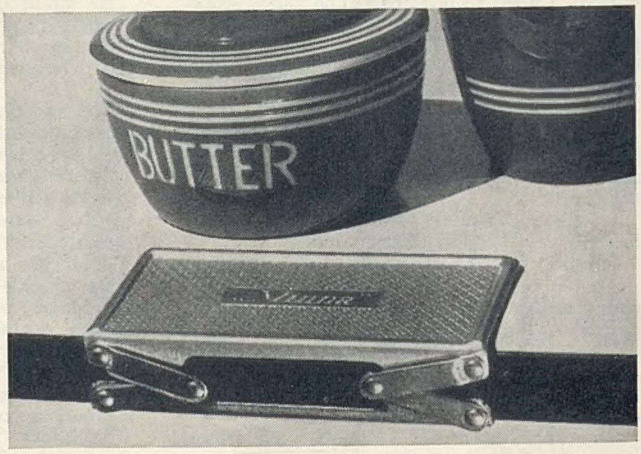


Steaming basket for fish or vegetables so that the food can be lifted in and out of the pot without damage. Price 7d. each. The wood pot stands allow hot saucepans to be set down on the table without damage to the top; 6d. and 5d. respectively



Staybrite rustless kitchen rack cannot damage plates however roughly handled. The wires at the back act as a cushion. Price 21s.

The names and addresses where these goods can be obtained will be sent on receipt of a postcard addressed to The Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.



This metal clamp is for fixing to an enamelled top table so that when a mincing machine is fixed it cannot chip the enamel. 1s. 3d., without postage

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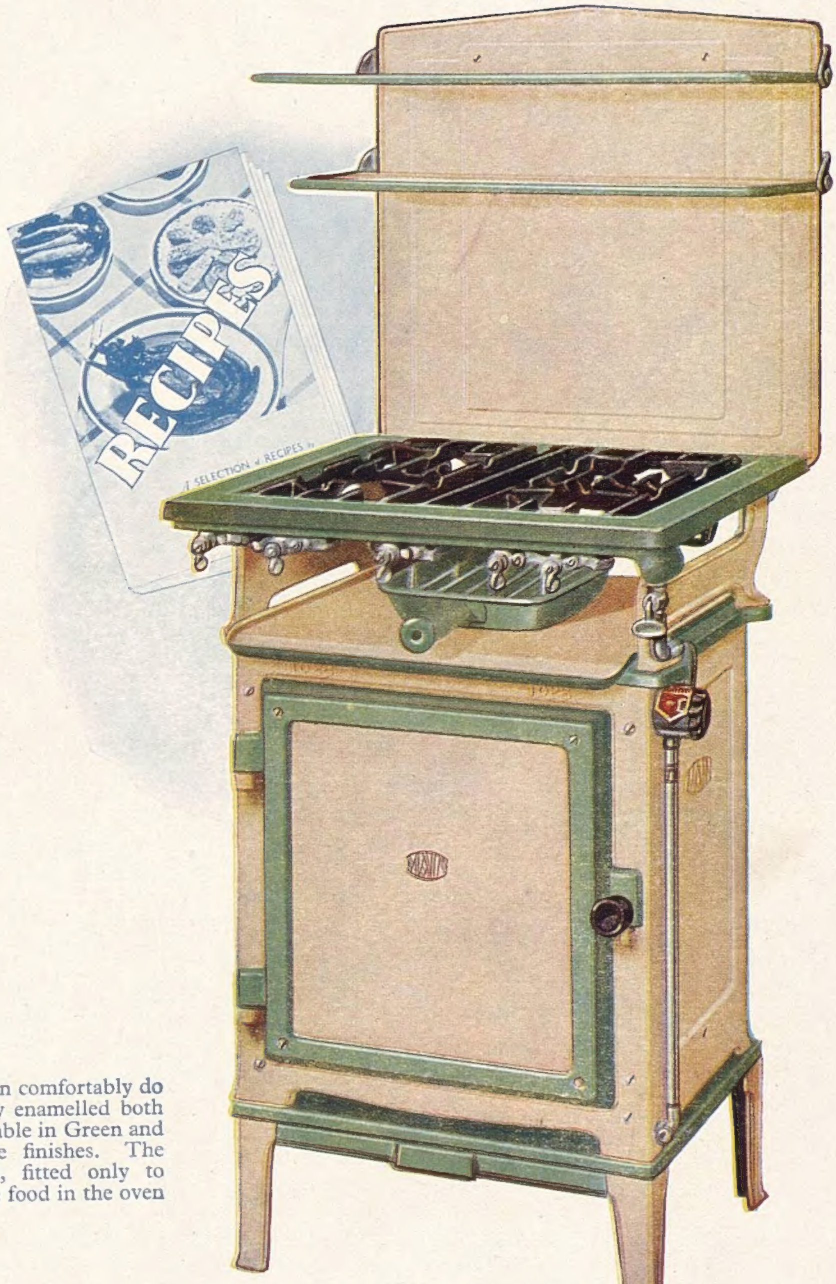

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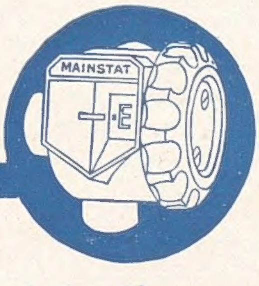

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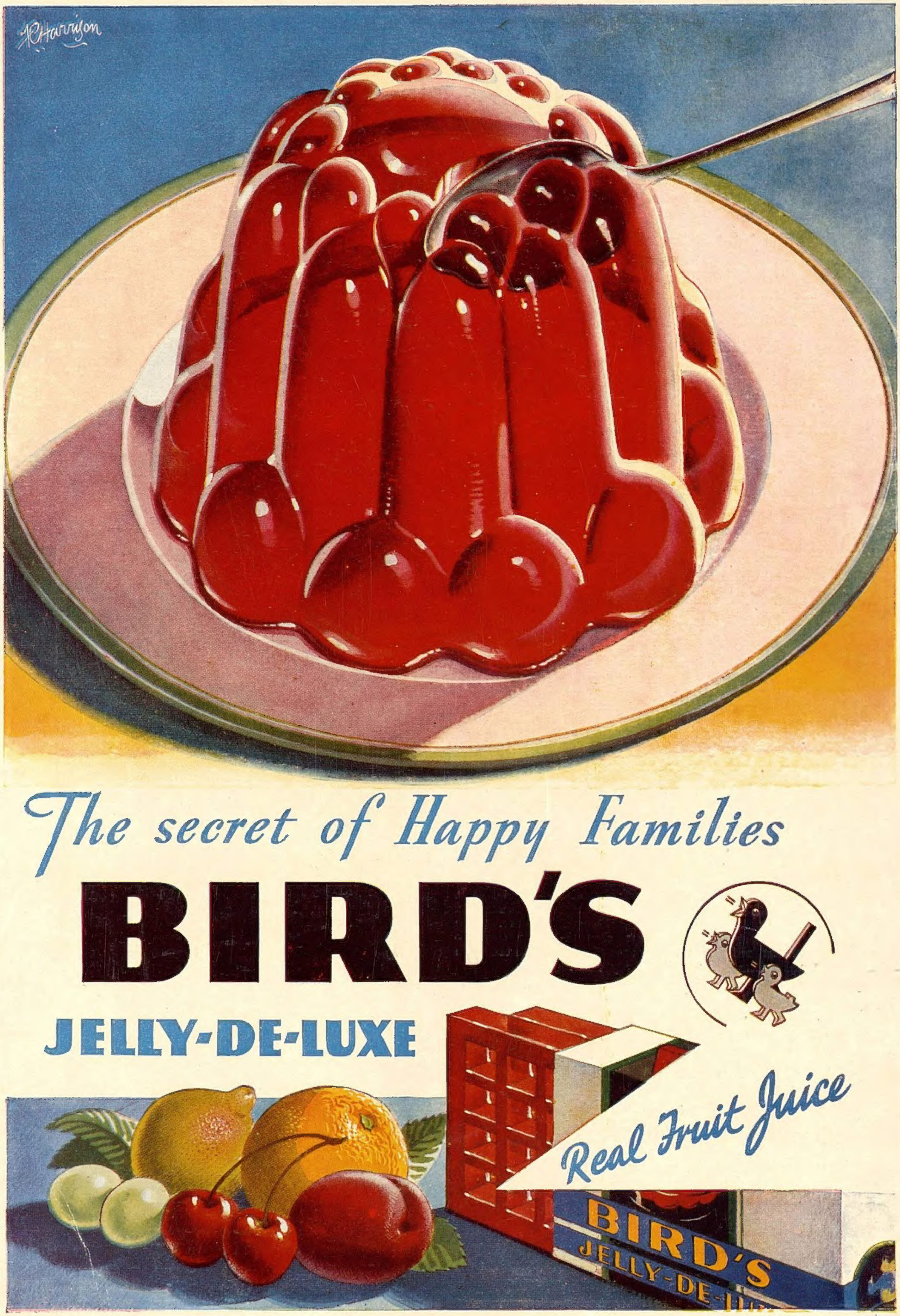
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